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VANISHING INDIAN TYPES

THE TRIBES OF THE SOUTHWEST

By E. S. Curtis

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN Coronado, with his venturesome little band of three hundred mail-clad Spaniards, crowded his way into the North in search of the seven cities of Cibola, with their fabled hoards of gold, he encountered many small bands of roving Indians, whom he termed "wild Indians." These so-called wild Indians were the Apaches and Navajos. From their geographical proximity and linguistic relationship they were, and have been considered, in a broad way, as one group. It was with the Southern branch of this Athapascan group that Coronado and his men were brought most in contact. The village Indians of the region called them "Apaches," meaning enemy in its broadest sense—that is, "Every man's enemy." These roving bands of marauders were then living more from what they might steal from the less warlike villages and Pueblo Indians than from their hunting or farming.

From Coronado's day to the one of the final struggle when old Geronimo was made prisoner, every page of the Southwest history tells us of the Apache's cunning, ferocity, and physical endurance. Scarcely a tribe of our American Indians but what have engraved their record of crime and infamy high up on history's wall, yet above them all is the Apaches'.

From 1540 to 1853 New Spain and Mexico carried on a so-called warfare with these people. The Apaches were vastly outnumbered by the Mexican soldiery, but what they lacked in numbers was more than made up in courage and craftiness. The Apache ever had a thorough contempt for the Mexican soldier, and in later years, when they were fighting with firearms as well as arrows, they would not waste cartridges on the Mexicans, but would kill them with arrows, spears, and stones, saving their cartridges for other and more worthy foes.

When this Southwest region became a part of the United States the Apaches were a serious problem with which we had to contend. Our Government vacillated between a simpering peace policy and the other extreme, their extermination. Their zone of wandering being intersected by the international boundary-line further complicated matters. They would raid down into Mexico and then rush back with the plunder to our side of the line, out of reach of the pursuing soldiers. Next, it would be a raid on the Arizona side and a flight into the wild mountains of Sonora. The Mexican Government attempted to assist their miserable army by giving a scalp bounty, and for years they paid out their gold coin for Apache scalps. Scalp hunting became a recognized industry. The horror of this was that, to the Mexican official, all scalps looked alike, whether from the head of a hostile or a friendly Indian. The price was one hundred dollars for a man, fifty dollars for a woman, and twenty-five dollars for a child. It is small wonder that the tribe sank deeper into savagery than ever, when we stop to think that the men knew there was a price set on the scalps of their wives and children; and there was a horde of human fiends, white

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in color, but more savage than the savage himself, who were hunting them as they would a cougar of the mountains.

After years of wabbling between peace and extermination, General Crook, with his wonderful insight into the Indian character, was given the difficult task of settling the Apache question. It took him a considerable time to perfect an army organization fit for a campaign in a country where the mountains in winter were deep in snow and bitterly cold, and the desert in summer a waterless furnace. He also had to contend, for a time, with the well-meant but more than useless Peace Commission, as well as the politician and grafter, who desired anything but a final settlement of the Indian troubles, as it was out of such troubles that they made their living. This crowd of fellows could well have been classed with the Mexican scalp hunters. The scalp hunting caused the loss of many white settlers, through the Apache's desire for revenge, and the grafter helped to continue the trouble that he might grow rich.

General Crook took the Apache question up in a manner which showed the Apache that he had to deal with a man different from any with whom he had heretofore been brought in contact. He sent out asking the Apache head men and chiefs to come to his camp, so that he might talk with them. When they assembled, he told them, "I have come here to settle the Apache fighting. You who want peace can come on to the reservation, raise crops and I will help you start your farms and the Government will buy hay and grain from you and pay you for your work. Any of you who do not want to do this and want still to fight and steal, can go back to the mountains, and I will fight you until you come in or kill the last one of you, but I am going to do just what I say. I am not going to lie to you, but I am going to kill the last Apache who does not settle down on the reservation."

The chiefs drew off to themselves for a talk. Their spokesman said to his brother Indians: "He is a new kind of man. He doesn't say anything about the Great Father or that the Great Father sent him, but he tells us that he does not lie and that he will kill everyone who does not come on the reservation."

They realized that this was truly a new kind of man, and the outcome of that conversation was, that Crook was furnished the company of strong young Apaches for which he had asked, which enabled him to fight Apaches with Apaches. In less than two years the Apaches were a conquered people, the first day since Coronado met them three hundred and thirty-three years before.

The next two years saw great improvements among them. Lands were cleared, irrigating ditches dug, new homes built, and all was prosperity and peace. The Apache problem seemed settled. Sioux and Cheyennes and other tribes of the North were making trouble, and Crook was transferred to the Department of the Platte and at once began his campaign against the Northern tribes. He was scarcely off the Apache reservation before the contractors, Government employees, and political grafters were at work to undo all that had been done.

Their efforts succeeded so well that each year found the Apache growing more dissatisfied and restless. This culminated in the outbreak of 1882. Crook was hastily summoned and took charge of the Department of Arizona. Geronimo and many of his band were taken to the Southeast as prisoners, and the others were settled on the White Mountain reservation, which has since that time been their home.

This reservation is a part of the high table-lands of Southeastern Arizona. It is one succession of mountains and high mesa parks, broken here and there with valleys and streams. The mountains and mesa lands are wooded with pine, cedar, fir, juniper and oak, and in the valleys is found mistletoe-grown cotton-wood, willow, alder and walnut, with much sumach, all jungle woven with the vine of the grape, hop, and columbine. Everywhere, on mountain and in valley, there is a great profusion of the many varieties of cacti, and in springtime, canyon and valley, mountainside and mesa are a blazing mass of wild flowers.

Entering the reservation by the Holbrook way, the first few miles is through a splendid pine forest which covers one-fifth of the reservation. Going down the Black Canyon the road is through a few miles of fine oaks, and then on to the valley of the White River, which has long been the home of the Apache, and before him the home of a race of which history knows but little.

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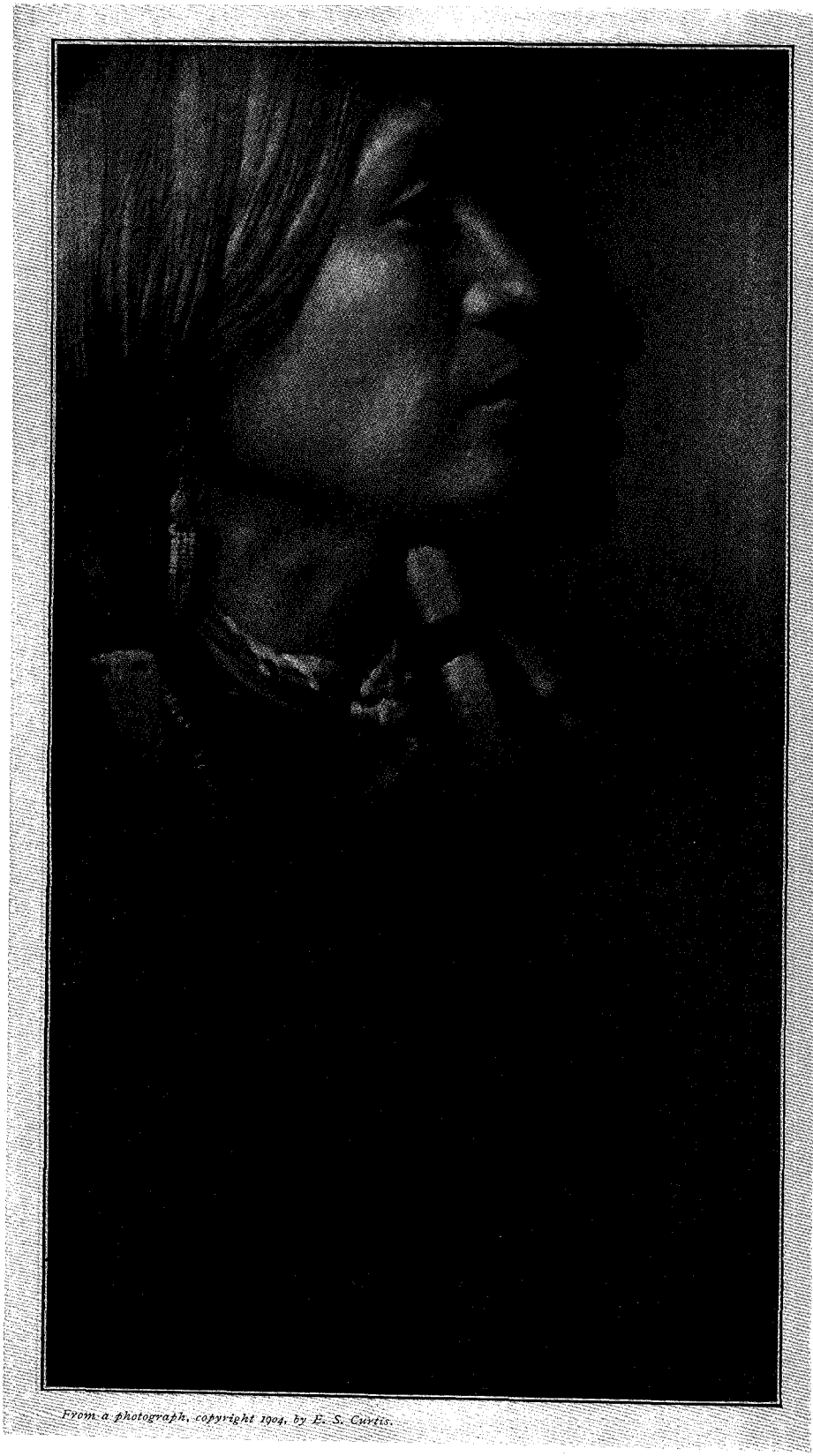

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Vash-Ghon, Jicarilla Apache Chief.

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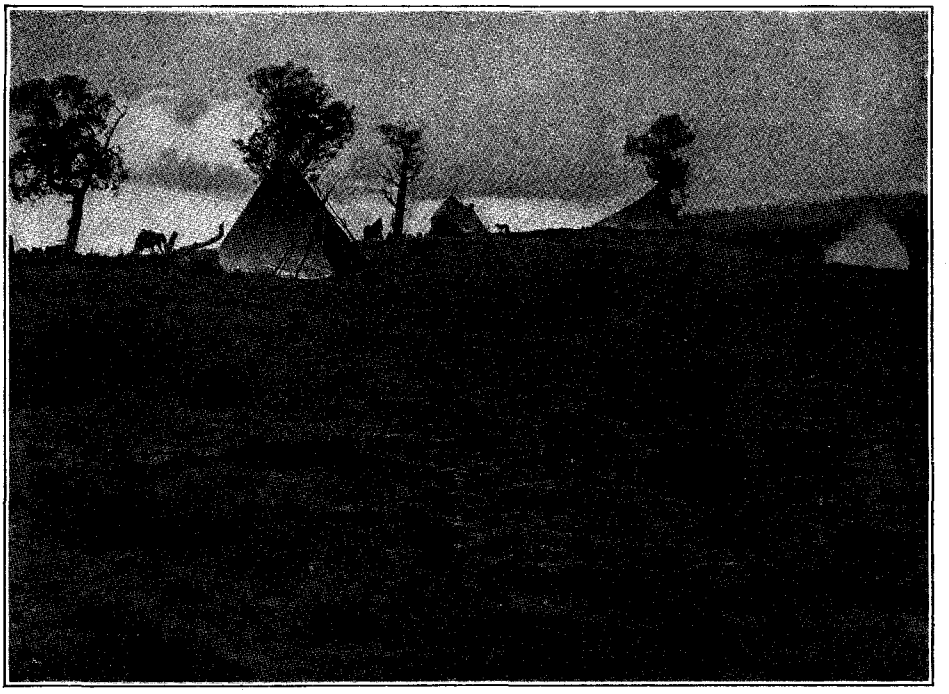

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A Hill-top Camp.—Jicarilla Land.

For several miles the road clings to the crest of the canyon, at the bottom of which flows White River. As we pass along this road, low mounds are seen everywhere about us. To the uninitiated they mean nothing, but let us make a close examination. The surface is strewn with fragments of Indian pottery, and we at once know we are standing on the ruins of the home of a prehistoric people. About us has been a community life of which only a backward reckoning and the study of the Pueblo creation myths can give us any comprehension. Here they lived their life, with its cares, its joys, and its mysteries. We realize that the crumbling rock was once the walls of a home where into the world were born tiny brown infants. The infants grew to maturity, mated to dark-skinned companions, and passed on to withered leaves of life's autumn, to sit in the shade of these walls and cackle at the romping antics of other brown infants. Ages have passed, the walls have crumbled, and in the ruins trees have taken root and grown to rugged old age.

There are approximately 2,000 of the Apaches scattered about on a reservation of two million acres. Of agricultural land they have something over two thousand acres, the greater part of which is now under cultivation. This arable land lies along the different streams which have their source among the high peaks in the northwestern part of the reservation, and break through the hills and mountains on their way to Salt River.

White River and its eastern branch, with their comparatively wide valleys, come first in importance; then the Cibicou, Carrizo, Bonito and Turkey Creek.

The Apache home, which he calls congueh, is built by forming its framework of poles, thatched with native grass. Through this loosely matted covering the smoke from the camp-fires finds its outlet, and the rain and snow sift through, making them a poor shelter in times of storm.

Squaw labor is of small account, more especially since the Apache has many wives; hence the Apache family builds many homes—in fact, a home wherever circumstances may require. The Apache himself likes nothing better than to be on the move. In his own words he says: "Why live all the time one place when many fine places to live?"

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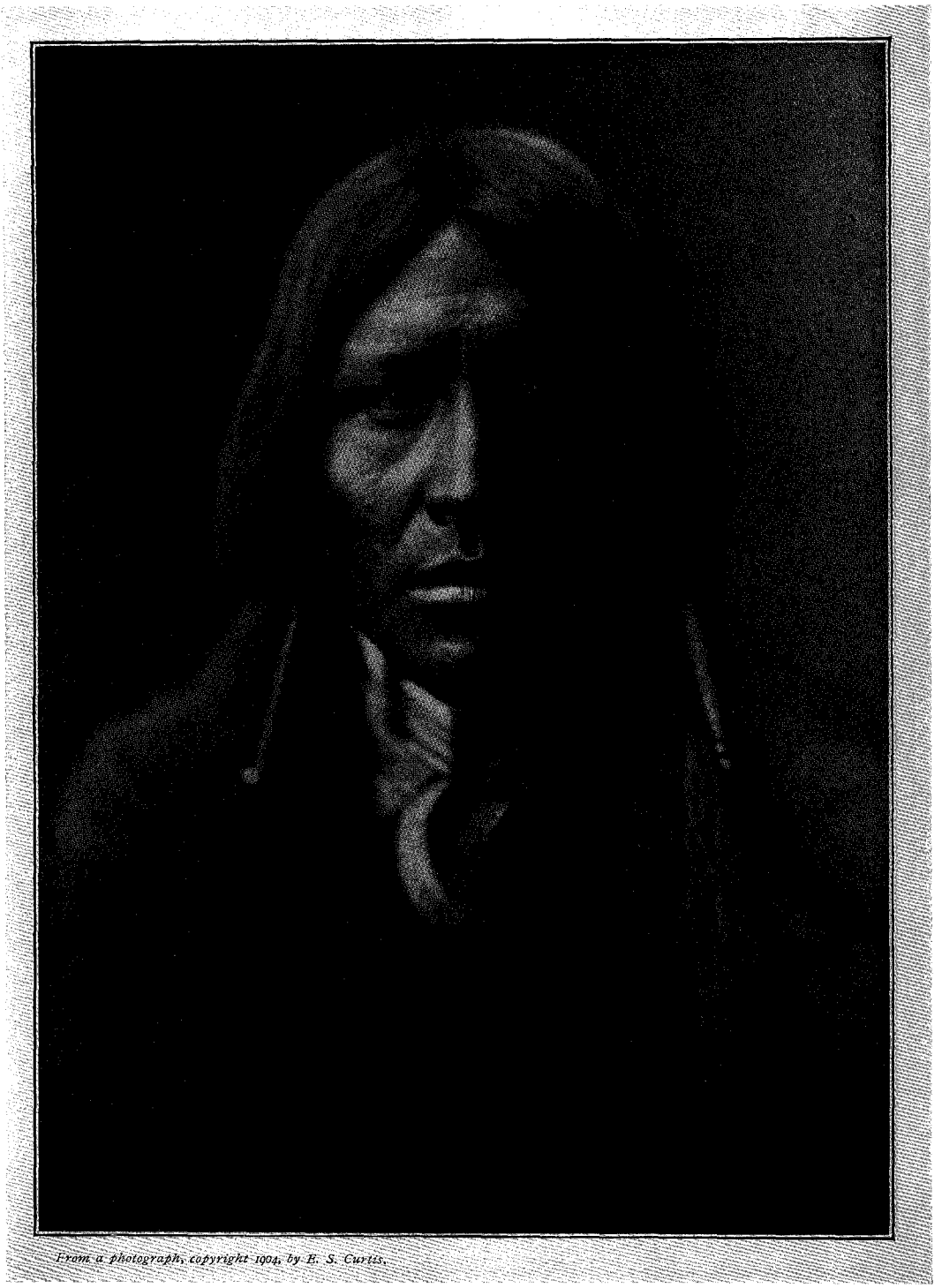

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A Jicarilla Type.

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In the good old days the zone of wandering centred in the mountains in what is now Southeastern Arizona. This was their stronghold, their fortress. From here they raided to the Southeast well down into Sonora (Old Mexico), west to the Colorado River, north into the Hopi and Navajo country, and east as far as central Texas. From this mountain rendezvous they would swoop down upon the Mexicans or Indians of Sonora, or perhaps upon the Pueblo villages of the north, and in later years the white settlers of the Southwest were kept in momentary peril of these roving bands. To follow them was a fruitless task and led to certain destruction. The Apache is a true nomad, a child of nature, whose birthright is a craving for the war-path, and who drew from his mother's brown breast the indomitable courage and endurance of which the world knows no equal, and a cunning which is beyond reckoning. His character is a strong mixture of savagery, courage, and ferocity, with a gentleness and affection for his family, particularly his children. He knows no such thing as fear. Death, which he faces with indifference, holds no terror for him. On the other hand, a friend may die and he will grieve to such an extent that he will commit suicide. Mr. Cooley speaks of an instance where a medicine man was killed in a tulapi debauch. His friend, a medicine man, rode up, looked at the body, chanted a few words and stabbed himself, saying, "I want to go with my brother."

General Crook, who knew the Apaches as no other man knew them, and who finally conquered them, said they were the worst tribe of American Indians to subdue. They had the instinct of the animal, the ferocity and cunning of the tiger, with the reason and logic of civilization. They rarely burned or otherwise tortured their captives, but the Mexican early learned to shoot his women rather than let them be taken prisoners.

The taking of scalps has been spoken of so commonly in the press of the United States that it has become a general practice, when speaking of a man having lost his life among the Indians, to say, "He lost his scalp." Novelists even of to-day, when locating their stories in Apache-land, almost invariably scalp the victims of Apache vengeance. As a matter of fact, one can say that the Apache never took scalps. Men who have lived in the Apache country and have been closely associated with them for thirty years or more, claim that no full-blooded Apache ever scalped a man he killed. On the contrary, he would not touch a body after death, and would throw away his weapons if stained with human blood. Their own dead the men never help to bury. This task is left to the women.

The Apache woman, according to her code, is strikingly modest and proverbially virtuous. The success with which they conceal their bodies with their scant clothing is quite marvelous. In their conversation they know no sex distinction. The Apache language has no profanity, but what it lacks in that is more than compensated in coarseness.

With these people civilization is making considerable advancement. He who was a renegade is fast becoming a worker of the soil. Old Geronimo, the worst of them all, is passing his final years, virtually a prisoner, at Fort Sill. Jolly old Cheno, whose record of crime has few equals, tends his crops and tells of a long time ago when he, lone-handed, within a single night, killed thirty Mexicans. The spirit of the Apache is not broken; he has lost none of his cunning, craftiness or endurance, but he sees that the day of the war-path is no more.

The Apaches, like many other North American tribes, are sun-worshippers. Their myths tell them that the sun is the all-powerful deity and to it all supplications are addressed. On going into battle, planting corn, or in starting on a cattle-stealing expedition, the sun is asked to look with favor. That they believe in a future world is proved by their custom of killing horses and burying them, as well as their clothing and implements of the chase, for life in the future world. Not only the medicine men but the people claim to hold communion with the Chindi or spirits of their ancestors. They are also great believers in omens, talismans and amulets, but are very conservative and it is with difficulty that one gets them to discuss things supernatural. They will not talk about God among their own people with familiarity, and scarcely at all with the white man.

The Apache medicine man is the strongest influence among them; he is their wise man and prophet. They have a sub-chief and head chief, but the medicine man is the

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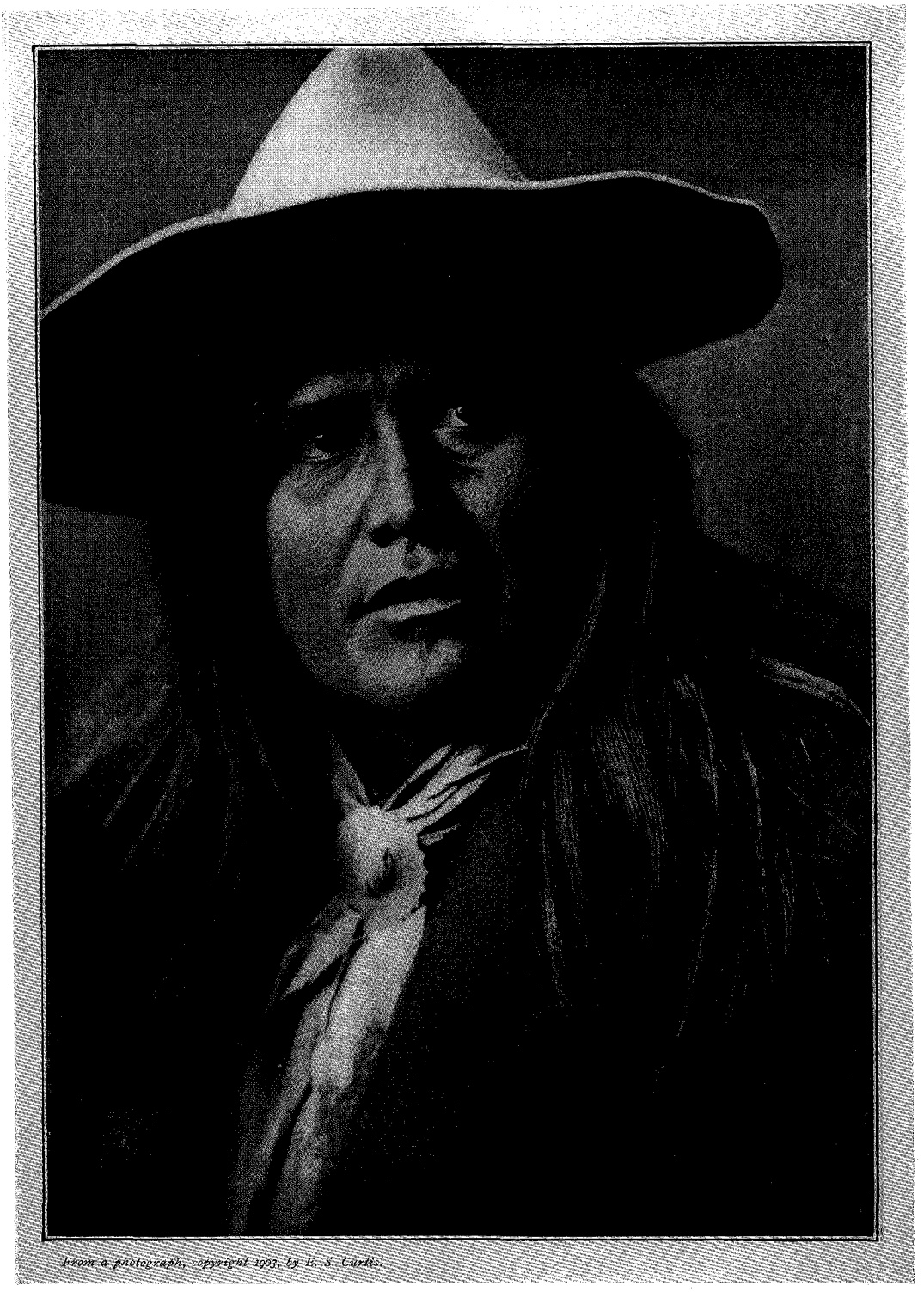

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The Apache Cowboy.

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statesman, the power behind the throne. The chief has been elected by his people; they know they have made him such, and that he is but human; but the medicine man they believe understands things of the supernatural and receives his power from God. With all his jugglery and hypocrisy he has much that is real. Life's problems, from his degree of civilization, have been well worked out. He is a deep student of nature and the supernatural. There is always about his person the medicine string and its accompanying bag of hoddenton, amulets made from slivers of lightning-shattered trees, trinkets of stone, shell and metal, none of which he allows touched by profane hands.

The Apache handicraft shows best in their basket work. It is in this that they show their love and appreciation of the beautiful. They have but few forms or shapes, and each of them shows the workings of a primitive mind on the problem before it. The basket is to be used for certain purposes. For this reason its form and material construction must be such as their knowledge tells them is best, but while its purpose is that of a utensil, it must have lines of symmetry and beauty. While decoration with them is secondary to form and usefulness, every basket is a wonderfully designed piece of handiwork and causes one to wonder how a people apparently so dull to the beautiful can be its creator.

Wherever one meets an Apache squaw he will see the burden basket or tatsaca. This is a roughly made basket, decorated with diagonal lines which are more often painted than woven. The bottom is covered with buckskin, from which strips of the same material extend to the top; buckskin fringe hangs from the base, upper rim, and perpendicular strips. These baskets are in constant use. The women carry them on their backs by a leather string which passes across the forehead. They are also hung from the pommel of the saddle, and in them is carried everything, from the youngest baby to camp utensils. The tus, or water-bottle, is a closely woven basket, coated inside and out with piñon gum. Its form is that of a vase, its coloring a deep rich brown

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The Lost Trail.—Apache.

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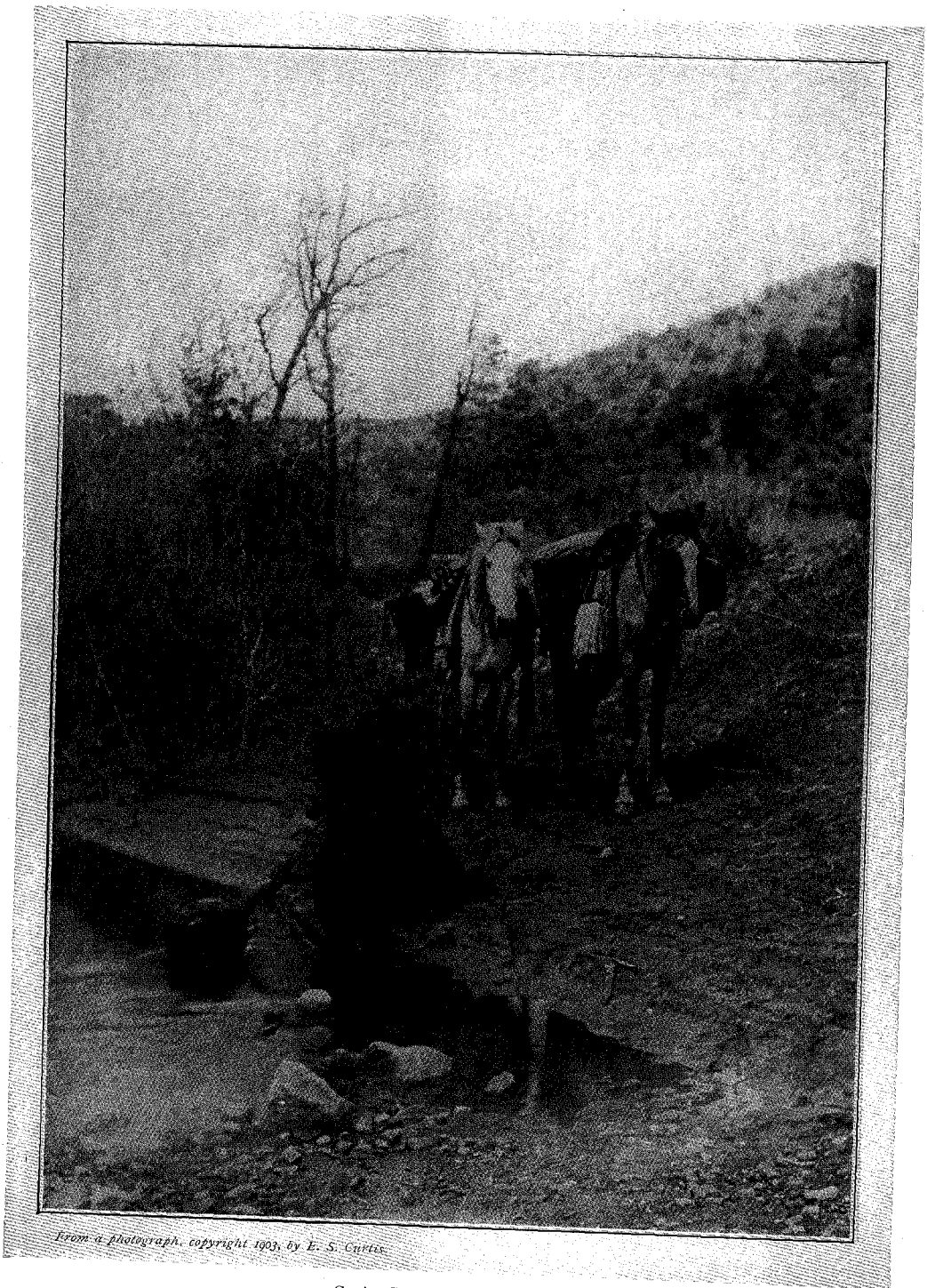

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Getting Water.—Apache Land.

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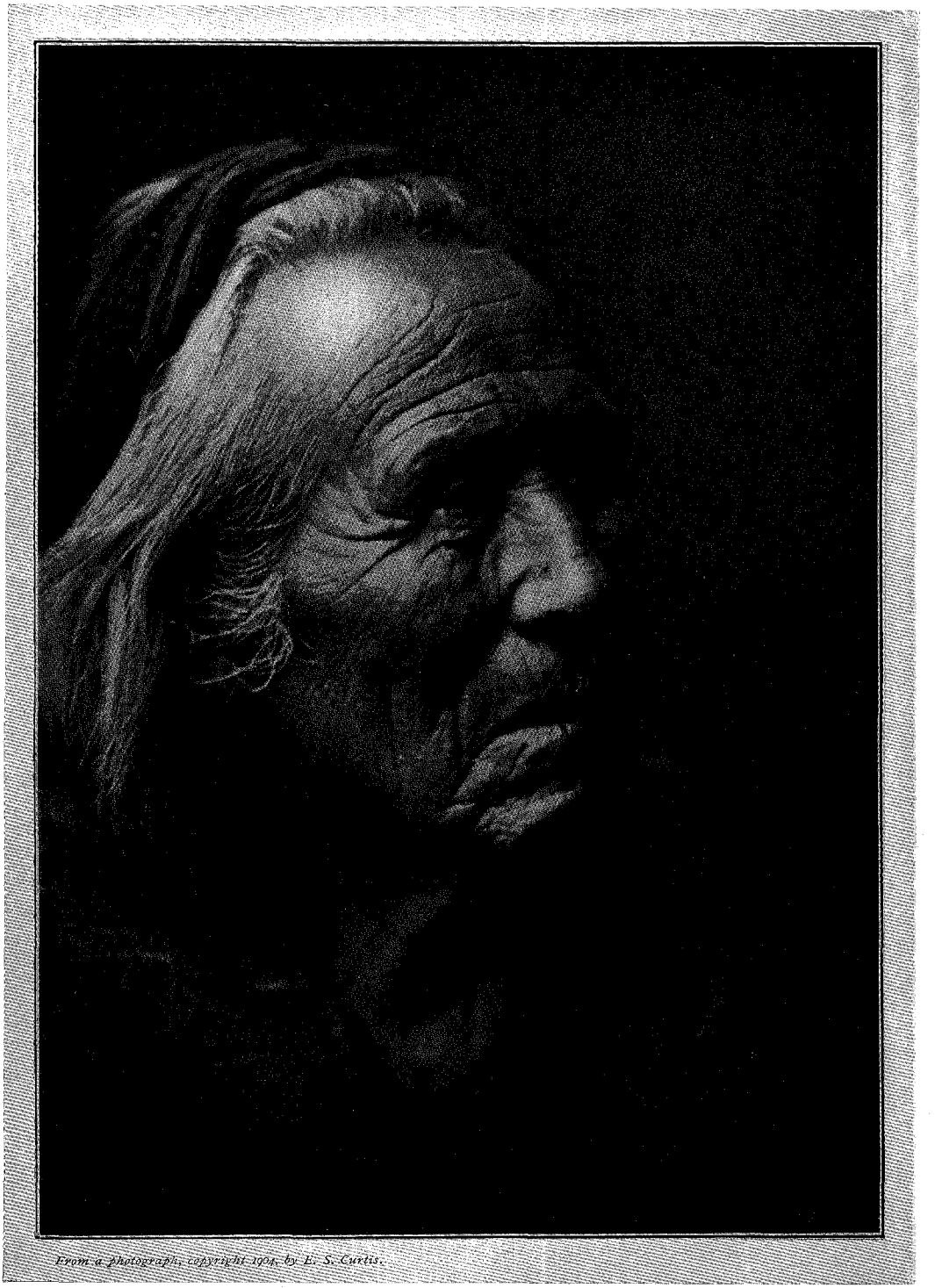

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The Navajo Medicine Man.

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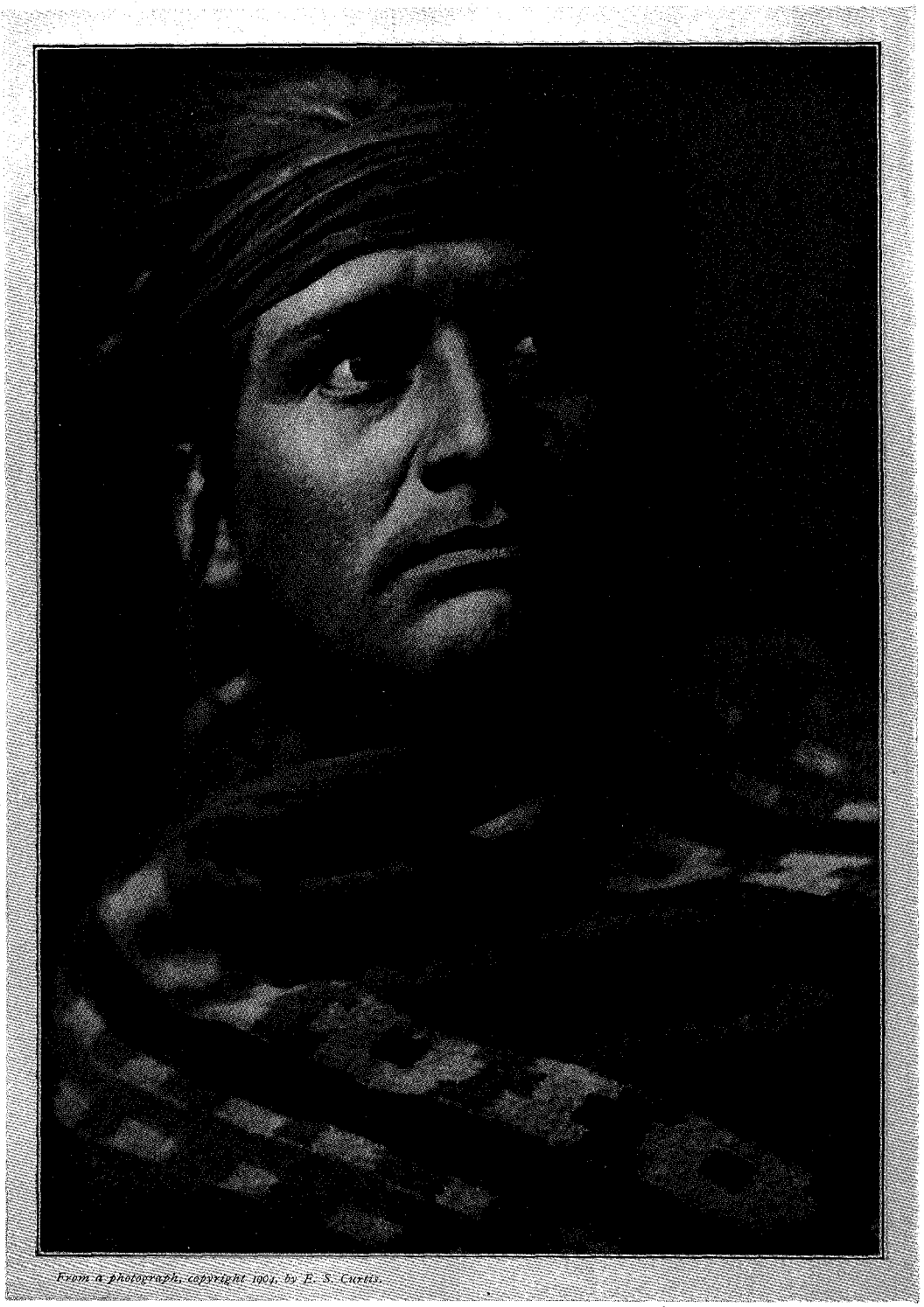

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A Chief of the Desert.—A Navajo.

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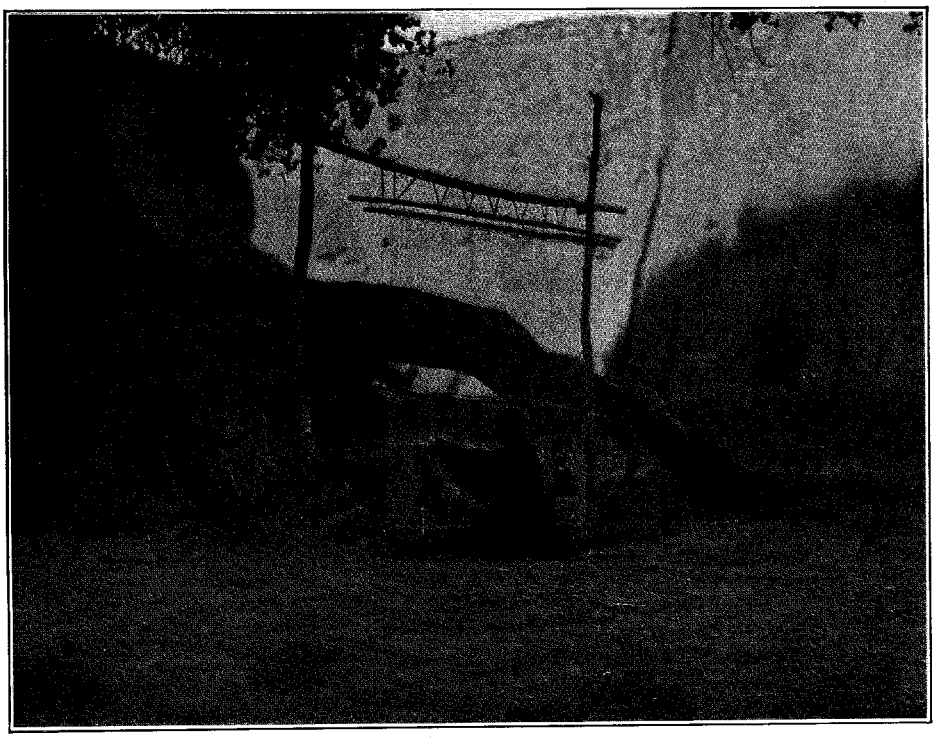
from the gum with which it is coated. The tuseskoga is the most pretentious of their basket work. Its form is vase-like, as is their water-bottle; it is elaborately decorated and so closely woven that it is water-tight. The tsa is a low, bowl-shaped basket, which is used as a food dish for dry or liquid foods, and by the medicine men for their medicine paraphernalia. The materials used in their basket-making are cotton-wood and willow as the basic material. Usually the black in the design is from the martynia pod, the browns or reds are from the root of the cactus. The women do but a limited amount of weaving in beads. Most of the beads worn by them are simply strung on threads, which are wound about the neck or wrists, yard after yard, until they form a coil an inch or more in thickness.

Saddle bags or pouches are made from rawhide, with *appliqué* of the same material and red flannel, decorated further with earth paints as well as a long fringe of the leather. These carryalls are hung across the saddle, and the burden basket is hung over the pommel at one side; on the other side is hung a water-bottle, and from the back of the saddle another burden basket and a second water-bottle, and then a few miscellaneous traps are fastened on, and on top of all this the Apache girl climbs, completing a splendid picture of pagan barbarism.

With the women the primitive dress was a short buckskin skirt and waist of the same material; both skirt and waist were ornamented with *appliqué* of skin and buckskin fringe and, like everything else that the Apaches wore, were hung with metal pendants. The form of the garments is now the same as of old, but the material is bright-colored calico, cretonne or flannel, or such as can be procured from the trader.

Contrary to the general opinion, the Apache is a good worker. Men and women alike work at the heaviest sort of labor. The first Apache women I met were at work in a woods felling timber and cutting it into



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The Navajo Blanket Weaver in the Canyon de Chelly.

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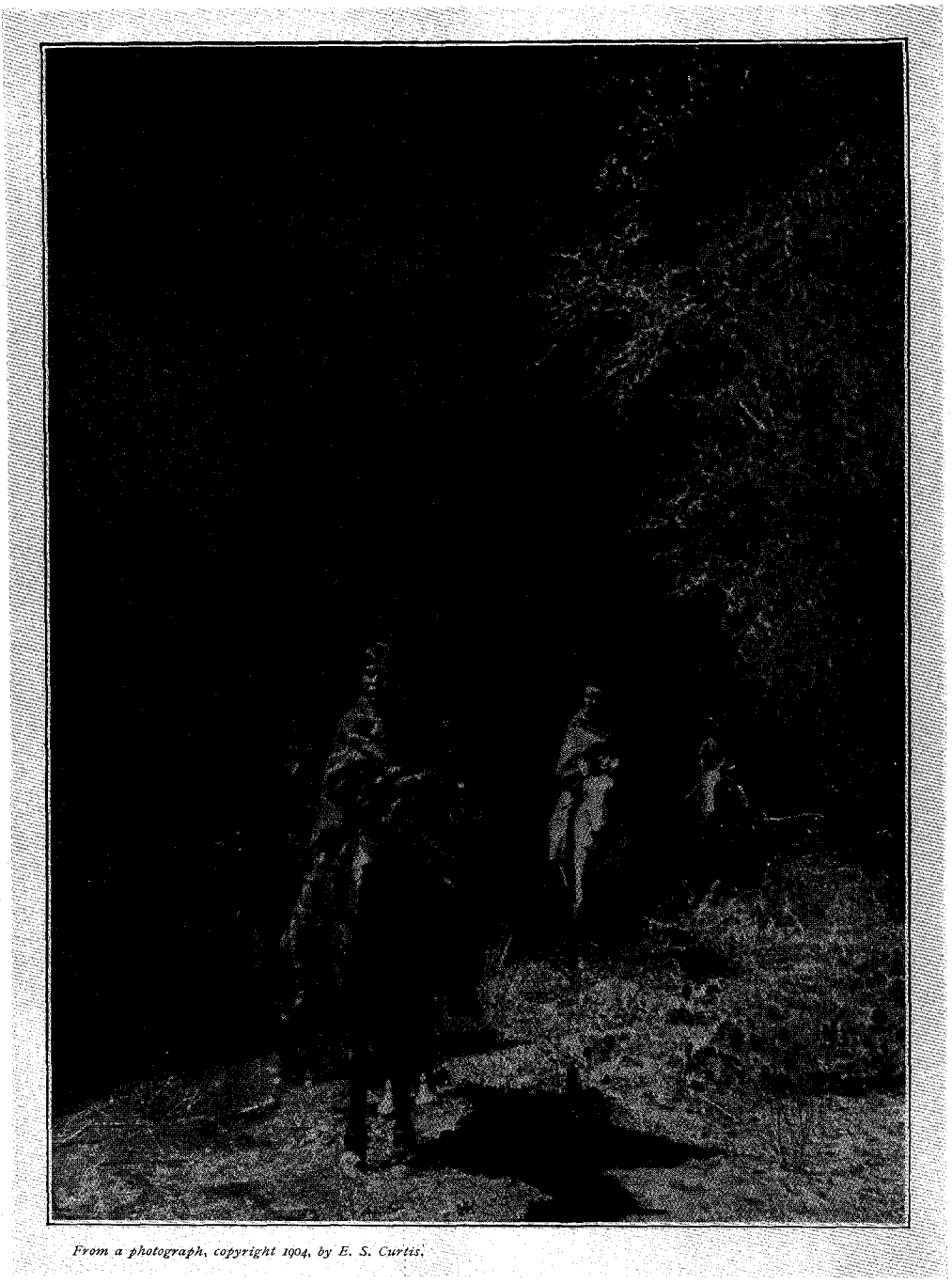

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Out of the Darkness.—A Navajo picture in Canyon de Chelly.

cordwood. To see women in the forest working as woodmen was a novel sight to me.

These people must be self-supporting, as the Government no longer treats them as objects of charity, nor does it owe them any vast sums of money which must be paid in annuities. The Government has lately adopted the wise plan of helping them to support themselves. The policy is to provide as much work for them as possible. This work is of a public improvement nature, such as building and improving the

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highways and constructing large irrigating ditches for the benefit of the community. In time gone by if an Apache wanted a wagon, he would go to the agent and make his wants known. As he got it without effort, no care was taken of it. Now if he wants a wagon the agent gives him work that he may earn it, and it is safe to presume that when he has worked a month and a half for a wagon he will take care of it.

To-day their principal source of living is their farms along many of the streams or narrow valleys. In their natural state these valleys were a jungle of small timber and undergrowth which had to be cleared away before the land could be cultivated. Their crops can be grown by irrigation only, and many of their irrigating ditches are miles in length and well constructed. Corn is the principal crop, although small grain, beans, and vegetables form a considerable portion of their harvest.

While their environment is much the same, and the root of the language exactly so, in culture, character, and appearance the Navajos differ much from the Apaches. The Apaches were by every instinct a fighting people. On the contrary, the Navajos never were. From the nature of the country and their great numbers had they had any organized fighting ability they would have been much harder to conquer than any other of our Indians.

During the so-called Navajo war the Navajo nation had no chief with any considerable following—in fact, they never have had, like other tribes, a head chief who could demand co-operation of other head men or chiefs. In historical times Manuleto had a greater following than any other chief. Had the Navajos been under a capable leader not one of the soldiers who went into Canyon de Chelly would have come out alive.

The Navajos are a pastoral, patriarchal, semi-nomadic people. Their whole culture and development centres in their flocks. Their reservation of 12,000 square miles is desert, broken with mountain and mesa. On the mesa and low mountains there are considerable areas of piñon and cedar, and on the higher mountains a limited area of beautiful pine forests. Over this region the Navajos drive their flocks. At the season when the slight rainfall gives even a scant pasturage on the desert plains, the flocks are pastured there. As the pasturage on the lower levels is both burned with the hot, scorching sun and exhausted with pasturing, the flocks are taken up into the higher mountains, where there is more moisture. Again as the deep winter snows come on the sheep must be taken down out of the mountains to escape them. During this time they are kept on the wooded mesa, where there is less snow, and a plentiful supply of wood, of which there is none on the plains below. Year in and year out the Navajo flocks are driven back and forth from plain to mountain-top, mesa and foothills.

While the Navajo's life is a wandering one, he is not what could be called a true nomad. His zone of wandering is limited; on the same grounds his father and father's father have kept their flocks. The average Navajo could not guide you a distance to exceed fifty miles. Last season the writer had with him two Navajo men of middle age, who had lived their lives within a day's ride of the mouth of Canyon de Chelly, and this was the first time they had traveled the entire length of the canyon. This seems strange, from the fact that it is a most remarkably scenic spot, and the larger part of the great wealth of Navajo legendary lore centres in this canyon.

The Navajo family usually has three homes, the location of which is determined by the necessities of their life. One is the summer home, where they grow their small crops of corn and vegetables. This farming they do in the narrow sand washes, where, by planting to a great depth, they get sufficient moisture to mature the crops. In a few limited areas they have irrigated farms. In Canyon de Chelly, which may be termed the "garden of the reservation," there are tiny irrigated farms and splendid peach orchards.

In their pastoral life they naturally do not lead a community existence. Their domiciles, or hogans, are usually grouped two or three in the same locality. Each hogan represents a family, and a group is usually that of relations formed into a clan. The hogan is a dome-shaped structure of poles covered with earth. From its low construction and earth covering it is inconspicuous. One might ride from morning until night across the reservation and not see a hogan or an Indian. Still he has possibly passed within a stone's throw of many hogans and been peered at by dark

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Navajo Child.

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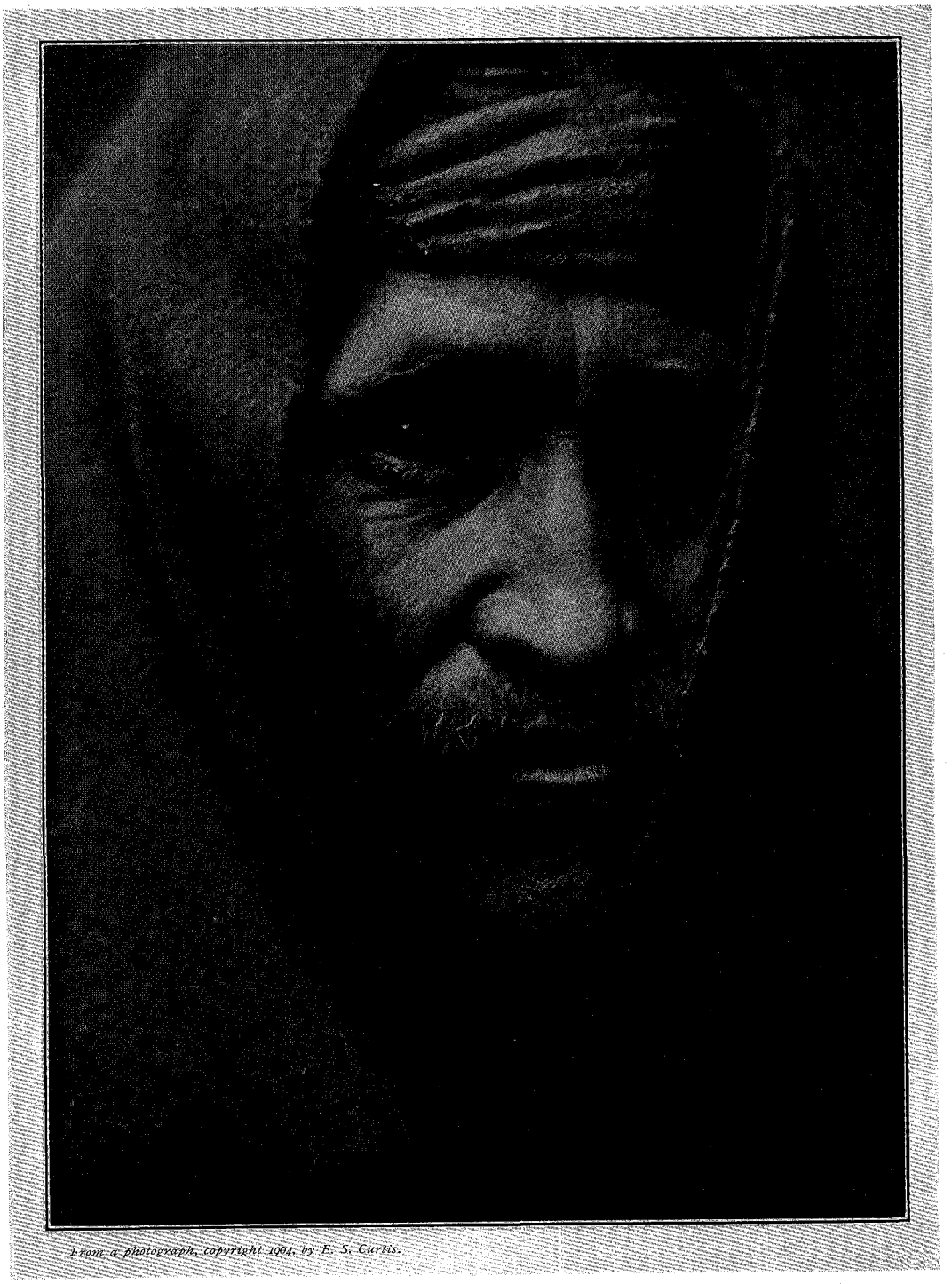

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The Singer.

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eyes from brush concealments. At the end of a long day in the saddle the visitor will begin to wonder where the 20,000 Navajos have concealed themselves. To answer that question, just as the long shadows of evening are creeping on he has but to go to the summit of some of the many low mountains and look about. Here and there in every direction he sees the smoke of camp-fires as they are preparing their final meal of the day. In this clear, rare atmosphere the horizon is the only limit to his vision.

Just below, perhaps a mile away, is the smoke from a group of some half-dozen hogans; miles beyond is another group; and still beyond another, and so it is along the whole sweep of the horizon.

With a little Government assistance in utilizing the possible water-supply for irrigation, the Navajos will take care of themselves and in time make a splendid community of shepherds and farmers. For the student there is among them a great wealth of ceremonial life which shows but a slight deterioration by the contact with civilization. The medicine men are still the dominant factor of the Navajo life. These medicine men are so-called singers, and the medicine ceremonies, "sings." The principal ceremonies are the two great nine-day sings, termed by Washington Matthews, who spent many years in the study of their life, the "night chant" and the "mountain chant." Besides these two elaborate ceremonies, they have one-day sings, two-day sings and four-day sings, all for the curing of disease.

Thirty miles square of mountain-top in northeastern New Mexico is the reservation of the Jicarilla Apaches. There is no more reason why these people should be termed Jicarilla Apaches than that the Navajos should be termed Navajo Apaches. The only thing in common with the Jicarilla and the Apache groups proper is the linguistic relationship. In appearance, life, and manners they resemble more the Northern Plains Indians.

It is with the Jicarillas that we see the dividing-line between the great Northwest plains tribes and the countless numbers of desert and village Indians of the Southwest and Mexico. Their culture shows the contact with both with a slight leaning toward the ways of the northern brothers. Their domicile, while not well constructed, is the tepee of the plains peoples. The feather head-dress is also worn by them, whereas with the Apaches the head-dress of this kind is unknown.

In their legends and myths they closely resemble the Navajos. Their origin legend, the story of the Deluge, their person of miraculous birth and the countless miracles which he performed, are almost identical with those of the Navajo.

They were not continuously at war with the Whites as the White Mountain Apaches were. However, by those who have lived in the region of the Jicarilla reservation they are considered "a bad lot." They are unfortunately, brought much in contact with the Mexicans, and from them get liquor. This fact, undoubtedly, is greatly responsible for their unsavory reputation.

Their reservation as a place upon which a community of people are expected to be self-supporting is a rather hopeless one. It might be asked why this unfortunate selection was made. Such questions are difficult to answer. It is not their original home; it was set aside for them and they were moved upon it. At that time they, like nearly all Indians, were drawing rations, and it is likely that any place where there was room enough for them to roam about answered as well as any other. As a place to live, if one is relieved of the necessity of being self-supporting, it is ideal, and in the summer-time at least is a wonderfully beautiful spot and should make glad the heart of the aborigine as well as the scenic-surfeited ultra-civilized. Owing to the high altitude, the great depth of winter snow makes sheep-raising impracticable. Being on the divide, there is no extensive water-shed, which makes irrigation a serious question with the chances against a successful outcome. Since the Government ceased issuing rations the Indians have been given employment on irrigation works.

This effort to irrigate is by means of small reservoirs depending on the winter snow-fall or flood season for their water-supply. It is too early yet to say whether the effort will meet with any degree of success or not. The summer grazing is good and with a small acreage of irrigated land which would supply the necessary winter food, Jicarilla would easily be self-supporting.

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A CORNER OF NORMANDY

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

BAGNOLES DE L'ORNE,
July-August.

IT is lovely looking out of my window this morning, so green and cool and quiet. I had my *petit déjeuner* on my balcony, a big tree in the garden making perfect shade and a wealth of green wood and meadow in every direction, so resting to the eyes after the Paris asphalt. It seems a very quiet little place. Scarcely anything passing—a big omnibus going, I suppose, to the baths, and a butcher's cart. For the last ten minutes I have been watching a nice-looking sunburned girl with a big straw hat tied down over her ears, who is vainly endeavoring to get her small donkey-cart, piled high with fruit and vegetables, up a slight incline to the gate of a villa just opposite. She has been struggling for some time, pulling, talking, and red with the exertion. One or two workmen have come to her assistance, but they can't do anything either. The donkey's mind is made up. There is an animated conversation—I am too high up to hear what they say. Finally she leaves her cart, ties up her fruit in her apron, balances a basket of eggs with one hand on her head, and disappears into the garden behind the gate. No one comes along and the cart is quite unmolested. I think I should have gone down myself if I had seen anyone making off with any of the fruit. It is a delightful change from the hot, stuffy August Paris I left yesterday. My street is absolutely deserted, every house closed except mine, the sun shining down hard on the white pavement, and perfect stillness all day. The evenings from seven till ten are undescribable—a horror of musical *concierges* with accordions, a favorite French instrument. They all sit outside their doors with their families and friends, playing and singing all the popular songs and at intervals all joining in a loud chorus of "Viens Poupoule." Grooms are teaching lady friends to ride bicycles, a lot of barking, yapping fox-terriers running alongside. There is a lively cross-conversation going on from one side of the street to the other, my own *concierge* and chauffeur contributing largely. Of course my balcony is untenable, and I am obliged to sit inside, until happily sleep descends upon them. They all vanish, and the street relapses into perfect silence. I am delighted to find myself in this quiet little Norman bathing-place, just getting known to the French and foreign public.

It is hardly a village; the collection of villas, small houses, shops, and two enormous hotels surrounding the *établissement* seems to have sprung up quite suddenly and casually in the midst of the green fields and woods, shut in on all sides almost by the Forest of Ardennes, which makes a beautiful curtain of verdure. There are villas dotted about everywhere, of every possible style; Norman *chalets*, white and gray, with the black cross-beams that one is so familiar with all over this part of the country; English cottages with verandas and bow-windows; three or four rather pretentious looking buildings with high *perrons* and one or two terraces; gardens with no very pretty flowers, principally red geraniums, some standing back in a nice little green wood, some directly on the road with benches along the fence so that the inhabitants can see the passers-by (and get all the dust of the roads). But there isn't much passing even in these days of automobiles. There are two trains from Paris, arriving at two in the afternoon and at eleven at night. The run down from Paris, especially after Dreux, is charming, almost like driving through a park. The meadows are beautifully green and the trees very fine—the whole country very like England in appearance, recalling it all the time, particularly when we saw pretty gray old farm-houses in the distance—and every now and then a fine Norman steeple.

There are two rival hotels and various small pensions and family houses. We are

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staying at the Grand, which is very comfortable. There is a splendid terrace overlooking the lake; rather an ambitious name for the big pond, which does, however, add to the picturesqueness of the place, particularly at night, when all the lights are reflected in the water. The whole hotel adjourns there after dinner and people walk up and down and listen to the music until ten o'clock. After that there is a decided falling off of the *beau monde*. Many people take their bath at half past five in the morning and are quite ready to go to bed early. The walk down in the early morning is charming, through a broad, shaded alley—Allée de Dante. I wonder why it is called that. I don't suppose the poet ever took warm baths or douches in any description of *établissement*. I remember the tale we were always told when we were children and rebelled against the perpetual cleansing and washing that went on in the nursery, of the Italian countess who said she would be ashamed, if she couldn't do all her washing in a glass of water. It is rather amusing to see all the types. I don't think there are many foreigners. I hear very little English spoken, though they tell me there are some English here. We certainly don't look our best in the early morning, but the women stand the test better than the men. With big hats, veils, and the long cloaks they wear now, they pass muster very well and don't really look any worse than when they are attired for a spin in an open auto; but the men, with no waistcoats, a foulard around their throats, and a very dejected air, don't have at all the conquering-hero appearance that one likes to see in the stronger sex.

The *établissement* is large and fairly good, but nothing like what one finds in all the Austrian and German baths. When I first go in, coming out of the fresh morning air, I am rather oppressed with the smell of hot air, damp clothing, and many people crowded into little hot bath-rooms. There are terrible little dark closets called *cabinets de repos*. Many doctors in white waistcoats and red ribbons are walking about; plenty of *baigneuses*, with their sleeves rolled up, showing a red arm that evidently has been constantly in the water; people who have had their baths and are resting, wrapped up in blankets, stretched out on long chairs near the windows; bells going all the time, cries of "Marie-Louise," "Jeanne," "Anne-Marie." It is rather a pandemonium. Our *baigneuse*, who is called Marie-Louise, is upstairs. At the top of the stairs there is a grand picture of the horse who discovered the Bagnoles waters, a beautiful white beast standing in a spring, all water lilies and sparkling water. A lovely young lady in a transparent green garment with roses over each ear, like the head-dress one sees on Japanese women, is holding his bridle. The legend says that a certain gallant and amorous knight of yore, having become old and crippled with rheumatism, and unable any longer to make a brave show in tournaments under fair ladies' eyes, determined to retire from the world, and to leave his horse—faithful companion of many jousts—in a certain green meadow traversed by a babbling brook, where he could end his days in peace. What was his surprise, some months later, to find his horse quietly standing again in his old stable, his legs firm and straight, his skin glossy, quite renovated. The master took himself off to the meadow, investigated the quality of the water, bathed himself, and began life anew with straightened limbs and quickened pulses. The waters certainly do wonders. We see every day people who had arrived on crutches or walking with canes quite discarding them after a course of baths.

The hotel is full, mostly French, but there are of course some exceptions. We have a tall and stately royal princess with two daughters and a niece. The girls are charming—simple, pretty, and evidently much pleased to be away for a little while from court life and etiquette. They make their cure quite regularly, like anyone else, walking and sitting in the Allée Dante. The people don't stare at them too much. There are one or two well-known men—deputies, *membres de l'Institut*—but, of course, women are in the majority. There is a band—not very good, as the performers, some of them good enough alone, had never played together until they came here. However, it isn't of much consequence, as no one listens. I make friends with them, as usual; something always draws me to artists. The boy at the piano looks so thin—really as if he did not get enough to eat. He plays very well, told me he was a *premier prix* of the Conservatoire de Madrid. When one thinks of the hours of work and fatigue that means, it is rather pathetic to see him, contented to earn a few francs a night, pounding away at a piano and generally ending with a "cake

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walk," danced by some enterprising young people with all sorts of remarkable steps and gestures, which would certainly astonish the original negro performers on a plantation.

The view from the terrace at night is pretty—quantities of lights twinkling about among the trees, and beyond always on each side and in front, the thick green walls of the forest quite shutting in the quiet little place. We are usually the last outside. It grows cooler as the evening gets on, and I fancy it is not wise to sit out too late after the hot bath and fatigue of the day.

It is a splendid automobiling country, and every afternoon there is a goodly show of motors of all sizes and makes waiting to take their owners to some of the many interesting excursions which abound in this neighborhood. We have an English friend who has brought over his automobile, a capital one—English make—and we have been out several times with him. The other day we went to Domfront—a lovely road, almost all the way through woods, the forest of Audaine with its fine old trees making splendid shade. We passed through the Étoile—well known to all the hunting men, as it is a favorite *rendezvous de chasse*. It is a lovely part of the forest, a great green space with alleys running off into the woods in all directions. Some of them where the ground was a little hilly, looked like beautiful green paths going straight up to the clouds.

We kept in the forest almost all the way—as we got near Domfront the road rising all the time, quite steep at the end, which, however, made no perceptible difference in our speed. The big auto galloped up all the hills quite smoothly and with no effort. It was a divine view as we finally emerged from the woods—miles of beautiful green meadows and hedges stretching away on each side and a blue line of hills in the distance. We had been told that we could see Mont St. Michel and the sea with our glasses, but we didn't, though the day was very clear. Domfront is a very old walled town with round towers and a great square donjon, perched on the top of a mountain. A long stretch of solid wall is still there and some of the old towers are converted into modern dwellings. It looked out of place to see ordinary lace curtains tied back with a ribbon and pots of red geraniums in the high narrow windows when one thought of the rough grim soldiers armed to the teeth who have stood for hours in those same windows watching anxiously for the first glimpse of an armed band appearing at the edge of the meadows. The château must have been a fine feudal fortress in its time and has sheltered many great personages. William the Conqueror, of course—he has apparently lived in every château and sailed from every harbor in this part of Normandy—Charles IX, Catherine de Medicis, and the Montgomery who killed Henri II in tournament.

It was too early to go home, so we went on to the Château de Lassay. We raced through pretty little clean gray villages, looking peaceful and sleepy and deserted and evidently quite accustomed to automobiles. No one took much notice of us. There were only a few old people and children in the streets; all the men were working in the fields gathering in their harvest. Lassay is quite a place, with hotels, shops, churches, and an old Benedictine convent. We left the auto in the square, as it couldn't get up the narrow, steep little road to the hotel. There were swarms of beggars of all ages—old women, girls, children—lining the road before we got to the château. Monsieur B. (deputy), who was with us, remonstrated vigorously, particularly with stout, sturdy young women who were pursuing us, but they didn't care a bit, and we only got rid of them once we had crossed the moat and drawbridge and got into the courtyard, where a wrinkled and red-cheeked old woman locked the door after us. The château is almost entirely in ruins, but must have been splendid. There is a sort of modern dwelling-house in the inner court, but I fancy the proprietor rarely lives there. It is enormous. There are eight massive round towers connected by a *courtine** that runs along the top of the ramparts. The big door that opens on the park is modern, and makes decidedly poor effect, after the fine old pointed doorway that gives access to the great courtyard. The park, with a little care and a little money spent on it, would be beautiful, but it is quite wild and uncared for. There are splendid old trees, some of them covered entirely with ivy growing straight up into the branches and giving a most peculiar effect to the trees; ragged green paths leading to woods; running water with little bridges thrown over them; a splendid vegetation ev-

*Little green path.

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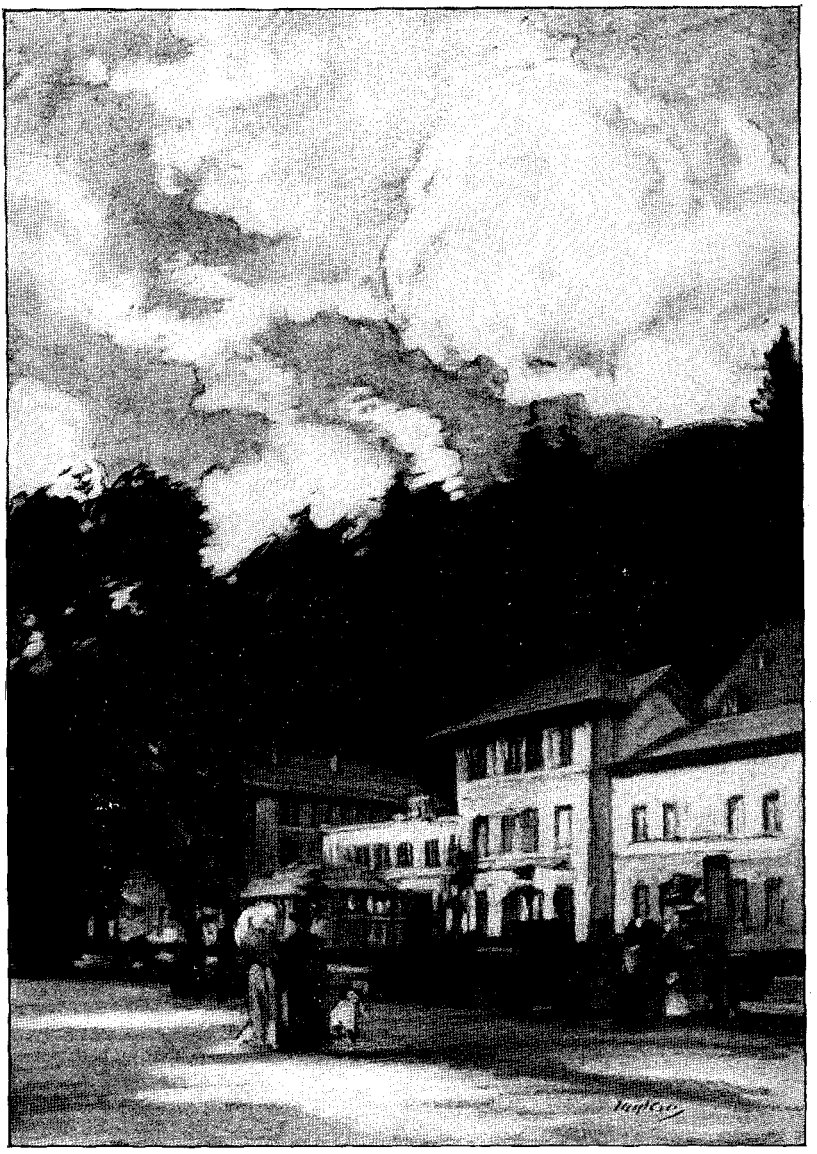

L'Établissement, Bagnoles de l'Orne.

erywhere, almost a jungle in some places—all utterly neglected. The old woman took us through the "casemates"—dark stone galleries with little narrow slits for windows or to fire through; they used to run all around the house, connected by a subterranean passage, but they are now, like all the rest, half in ruins. It was most interesting. We had not the energy, any of us, to go up into the tower and see the view—we had seen it all the way, culminating at Domfront on the top of the mountain, and though very beautiful, it is always the same—great stretches of green fields, hedges, and fine trees. It is a little too peaceful and monotonous for my taste. I like something bolder and wilder. A high granite cliff standing out in the sea with the great Atlantic rollers breaking perpetually against it appeals to me much more than green fields and cows standing placidly in little clear brooks, and clean, comfortable farmhouses, with pretty gray Norman stee-

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ples rising out of the woods, but my companions were certainly not of my opinion and were enchanted with the Norman landscape. We had a long ride back in the soft evening light. I am afraid to say how many kilometres we went in the three hours we were away.

It has been warm these last days. There is a bit of road absolutely without shade of any kind we have to pass every time we go to the *établissement*, which is very trying. I love the early morning walk, everything is so fresh and the air singularly light and pure. It seems wicked to go into that atmosphere of hot air and suffering humanity, which greets one on the threshold of the bath-house. To-day I have been driving with the princess. She does not like the automobile when she is making a cure—says it shakes her too much.

We had a pretty drive, past the Château of Couterne, which is most picturesque. A beautiful beech avenue leads up to the house, which is built of brick, with round towers and a large pond or lake which comes right up to the walls. It is of the sixteenth century, and has been inhabited ever since by the same family. One of the ancestors was "*chevalier et poète*" of Queen Marguerite of Navarre. I had a nice talk with the princess about everything and everybody. I asked her if she had ever read "The Lightning Conductor." As her own auto is a Napier, I thought it would interest her. I told her all the *potins* (little gossip) of the hotel — that people said her youngest daughter was going to marry the King of Spain, and the general verdict was that the princess would make "a beautiful queen." I shouldn't think that marriage would be popular in England, as the Queen of Spain must be a Catholic. They say the young King is *very dévot.* Everyone is horrorstruck at the murder of the Russian Minister of the Interior, and I suppose it is only a beginning.

This afternoon I have been walking in the lovely woods at the back of the *établissement.* It is rather a steep climb to get to the *point de vue* and troublesome walking, as the paths are dry and slippery and the roots of the pine-trees that spread out over the paths catch one's heel sometimes. Some people spend all their day high up in the pines—take up books, seats, work, and *goûter*, and only come down after six, when the air gets cooler. We saw parties seated about in all directions and had glimpses of the white dresses, which are a uniform this year, flitting through the trees. It was very pretty, but not like the walks of Marienbad, with the splendid black pine forest all around and every now and then a glimpse of a green *Alm* (high field on the top of a mountain), with the peasant girl in her high Tyrolean hat and clean white chemisette standing on the edge with her cows all behind her and the bells tinkling in the distance.

It was so warm this evening that we sat out until ten o'clock. We had a visit from Cte. G., son-in-law of our friend Mrs. L. S. He lives at Deauville, and had announced himself for Monday morning for breakfast at twelve. He *did* come for breakfast, but on Tuesday morning, having been *en route* since Monday morning at seven o'clock. He was in an automobile and everything happened to him that can happen to an automobile except an absolute smash. He punctured his tires, had a big hole in his reservoir, his steering gear bent, his *bougies* always doing something they oughtn't to. He dined and slept at Falaise; rather a sketchy repast, but as he told us he could always get along with poached eggs, could eat six in an ordinary way and twelve in an emergency, we were reassured; for one can always get eggs and milk in Normandy. He arrived in a perfectly good humor and made himself very pleasant. He is an old soldier—a cavalry officer—and doesn't mind roughing it.

The journey from Deauville to Bagnoles is usually accomplished in three or four hours. Falaise, the birthplace of William the Conqueror, is an interesting old town, but looks as if it had been asleep ever since that great event. The old castle is very fine, stands high, close to the edge of the cliff, so that the rock seems to form part of the great walls. There is one fine round tower, and always the grass walk around the ramparts. The views are beautiful. Looking down from one of the narrow, pointed windows, still fairly preserved, we had the classic Norman landscape at our feet—beautiful green fields, enormous trees making spots of black shade in the bright grass, the river, sparkling in the sunshine, winding through the meadows, a group of washerwomen, busy and chattering, beating their clothes on the

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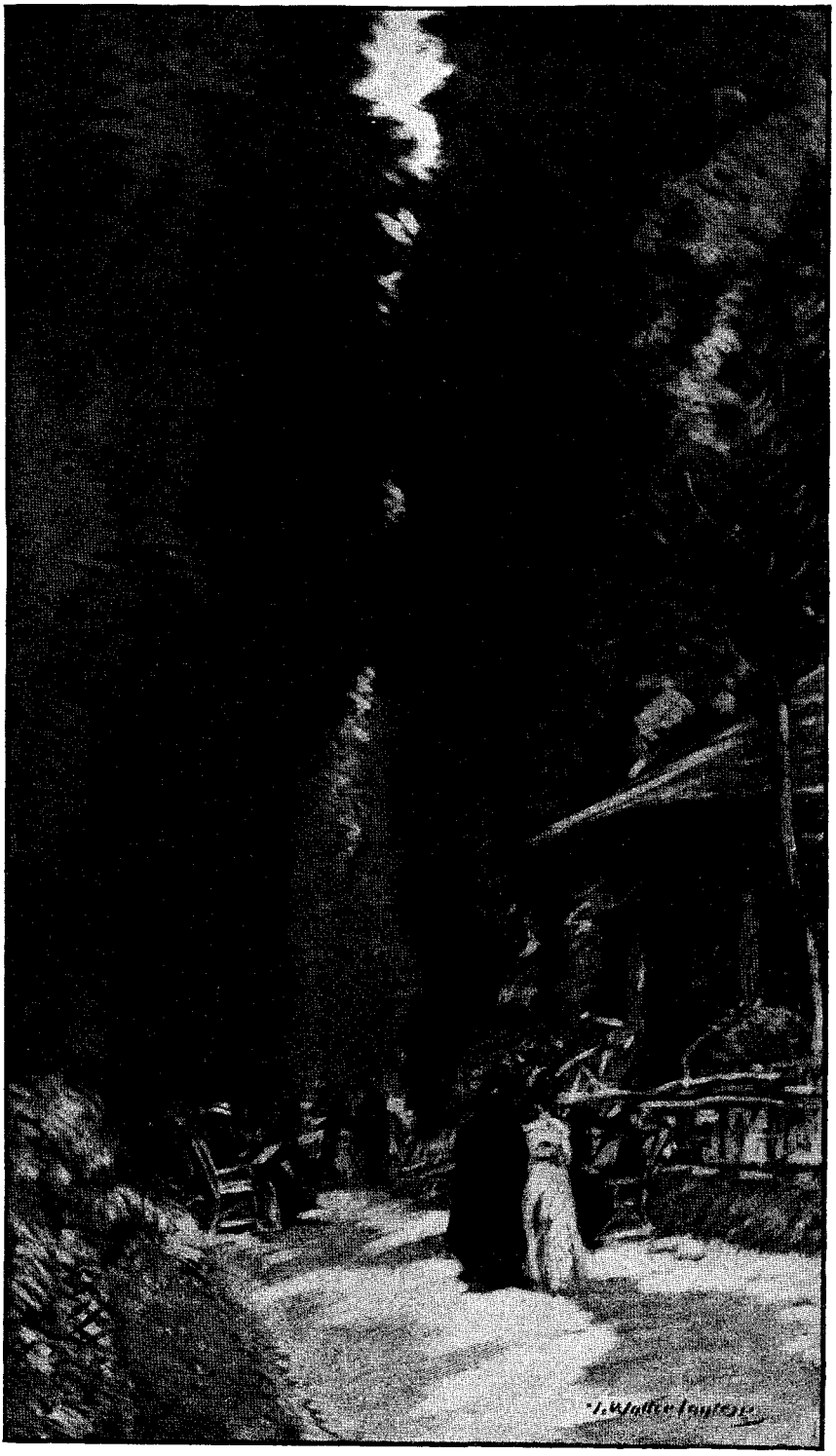

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

Allée de Dante, Bagnoles de l'Orne.

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In Domfront some of the old towers are converted into modern dwellings.

flat stones where the river narrows a little under the castle walls, and a bright blue sky overhead.

We walked through the Grande Place—picturesque enough. On one side the Church of La Trinité, and in the middle of the Place the bronze equestrian statue of William the Conqueror. It is very spirited. He is in full armor, lance in hand, his horse plunging forward toward imaginary enemies. They say the figure was copied from Queen Mathilde's famous tapestries at Bayeux, but it looked more modern to me. I remember all the men and beasts and ships of those tapestries looked most extraordinary as to shape. Monsieur R. took over the young princesses the other day in his auto. They were very keen to see the cradle of their race. It was curious to see the descendants of the great rough soldier starting in an auto, fresh,

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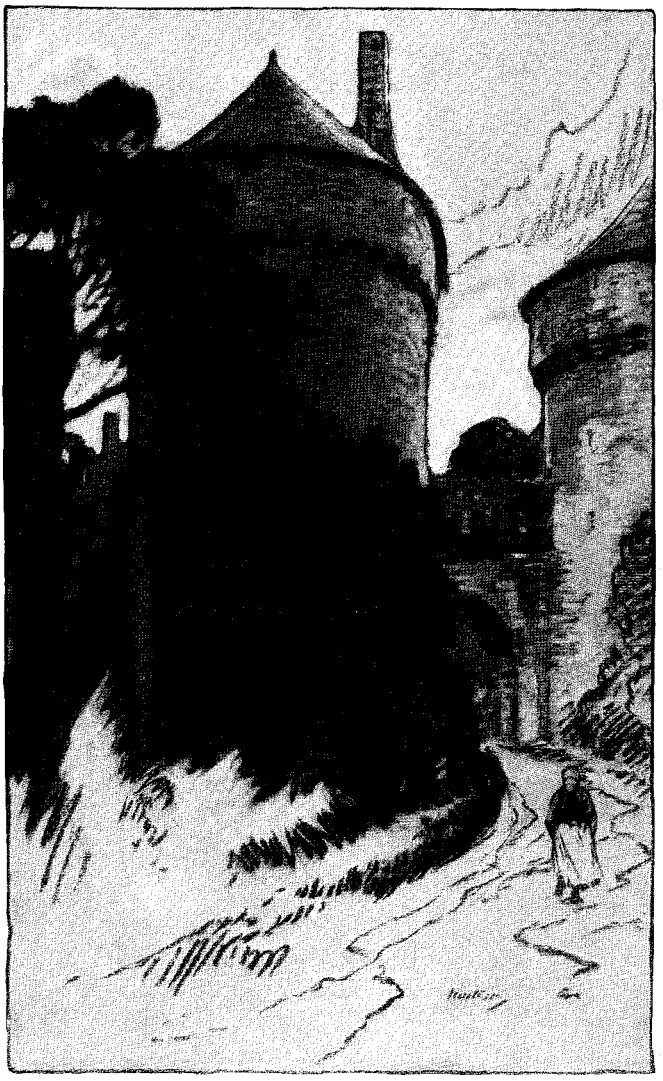
pretty English girls, dressed in the *trotteuses* (little short skirts) that we all wear in the country, carrying their kodaks and sketching materials.

All this part of the country teems with legends of the great warrior. Years ago when we were at Deauville we drove over to Dives to breakfast—one gets a very good breakfast at the little hotel. We wandered about afterward down to the sea (William the Conqueror is said to have sailed from Dives), and into the little church where the names of all the barons who accompanied him to England are written on tablets on the walls. We saw various relics and places associated with him and talked naturally a great deal about the Conqueror. On the way home (we were a large party in a brake) one of our compatriots, a nice young fellow whose early education had evidently not been very comprehensive, turned to me, saying; "Do tell me, what did that fellow conquer?" I could hardly believe my own ears, but unfortunately for him, just at that moment we were walking up a steep hill and everybody in the carriage overheard his remark. It was received with such shouts of laughter that any explanation was difficult, and one may imagine



Château de Lassay.

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the jokes, and the numerous and fabulous conquests that were instantly put down to the great duke's account. The poor fellow was quite bewildered. However, I don't know if an American is bound to know any history but that of his own country. I am quite sure that many people in the carriage didn't know whom Pocahontas married nor what part she played in the early days of America. But it was funny all the same.

We have been out again this afternoon in Monsieur R.'s auto—a charming turn. We started out by the Étoile, as Monsieur R. wanted to show it to some gentlemen who were with us. The drive, if anything, was more lovely than the first time, the slanting rays of the sun were so beautiful shining through the rich green foliage, making patterns upon the hard, white road. We raced all over the country, through countless little villages, all exactly alike, sometimes flying past a stately old brick château just seen at the end of a long, beech avenue, sometimes past an old church standing high, its gray stone steeple showing well against the bright, cloudless sky, and a little graveyard stretching along the hillside, the roads bordered on each side with high green banks and hedges, the orchards full of apple-trees, and the whole active population of the village in the fields. It is a beautiful month to be in Normandy, for one must have sun in these parts. As soon as it rains everything is gray and cold and melancholy, the forest looks like a great high black wall, the meadows are shrouded in mist, and the damp strikes through one. Now it is smiling, sunny, peaceful.

We have frightened various horses to-day: A quiet old gray steed, driven by two old ladies in black bonnets. They were too old to get out, and were driving their horse timidly and nervously into the ditch in their anxiety to give us all the road. However, we slowed up and the horse didn't look as if he could run away. Two big cart-horses, too, at the end of a long line, dragging a heavy wagon, turned short round and almost ran into us; also a very small donkey, driven by a little brown girl, showed symptons of flight.

Statue of William the Conqueror, Falaise.

I don't know the names of half the villages we passed through. Near Bagnoles we came to La Ferté-Macé, which looks quite imposing as one comes down upon it from the top of a long hill. The church makes a great effect—looks almost like a cathedral. Bagnoles looked very animated as we came back. People were loitering about shopping—quite a number of carriages and autos before the door of the Grand Hotel, and people sitting out under the trees in the gardens of the different villas. It was decidedly cool at the end of our outing; I was glad to have my coat.

This morning after breakfast, in the big hall, where everyone congregates for coffee, we had a little political talk—not very satisfactory. Everybody is discontented and everybody protests, but no one seems able to stop the radical current. The rupture with the Vatican has come at last, and I think might have been avoided if they had been a little more patient in Rome. There will be all sorts of complications and bitter feeling, and I don't quite see what benefit the country at large will get from the present state of things. A general feeling of irritation and uncertainty, higher taxes—for they must build schoolhouses and pay lay-teachers and country *curés*. A whole generation of children cannot be allowed to grow up without religious instruction of any kind. I can understand how the association of certain religious orders (men) could be

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

The Castle, Falaise.

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mischievous—harmful even—but I am quite sure that no one in his heart believes any harm of the women—*sœurs de charité* and teachers—who occupy themselves with the old people, the sick, and the children. In our little town they have sent away an old sister who had taught and generally looked after three generations of children. When she was expelled she had been fifty years in the town and was teaching the grandchildren of her first scholars. Everybody knew her, everybody loved her; when anyone was ill or in trouble she was always the first person sent for. Now there is at the school an intelligent, well-educated young *laïque* with all the necessary brevets. I dare say she will teach the children very well, but her task ends with the close of her class. She doesn't go to church, doesn't know the people, doesn't interest herself in all their little affairs, and will never have the position and the influence the old *religieuse* had.

I am sorry to go away from this quiet little green corner of Normandy, but we have taken the requisite number of baths. Everyone rushes off as soon as the last bath (twenty-first generally) is taken. Countess F. took her twenty-first at six o'clock this morning, and left at ten.

LOVERS' LANE

By Arthur Guiterman

It goes beneath a checkered arch
Of leaf and sunlight, oak and larch;
Athwart a mead of meadow-sweet,
A field of lily-bordered wheat;
Through groves of bridal birch it turns
And mossy hollows, deep in ferns;
Then up a hill and down a glen,
From Nowhere out and back again;
And many feet have worn it plain—
That errant way of Lovers' Lane.

There, unafraid, the wood-folk play;
There wanton briers dip and sway
To catch and keep whatever comes
And make much work for clumsy thumbs
Of loosing tress and lacing shoe—
Such tasks as lovers love to do.
Of tales there told with eye or tongue
I need not tell—if ye were young—
Nor yet of castles reared in Spain
By architects of Lovers' Lane.

If Lovers' Lane ye wander through,
That roadway's rule is "two by two,"
Although the path is wondrous strait;
For here's a hedge, and there's a gate,
A brook, a stile, a quaking moss,
The strong must help the weak to cross;
Then, deep in shade ere set of sun,
Its dells are never safe for one—
Still (must the sorry truth be known?)
In Lovers' Lane I walk alone!

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THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

XV

THE BEGINNING OF THE EBB

SPRING has come and gone. The lilacs and crocuses, the tulips and buttercups, have bloomed and faded; the lawn has had its sprinkling of dandelions and the fluff of their blossoms has drifted past the hemlocks and over the tree-tops. The grass has had its first cutting; the roses have burst their buds and hang in clusters over the arbors; warm winds blow in from the sea laden with perfumes from beach and salt-marsh; the skies are steely blue and the cloud puffs drift lazily. It is summer-time —the season of joy and gladness, the season of out of doors.

All the windows at Yardley are open; the porch has donned an awning—its first—colored white and green, shading big rocking-chairs and straw tables resting on Turkish rugs. Lucy had wondered why in all the years that Jane had lived alone at Yardley she had never once thought of the possibilities of this porch. Jane had agreed with her, and so, under Lucy's direction, the awnings had been put up and the other comforts inaugurated. Beneath its shade Lucy sits and reads or embroiders or answers her constantly increasing correspondence.

The porch also serves as a reception-room, the vines being thick and the occupants completely hidden from view. Here Lucy often spreads a small table, especially when Max Feilding drives over from Beach Haven on Barnegat Beach, in his London drag. On these occasions, if the weather is warm, she refreshes him with delicate sandwiches and some of her late father's rare Scotch whiskey (shelved in the cellar for thirty years) or with the more common brands of cognac served in the old family decanters.

Of late Max had become a constant visitor. His own ancestors had made honorable records in the preceding century, and were friends of the earlier Cobdens during the Revolution. This, together with the fact that he had visited Yardley when Lucy was a girl—on his first return from Paris, in fact—and that the acquaintance had been kept up while he was a student abroad, was reason enough for his coming with such frequency.

His drag, too, gave a certain air of *éclat* as it whirled into Yardley's gate that the Manor House had not known since the days of the old colonel. It had certainly made a sensation. The grays were high-steppers and smooth as satin, the polished chains rattled and clanked about the pole; the body was red and the wheels yellow, the lap-robe blue, with a monogram; and the diminutive boy studded with silver buttons bearing the crest of the Feilding family was as smart as the tailor could make him.

And the owner himself, in his whity-brown driving coat with big pearl buttons, yellow gloves, and gray hat, looked every inch the person to hold the ribbons. Altogether it was a most fashionable equipage, owned and driven by a most fashionable man.

As for the villagers of Warehold, they had only words of praise for the turnout. Uncle Ephraim declared that it was a "Jim Dandy," which not only showed his taste, but which also proved how much broader that good-natured cynic had become in later years. Billy Tatham gazed at it with staring eyes as it trundled down the highway and whirled in at Yardley's gate, and at once determined to paint two of his hacks bright yellow and give each driver a lap-robe with the letter "T" worked in high relief.

The inmates of Yardley were not quite so enthusiastic. Martha was glad that her bairn was having such a good time, and she would often stand on the porch with little Ellen's hand in hers and wave to Max and Lucy as they dashed down the garden road

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and out through the gate, the tiger behind; but Jane, with that quick instinct which some women possess, recognized something in Feilding's manner which she could not put into words, and so held her peace. She had nothing against Max, but she did not like him. While he was most considerate of her feelings and always deferred to her, she was at the same time conscious that any opposition on her part to their outings would have made no difference to either of them. He asked her permission, of course, and she recognized the courtesy, but nothing that he ever did or said gained for him her confidence.

Doctor John's treatment of the man of leisure was an incomprehensible enigma not only to Jane, but to others who saw it. He invariably greeted Feilding, whenever they met, with marked, almost impressive cordiality, but it never passed a certain limit of reserve; a certain dignity of manner which Max had recognized the first day he shook hands with him. It recalled to Feilding some of his earlier days, when he was a student in Paris. There had been a supper in Max's room that ended at daylight—no worse in its features than dozens of others in the Quartier—to which an intimate friend of the doctor's had been invited, and upon which, as Max heard afterward, the doctor had commented rather severely.

Max realized, therefore, but too well that the distinguished physician—known now over half the State—understood him, and his life, and his kind as thoroughly as he did his own case of instruments. He realized, too, that there was nothing about his present appearance or surroundings or make-up that could lead so thoughtful a man of the world as Dr. John Cavendish, of Barnegat, to conclude that he had changed in any way for the better.

And yet this young gentleman ought never to have been accused of burning his candle at both ends. He had no flagrant vices really—none whose posters were pasted on the victim's face. Neither cards nor play interested him, nor did the wine when it was red—or any other color, for that matter, nor did he haunt the dressing-rooms of chorus girls and favorites of the hour. His natural refinement and good taste prevented any such uses of his spare time. His weakness—for it could hardly be called a vice—was narrowed down to one infirmity, and one only: this was his inability to be happy without the exclusive society of some one woman.

Who the woman might be depended very largely on whom he might be thrown with. In the first ten years of his majority—his days of poverty when a student—it had been some poor girl exile, like himself. During the last ten years—since his father's death and his inheritance—it had been a loose end picked out of the great floating drift—that social flotsam and jetsam which eddies in and out of the casinos of Nice and Monte Carlo, flows into Aix and Trouville in summer and back again to Rome and Cairo in winter—a discontented wife, perhaps an unmarried woman of thirty-five or forty, with means enough to live where she pleased, or it might be some self-exiled Russian countess or Englishwoman of quality who had a month off, and who meant to make the most of it. All most respectable people, of course, without a breath of scandal attaching to their names—Max was too careful for that—and yet each and every one looking for precisely the type of man that Max represented—one never happy or even contented outside the radius of a waving fan or away from the flutter of a skirt.

It had been in one of these resorts of the idle, a couple of years before, while Lucy's husband and little Ellen were home in Geneva, that Max had met her, and had renewed the acquaintance of their childhood—an acquaintance which soon ripened into the closest friendship.

Hence his London drag and appointments; hence the yacht and a four-in-hand—then a great novelty—all of which he had promised her should she decide to follow him home. Hence, too, his luxuriously fitted-up bachelor quarters in Philadelphia, and his own comfortable apartments in his late father's house, where his sister Sue lived; and hence, too, his cosey rooms in the best corner of the Beach Haven hotel, with a view overlooking Barnegat Light and the sea.

None of these things indicated in the smallest degree that this noble gentleman contemplated finally settling down in a mansion commensurate with his large means, where he and the pretty widow could enjoy their married life together; nothing was further from his mind—nothing could be—he loved his freedom too much. What he wanted, and what he intended to have, was her undivided companionship—at least for the summer; a

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companionship without any of the uncomfortable complications which would have arisen had he selected an unmarried woman or the wife of some friend to share his leisure and wealth.

The woman he picked out for the coming season suited him exactly. She was blonde, with eyes, mouth, teeth, and figure to his liking (he had become critical in forty odd years—twenty passed as an expert); dressed in perfect taste, and wore her clothes to perfection; had a Continental training that made her mistress of every situation, receiving with equal ease and graciousness anybody, from a postman to a prince, sending them away charmed and delighted; possessed money enough of her own not to be too much of a drag upon him; and—best of all (and this was most important to the heir of Walnut Hill)—had the best blood of the State circling in her veins. Whether this intimacy might drift into something closer, compelling him to take a reef in his sails, never troubled him. It was not the first time that he had steered his craft between the Scylla of matrimony and the Charybdis of scandal, and he had not the slightest doubt of his being able to do it again.

As for Lucy, she had many plans in view. One was to get all the fun possible out of the situation; another was to provide for her future. How this was to be accomplished she had not yet determined. Her plans were laid, but some of them she knew from past experience might go astray. On one point she had made up her mind—not to be in a hurry. In furtherance of these schemes she had for some days—some months, in fact—been making preparations for an important move. She knew that its bare announcement would come as a surprise to Jane and Martha and, perhaps, as a shock, but that did not shake her purpose. She furthermore expected more or less opposition when they fully grasped her meaning. This she intended to overcome. Neither Jane nor Martha, she said to herself, could be angry with her for long, and a few kisses and an additional flow of good-humor would soon set them to laughing again.

To guard against the possibility of a too prolonged interview with Jane, ending, perhaps, in a disagreeable scene—one beyond her control—she had selected a sunny summer morning for the stage setting of her little comedy and an hour when Feilding was expected to call for her in his drag. She and Max were to make a joint inspection that day of his new apartment at Beach Haven, into which he had just moved, as well as the stable containing the three extra vehicles and equine impedimenta, which were to add to their combined comfort and enjoyment.

Lucy had been walking in the garden looking at the rose-beds, her arm about her sister's slender waist, her ears open to the sound of every passing vehicle—Max was expected at any moment—when she began her lines.

"You won't mind, Jane, dear, will you, if I get together a few things and move over to Beach Haven for a while?" she remarked simply, just as she might have done had she asked permission to go upstairs to take a nap. "I think we should all encourage a new enterprise like the hotel, especially old families like ours. And then the sea air always does me so much good. Nothing like Trouville air, my dear husband used to tell me, when I came back in the autumn. You don't mind, do you?"

"For how long, Lucy?" asked Jane, with a tone of disappointment in her voice, as she placed her foot on the top step of the porch.

"Oh, I can't tell. Depends very much on how I like it." As she spoke she drew up an easy-chair for Jane and settled herself in another. Then she added carelessly: "Oh, perhaps a month—perhaps two."

"Two months!" exclaimed Jane in astonishment, dropping into her seat. "Why, what do you want to leave Yardley for? O Lucy, don't—please don't go!"

"But you can come over, and I can come here," rejoined Lucy in a coaxing tone.

"Yes; but I don't want to come over. I want you at home. And it's so lovely here. I have never seen the garden look so beautiful; and you have your own room, and this little porch is so cosey. The hotel is a new building, and the doctor says a very damp one, with everything freshly plastered. He won't let any of his patients go there for some weeks, he tells me. Why should you want to go? I really couldn't think of it, dear. I'd miss you dreadfully."

"You dear old sister," answered Lucy, laying her parasol on the small table beside her, "you are so old-fashioned. Habit, if nothing else, would make me go. I have hardly passed a summer in Paris or Geneva

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since I left you; and you know how delightful my visits to Switzerland used to be years ago. Since my marriage I have never stayed in any one place so long as this. I must have the sea air."

"But the salt water is right here, Lucy, within a short walk of our gate, and the air is the same." Jane's face wore a troubled look, and there was an anxious, almost frightened tone in her voice.

"No, it is not exactly the same," Lucy answered positively, as if she had made a life-long study of climate; "and if it were, the life is very different. I love Warehold, of course; but you must admit that it is half-asleep all the time. The hotel will be some change; there will be new people and something to see from the piazzas. And I need it, dear. I get tired of one thing all the time—I always have."

"But you will be just as lonely there." Jane in her astonishment was like a blind man feeling about for a protecting wall.

"No; Max and his sister will be at Beach Haven, and lots of others I know. No, I won't be lonely," and an amused expression twinkled in her eyes.

Jane sat quite still. Some of Captain Holt's blunt, outspoken criticisms floated through her brain.

"Have you any reason for wanting to leave here?" she asked, raising her eyes and looking straight at Lucy.

"No, certainly not. How foolish, dear, to ask me! I'm never so happy as when I am with you."

"Well, why, then, should you want to give up your home and all the comforts you need—your flowers, garden, and everything you love, and this porch, which you have just made so charming, to go to a damp, half-completed hotel, without a shrub about it—only a stretch of desolate sand with the tide going in and out." There was a tone of suspicion in Jane's voice that Lucy had never heard before from her sister's lips—never, in all her life.

"Oh, because I love the tides, if nothing else," she answered with a sentimental note in her voice. "Every six hours they bring me a new message. I could spend whole mornings watching the tides come and go. During my long exile you don't know how I dreamed every night of the dear tides of Barnegat. If you had been away from all you love as many years as I have, you would understand how I could revel in the sound of the old breakers."

For some moments Jane did not answer. She knew from the tones of Lucy's voice and from the way she spoke that she did not mean it. She had heard her talk that way to some of the villagers when she wanted to impress them, but she had never spoken in the same way to her.

"You have some other reason, Lucy. Is it Max?" she asked in a strained tone.

Lucy colored. She had not given her sister credit for so keen an insight into the situation. Jane's mind was evidently working in a new direction. She determined to face the suspicion squarely; the truth under some conditions is better than a lie.

"Yes," she replied, with an assumed humility and with a tone as if she had been detected in a fault and wanted to make a clean breast of it. "Yes—now that you have guessed it—it *is* Max."

"Don't you think it would be better to see him here instead of at the hotel?" exclaimed Jane, her eyes still boring into Lucy's.

"Perhaps"—the answer came in a helpless way—"but that won't do much good. I want to keep my promise to him if I can."

"What was your promise?" Jane's eyes lost their searching look for an instant, but the tone of suspicion still vibrated.

Lucy hesitated and began playing with the trimming on her dress.

"Well, to tell you the truth, dear, a few days ago in a burst of generosity I got myself into something of a scrape. Max wants his sister Sue to spend the summer with him, and I very foolishly promised to chaperon her. She is delighted over the prospect, for she must have somebody, and I haven't the heart to disappoint her. Max has been so kind to me that I hate now to tell him I can't go. That's all, dear. I don't like to speak of obligations of this sort, and so I at first only told you half the truth."

"You should always keep your promise, dear," Jane answered thoughtfully and with a certain relieved tone. (Sue was nearly thirty, but that did not occur to Jane.) "But this time I wish you had not promised. I am sorry, too, for little Ellen. She will miss her little garden and everything she loves here; and then again, Archie will miss her, and so will Captain Holt and Martha. You know as well as I do that a hotel is no place for a child."

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"I am glad to hear you say so. That's why I shall not take her with me." As she spoke she shot an inquiring glance from the corner of her eyes at the anxious face of her sister. This last hurdle was the one she feared most.

Jane half rose from her seat. Her deep eyes were wide open, gazing in astonishment at Lucy. For an instant she felt as if her heart had stopped beating.

"And you—you—are not going to take Ellen with you!" she gasped.

"No, of course not." She saw her sister's agitation, but she did not intend to notice it. Beside, her expectant ear had caught the sound of Max's drag as it whirled through the gate. "I always left her with her grandmother when she was much younger than she is now. She is very happy here and I wouldn't be so cruel as to take her away from all her pleasures. Then she loves old people. See how fond she is of the captain and Martha! No, you are right. I wouldn't think of taking her away."

Jane was standing now, her eyes blazing, her lips quivering.

"You mean, Lucy, that you would leave your child here and spend two months away from her?"

The wheels were crunching the gravel within a rod of the porch. Max had already lifted his hat.

"But, sister, you don't understand——" The drag stopped and Max, with uncovered head, sprang out and extended his hand to Jane.

Lucy's joyous tones were heard before he could offer his salutations.

"Just in the nick of time, Max," she cried. "I've just been telling my dear sister that I'm going to move over to Beach Haven to-morrow, bag and baggage, and she is delighted at the news. Isn't it just like her?"

XVI

BREAKERS AHEAD

THE summer home of Max Feilding, Esq., of Walnut Hill, and of the beautiful and accomplished widow of the dead Frenchman was located on a levelled sand-dune in full view of the sea. Indeed, from beneath its low-hooded porticos and piazzas nothing else could be seen except, perhaps, the wide sky—gray, mottled, or intensely blue, as the weather permitted—the stretch of white sand shaded from dry to wet and edged with tufts of yellow grass; the circling gulls and the tall finger of Barnegat Light pointing skyward. Nothing, really, but some scattering bath-houses and two small buildings in silhouette against the glare of the blinding light—one the old House of Refuge, a mile away to the north, and the other nearer by—the new Life Saving Station (now complete) in charge of Captain Nat Holt and his crew of trusty surfmen.

This view Lucy always enjoyed. She would sit for hours under her awnings and watch the lazy boats crawling in and out of the inlet, or the motionless steamers—motionless at that distance—slowly unwinding their threads of smoke. The station particularly interested her. Somehow she felt a certain satisfaction in knowing that Archie was at work and that he had at last found his level among his own people—not that she wished him any harm; she only wanted him out of her way.

The hostelry itself was one of those low-roofed, shingle-sided and shingle-covered buildings common in the earlier days along the Jersey coast, and now supplanted by more modern and more costly structures. It had grown from a farm-house with its outbuildings to its present state by the aid of an architect and a gig-saw; the former utilizing what remained of the old house and its barns and the latter furnishing the embroidery—an open-work pattern of plain pine—with which to decorate its gable ends and façade. When the flags were raised, the hanging baskets suspended in each loop of the porches, and the merciless, omnipresent and ever-insistent sand was swept from its wide piazzas and sun-warped steps it gave out an air of gayety so plausible and enticing that many otherwise sane and intelligent people at once closed their comfortable homes and entered their names in its register.

The amusements of these habitués—if they could be called habitués, this being their first summer—were as varied as their tastes. There was a band which played mornings and afternoons in an unpainted pine pagoda planted on a plot of slowly dying grass and decorated with more hanging baskets and Chinese lanterns; there was bathing at eleven and four; and there

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was croquet on the square of cement fenced about by poles and clothes-lines at all hours. There were driving parties to the villages back in the country; dancing parties at night with the band in the large room playing away for dear life, with all the guests except the very young and very old tucked away in twos in the dark corners of the piazzas out of reach of the lights and the inquisitive, there were, in short, all the appliances known to such retreats, so necessary in warding off *ennui* and thus inducing the inmates to stay the full length of their commitments.

In its selection Max was guided by two considerations: it was near Yardley—this would materially aid in Lucy's being able to join him—and it was not fashionable and, therefore, not likely to be overrun with either his own or Lucy's friends. The amusements did not interest him; nor did they interest Lucy. Both had seen too much and enjoyed too much on the other side of the water, at Nice, at Monte Carlo, and Biarritz, to give the amusements a thought. What they wanted was to be let alone; this would furnish all the excitement either of them needed. This exclusiveness was greatly helped by the red and yellow drag, with all its contiguous and connecting impedimenta, which never ceased to occupy everybody's attention whenever the small tiger stood by the heads of the satin-coated grays awaiting the good pleasure of his master and his lady. Its possession not only marked a social eminence too lofty for any ordinary habitué to climb to unless helped up by the proffered hand of the owner, but it prevented anyone of these would-be climbers from inviting either its owner or his companion to join in any other outing, no matter how enjoyable. Such amusements as they could offer were too simple and old-fashioned for these two distinguished persons who held the world in their slings and were whirling it around their heads with all their might. The result was that their time was their own.

They filled it at their pleasure. When the tide was out and the sand hard, they drove on the beach, stopping at the new station, chatting with Captain Holt or Archie; or they strolled north, rarely south, where the Humane House stood—that locality had too many unpleasant associations for Lucy, and sat on the dunes, moving back out of the wet as the tide reached them, tossing pebbles in the hollows, or gathering tiny shells, which Lucy laid out in rows of letters as she had done when a child. In the afternoon they drove by way of Yardley to see how Ellen was getting on, or idled about Warehold, making little purchases at the shops and chatting with the village people, all of whom would come out to greet them. After dinner they would generally betake themselves to Max's portico, opening out of his rooms, or to Lucy's—they were at opposite ends of the long corridor—where the two had their coffee while Max smoked.

The opinions freely expressed regarding their social and moral status, and individual and combined relations, differed greatly in the several localities in which they were wont to appear. In Warehold village they were looked upon as two most charming and delightful people, rich, handsome, and of proper age and lineage, who were exactly adapted to each other and who would prove it before the year was out, with Pastor Dellenbaugh officiating, assisted by some dignitary from Philadelphia.

At the hostelry many of the habitués had come to a far different conclusion. Marriage was not in either of their heads, they maintained; their intimacy was a purely platonic one, born of a friendship dating back to childhood—they were cousins really—Max being the dearest and most unselfish creature in the world, he having given up all his pleasures elsewhere to devote himself to a most sweet and gracious lady whose grief was still severe and who would really be quite alone in the world were it not for her little daughter, now temporarily absent. This summary of facts, none of which could be questioned, was supplemented and enriched by another conclusive instalment from Mrs. Walton Coates, of Chestnut Plains, who, in a positive and rather lofty way, stated that in this enforced exile the distinguished lady not only deserved the thanks of every habitué of the hotel, but of the whole country around, for her selection of the new establishment in which to pass the summer, in place of one of the more distant and less comfortable fashionable resorts elsewhere. Mrs. Coates's own and Lucy's apartments joined, and the connecting door of the two sitting-rooms was often left open. Max would often take his after-dinner coffee in these rooms, the draught of air from the sea making them the cooler

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place. She had met Lucy at Aix the year before, and had therefore certain rights not vouchsafed to the other habitués of Beach Haven—an acquaintance which Lucy, for various reasons, took pains to encourage—Mrs. C's social position being beyond question, and her house and other appointments more than valuable whenever Lucy should visit Philadelphia.

This outburst of the society leader, given in a positive voice to a crowded piazza, had occurred after a conversation which she had had with Lucy concerning little Ellen.

"Tell me about your little daughter," Mrs. Coates had said one morning shortly after Lucy's arrival. "You did not leave her abroad, did you?"

"Oh, no, my dear Mrs. Coates! I am really here on my darling's account," Lucy answered with a sigh. "My old home is only a short distance from here. But the air does not agree with me there, and so I came here to get a breath of the real sea. Ellen is with her aunt, my dear sister Jane. I wanted to bring her, but really I hadn't the heart to take her from them; they are so devoted to her. Max loves her dearly. He drives me over there almost every day. I really do not know what I should do without dear Max. He is like a brother to me, and *so* thoughtful. You know we have known each other since we were children. They tell such dreadful stories, too, about him, but I have never seen that side of him. He's a perfect *saint* to me."

After that Mrs. Coates was her loyal mouthpiece and devoted friend. Being separated from one's child was one of the things she could not brook; Lucy was an angel to stand it as she did. As for Max—no other woman had ever so influenced him for good, nor did she believe any other woman could.

At the end of the second week a small fly no larger than a pin's head began to develop in the sunshine of their amber. It became visible to the naked eye when Max suddenly resolved to leave his drag, his tiger, his high-stepping grays, and his fair companion, and slip over to Philadelphia—for a day or two, he explained. His lawyer needed him, he said, and then again he wanted to see his sister Sue, who had run down to Walnut Hill for the day. (Sue, it might as well be stated, had not yet put in an appearance at Beach Haven, nor had she given any notice of her near arrival; a fact which had not disturbed Lucy in the least until she attempted to explain to Jane.)

"I've got to pull up, little woman, and get out for a few days," Max had begun. "Morton's all snarled up, he writes me, over a mortgage, and I must straighten it out. I'll leave Bones (the tiger) and everything just as it is. Don't mind, do you?"

"Mind! Of course I do!" retorted Lucy. "When did you get this marvellous idea into that wonderful brain of yours, Max? I intended to go to Warehold myself to-morrow." She spoke with her usual good-humor, but with a slight trace of surprise and disappointment in her tone.

"When I opened my mail this morning; but my going won't make any difference about Warehold. Bones and the groom will take care of you."

Lucy leaned back in her chair and looked over the rail of the porch. She had noticed lately a certain restraint in Max's manner which was new to her. Whether he was beginning to get bored, or whether it was only one of his moods, she could not decide—even with her acute knowledge of similar symptoms. That some change, however, had come over him she had not the slightest doubt. She never had any trouble in lassoing her admirers. That came with a glance of her eye or a lift of her pretty shoulders; or in keeping possession of them as long as her mood lasted.

"Whom do you want to see in Philadelphia, Max?" she asked, smiling roguishly at him. She held him always by presenting her happiest and most joyous side, whether she felt it or not.

"Sue and Morton—and you, you dear girl, if you'll come along."

"No; I'm not coming along. I'm too comfortable where I am. Is this woman somebody you haven't told me of, Max?" she persisted, looking at him from under her half-closed lids.

"Your somebodies are always thin air; you know everything I have ever done in my whole life," Max answered gravely. She had for the last two weeks.

Lucy threw up her hands and laughed so loud and cheerily that an habitué taking his morning constitutional on the board-walk below turned his head in their direction. The two were at breakfast under the awnings of Lucy's portico, Bones standing out of range.

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"You don't believe it?"

"Not one word of it, you fraud; nor do you. You've forgotten one-half of all you've done and the other half you wouldn't dare tell any woman. Come, give me her name. Anybody Sue knows?"

"Nobody that anybody knows, Honest John." Then he added as an after-thought, "Are you sorry?" As he spoke he rose from his seat and stood behind her chair looking down over her figure. She had her back to him. He thought he had never seen her look so lovely. She was wearing a light-blue morning gown, her arms bare to the elbows and a wide Leghorn hat—the morning costume of all others he liked her best in.

"No—don't think I am," she answered lightly. "Fact is I was getting pretty tired of you. How long will you be gone?"

"Oh, I think till the end of the week—not longer." He reached over her chair and was about to play with the tiny curls that lay under the coil of her hair, when he checked himself and straightened up. One of those sudden restraints which had so puzzled Lucy had seized him. She could not see his face, but she knew from the tones of his voice that the enthusiasm of the moment had cooled.

Lucy shifted her chair, lifted her head, and looked up into his eyes. She was always entrancing from this point of view: the upturned eyelashes, round of the cheeks, and the line of the throat and swelling shoulders were like no other woman's he knew.

"I don't want you to go, Max," she said in the same coaxing tone of voice that Ellen might have used in begging for sugar-plums. "Just let the mortgage and old Morton and everybody else go. Stay here with me."

Max straightened up and threw out his chest and a determined look came into his eyes. If he had had any doubts as to his departure Lucy's pleading voice had now removed them.

"No, can't do it," he answered in mock positiveness. "Can't, 'pon my soul. Business is business. Got to see Morton right away; ought to have seen him before." Then he added in a more serious tone, "Don't get worried if I stay a day or two longer."

"Well, then, go, you great bear, you," and she rose to her feet and shook out her skirts. "I wouldn't let you stay, no matter what you said." She was not angry—she was only feeling about trying to put her finger on the particular button that controlled Max's movements. "Worried? Not a bit of it. Stay as long as you please."

There *was* a button, could she have found it. It was marked "Caution" and when pressed communicated to the heir of Walnut Hill the intelligence that he was getting too fond of the pretty widow and that his only safety lay in temporary flight. It was a favorite trick of his. In the charting of his course he had often found two other rocks beside Scylla and Charybdis in his way; one was boredom and the other was love. When a woman began to bore him, or he found himself liking her beyond the limit of his philosophy, he invariably found relief in change of scene. Sometimes it was a sick aunt or a persistent lawyer or an engagement nearly forgotten and which must be kept at all hazards. He never, however, left his Dulcinea in either tears or anger.

"Now, don't be cross, dear," he cried, patting her shoulder with his fingers. "You know I don't want to leave you. I shall be perfectly wretched while I'm gone, but there's no help for it. Morton's such a fussy old fellow—always wanting to do a lot of things that can, perhaps, wait just as well as not. Hauled me down from Walnut Hill half a dozen times last winter, and after all the fellow wouldn't sell. But this time it's important and I must go. Bones," and he lifted his finger at the boy, "tell John I want the light wagon. I'll take the 11.10 to Philadelphia."

The tiger advanced ten steps and stood at attention, his finger at his eyebrow. Lucy turned her face toward the boy. "No, Bones, you'll do nothing of the kind. You tell John to harness the grays to the drag. I'll go to the station with Mr. Feilding."

Max shrugged his shoulders. He liked Lucy for a good many things—one was her independence, another was her determination to have her own way. Then, again, she was never so pretty as when she was a trifle angry; her color came and went so deliciously and her eyes snapped so charmingly. Lucy saw the shrug and caught the satisfied look in his face. She didn't want to offend him and yet she didn't intend that he should go without a parting word from her—tender or otherwise, as circumstances might require. She knew she had not found the button, and in her doubt determined for the present to abandon the search.

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Drawn by George Wright.

"I don't want you to go, Max," she said.

—"The Tides of Barnegat."

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"No, Bones, I've changed my mind," she called to the boy, who was now halfway down the piazza. "I don't think I will go. I'll stop here, Max, and do just what you want me to do," she added in a softened voice. "Come along," and she slipped her hand in his and the two walked toward the door of his apartments.

When the light wagon and satin-skinned sorrel, with John on the seat and Bones in full view, stopped at the sanded porch, Mrs. Coates and Lucy formed part of the admiring group gathered about the turnout. All of Mr. Feilding's equipages brought a crowd of onlookers, no matter how often they appeared—he had three with him at Beach Haven—but the grays and the light wagon, by common consent, were considered the most "stylish" of them all, not excepting the drag.

After Max had gathered the reins in his hands, had balanced the whip, had settled himself comfortably and with a wave of his hand to Lucy had driven off, Mrs. Coates slipped her arm through my lady's and the two slowly sauntered to their rooms.

"Charming man, is he not?" Mrs. Coates ventured. "Such a pity he is not married! You know I often wonder whom such men will marry. Some pretty school-girl, perhaps, or prim woman of forty."

Lucy laughed.

"No," she answered, "you are wrong. The bread-and-butter miss would never suit Max, and he's past the eye-glass and side-curl age. The next phase, if he ever reaches it, will be somebody who will make him do—not as he pleases, but as *she* pleases. A man like Max never cares for a woman any length of time who humors his whims."

"Well, he certainly was most attentive to that pretty Miss Billeton. You remember her father was lost overboard two years ago from his yacht. Mr. Coates told me he met her only a day or so ago; she had come down to look after the new ball-room they are adding to the old house. You know her, don't you?"

"No—never heard of her. How old is she?" rejoined Lucy in a careless tone.

"I should say twenty, maybe twenty-two—you can't always tell about these girls; very pretty and very rich. I am quite sure I saw Mr. Feilding driving with her just before he moved his horses down here, and she looked prettier than ever. But then he has a new flame every month, I hear."

"Where were they driving?" There was a slight tone of curiosity in Lucy's voice. None of Max's love-affairs ever affected her, of course, except as they made for his happiness; all undue interest, therefore, was out of place, especially before Mrs. Coates.

"I don't remember. Along the River Road, perhaps—he generally drives there when he has a pretty woman with him."

Lucy bit her lip. Some other friend, then, had been promised the drag with the red body and yellow wheels! This was why he couldn't come to Yardley when she wrote for him. She had found the button. It rang up another woman.

The door between the connecting sitting-rooms was not opened that day, nor that night, for that matter. Lucy pleaded a headache and wished to be alone. She really wanted to look the field over and see where her line of battle was weak. Not that she really cared—unless the girl should upset her plans; not as Jane would have cared had Doctor John been guilty of such infidelity. The eclipse was what hurt her. She had held the centre of the stage with the lime-light full upon her all her life, and she intended to retain it against Miss Billeton or Miss Anybody else. She decided to let Max know at once, and in plain terms, giving him to understand that she didn't intend to be made a fool of, reminding him at the same time that there were plenty of others who cared for her, or who would care for her if she should but raise her little finger. She *would* raise it, too, even if she packed her trunks and started for Paris—and took him with her.

These thoughts rushed through her mind as she sat by the window and looked out over the sea. The tide was making flood, and the fishing-boats anchored in the inlet were pointing seaward. She could see, too, the bathers below and the children digging in the sand. Now and then a boat would head for the inlet, drop its sail, and swing round motionless with the others. Then a speck would break away from the anchored craft and with the movement of a water-spider land the fishermen ashore.

None of these things interested her. She could not have told whether the sun shone or whether the sky was fair or dull. Neither was she lonely, nor did she miss Max. She

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was simply angry—disgusted—disappointed at the situation; at herself, at the woman who had come between them, at the threatened failure of her plans. One moment she was building up a house of cards in which she held all the trumps, and the next instant she had tumbled it to the ground. One thing she was determined upon—not to take second place. She would have all of him or none of him.

At the end of the third day Max returned. He had not seen Morton nor any of his clerks nor anybody connected with his office. Neither had he sent him any message or written him any letter. Morton might have been dead and buried a century so far as Max or his affairs were concerned. Nor had he laid his eyes on the beautiful Miss Billeton; nor visited her house; nor written her any letters; nor inquired for her. What he did do was to run out to Walnut Hill, have a word with his manager, and slip back to town again and busy himself in his club. Most of the time he read the magazines, some pages two or three times over. Once he thought he would look up one or two of his women friends at their homes—those who might still be in town—and then gave it up as not being worth the trouble. At the end of the third day he started for Barnegat. The air was bad in the city, he said to himself, and everybody he met was uninteresting. He would go back, hitch up the grays, and he and Lucy have a spin down the beach. Sea air always did agree with him, and he was a fool to leave it.

Lucy met him at the station in answer to his telegram sent over from Warehold. She was dressed in her very best: a double-breasted jacket and straw turban, a gossamer veil wound about it. Her cheeks were like two red peonies and her eyes bright as diamonds. She was perched up in the driver's seat of the drag, and handled the reins and whip with the skill of a turfman. This time Bones, the tiger, did not spring into his perch as they whirled from the station in the direction of the beach. His company was not wanted.

They talked of Max's trip, of the mortgage, and of Morton; of how hot it was in town and how cool it was on her portico; of Mrs. Coates and of paterfamilias Coates, who held a mortgage on Beach Haven; of the dance the night before—Max leading in the conversation and she answering either in monosyllables or not at all, until Max hazarded the statement that he had been bored to death waiting for Morton, who never put in an appearance, and that the only human being, male or female, he had seen in town outside the members of the club, was Sue.

They had arrived off the Life Saving Station now, and Archie had called the captain to the door, and both stood looking at them, the boy waving his hand and the captain following them with his eyes. Had either of them caught the captain's remark they, perhaps, would have drawn rein and asked for an explanation:

"Gay lookin' hose-carriage, ain't it? Looks as if they was runnin' to a fire!"

But they didn't hear it; would not, probably, had the captain shouted it in their ears. Lucy was intent on opening up a subject which had lain in her mind since the morning of Max's departure, and the gentleman himself was trying to cipher out what new "kink" as he expressed it to himself, had got into her head.

When they had passed the old House of Refuge Lucy drew rein and stopped the drag where the widening circle of the incoming tide could bathe the horses' feet. She was still uncertain as to how she would lead up to the subject-matter without betraying her own jealousy or, more important still, without losing her temper. This she rarely displayed, no matter how goading the provocation. Nobody had any use for an ill-tempered woman, not in her atmosphere; and no fly that she had ever known had been caught by vinegar when seeking honey. There might be vinegar-pots to be found in her larder, but they were kept behind closed doors and sampled only when she was alone. As she sat looking out to sea, Max's brain still at work on the problem of her unusual mood, a schooner shifted her mainsail in the light breeze and set her course for the inlet.

"That's the regular weekly packet," Max ventured. "She's making for Farguson's ship-yard. She runs between Amboy and Barnegat—Capt. Ambrose Farguson sails her." At times like these any topic was good enough to begin on.

"How do you know?" Lucy asked, looking at the incoming schooner from under her half-closed lids. The voice came like the thin piping of a flute preceding the or-

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chestral crash merely sounded so as to let everybody know it was present.

"One of my carriages was shipped by her. I paid Captain Farguson the freight just before I went away."

"What's her name?"—slight tremolo—only a note or two.

"The *Polly Walters*," droned Max, talking at random, mind neither on the sloop or her captain.

"Named after his wife?" The flute-like notes came more crisply.

"Yes, so he told me." Max had now ceased to give any attention to his answers. He had about made up his mind that something serious was the matter and that he would ask her and find out.

"Ought to be called the *Max Feilding*, from the way she tacks about. She's changed her course three times since I've been watching her."

Max shot a glance athwart his shoulder and caught a glimpse of the pretty lips thinned and straightened and the half-closed eyes and wrinkled set forehead. He was evidently the disturbing cause, but how he could not for the life of him see. That she was angry to the tips of her fingers was beyond question; the first time he had seen her thus in all their acquaintance.

"Yes—that would fit her exactly," he answered with a smile and with a certain soothing tone in his voice. "Every tack her captain makes brings him the nearer to the woman he loves."

"Rather poetic, Max, but slightly farcical. Every tack you make lands you in a different port—with a woman waiting in every one of them." The first notes of the chorus had now been struck.

"No one was waiting in Philadelphia for me except Sue, and I only met her by accident," he said good-naturedly, and in a tone that showed he would not quarrel, no matter what the provocation; "she came in to see her doctor. Didn't stay an hour."

"Did you take her driving?" This came in a thin, piccolo tone—barely enough room for it to escape through her lips. All the big drums and heavy brass were now being moved up.

"No; had nothing to take her out in. Why do you ask? What has happened, little——"

"Take anybody else?" she interrupted.

"No."

He spoke quite frankly and simply. At any other time she would have believed him. She had always done so in matters of this kind, partly because she didn't much care and partly because she made it a point never to doubt the word of a man who was attentive to her either by suspicion or inference. This time she did care, and she intended to tell him so. All she dreaded was that the big horns and the tom-toms would get away from her leadership and the hoped-for, correctly played symphony end in an uproar.

"Max," she said, turning her head and lifting her finger at him with the movement of a conductor's baton, "how can you lie to me like that? You never went near your lawyer; you went to see Miss Billeton, and you've spent every minute with her since you left me. Don't tell me you didn't. I know everything you've done, and——"

Here, despite her resolution, there followed a torrent of abuse such as only a woman can give when she is thoroughly jealous and entirely angry, despite her efforts at self-control. Bass drums, bass viols, bassoons—everything—was loose now. She had given up her child to be with him! Everything, in fact—all her people at Yardley; her dear old nurse. She had lied to Jane about chaperoning Sue—all to come down and keep him from being lonely. What she wanted was a certain confidence in return. It made not the slightest difference to her how many women he loved, or how many women loved him; she didn't love him, and she never would; but unless she was treated differently from a child and like the woman that she was, she was going straight back to Yardley, and then back to Paris, etc., etc.

The woman in her had broken through. The fury of her jealousy—a new emotion, for until she knew Max she had always held first place—had scattered to the winds all her good resolutions. She knew, as she rushed on, that she was destroying the work of months of plotting, and that he would be lost to her forever, but she was powerless to check the torrent of her invective. Only when her breath gave out did she stop.

Max had sat still through it all, his eyes expressing first astonishment and then a certain snap of admiration, as he saw the color rising and falling in her cheeks. It was not the only time in his experience that he had had to face similar outbursts. It was the first time, however, that he had not

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felt like striking back. Other women's outbreaks had bored him and generally had ended his interest in them—this one was more charming than ever. He liked, too, her American pluck and savage independence. Jealous she certainly was, but there was no whine about it; nor was there any flop at the close—floppy women he detested—had always done so. Lucy struck straight out from her shoulder and feared nothing.

As she raged on, the grays beating the water with their well-polished hoofs, he continued to sit perfectly still, never moving a muscle of his face nor changing his patient, tolerant expression. The best plan, he knew, was to let all the steam out of the boiler and then gradually rake the fires.

"My dear little woman," he began, "to tell you the truth, I never laid eyes on Morton; didn't want to, in fact. All that was an excuse to get away. I thought you wanted a rest, and I went away to let you have it. Miss Billeton I haven't seen for three months, and couldn't if I would, for she is engaged to her cousin and is now in Paris buying her wedding clothes. I don't know who has been humbugging you, but they've done it very badly. There is not one word of truth in what you've said from beginning to end."

There is a certain ring in a truthful statement that overcomes all doubts. Lucy felt this before Max had finished. She felt, too, with a sudden thrill, that she still held him. Then there came the instantaneous desire to wipe out all traces of the outburst and keep his good-will.

"And you swear it?" she asked, her belief already asserting itself in her tones, her voice falling to its old seductive pitch.

"On my honor as a man," he answered simply.

For a time she remained silent, her mind working behind her mask of eyes and lips, the setting sun slanting across the beach and lighting up her face and hair, the grays splashing the suds with their impatient feet. Max kept his gaze upon her. He saw that the outbreak was over and that she was a little ashamed of her tirade. He, saw too, man of the world as he was, that she was casting about in her mind for some way in which she could regain for herself her old position without too much humiliation.

"Don't say another word, little woman," he said in his kindest tone. "You didn't mean a word of it; you haven't been well lately, and I oughtn't to have left you. Tighten up your reins; we'll drive on if you don't mind."

That night after the moon had set and the lights had been turned out along the board walk and the upper and lower porticos, and all Beach Haven had turned in for the night, and Lucy had gone to her apartments, and Mr. and Mrs Coates and the rest of them, single and double, were asleep, Max, who had been pacing up and down his dressing-room, stopped suddenly before his mirror, and lifting the shade from the lamp, made a critical examination of his face.

"Forty, and I look it!" he said, pinching his chin with his thumb and forefinger, and turning his cheek so that the light would fall on the few gray hairs about his temples. "That beggar Miggs said so yesterday at the club. By gad, how pretty she was, and how her eyes snapped! I didn't think it was in her!"

(To be continued.)

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Old and new in the Nubian Desert, Sudan Railway, 1897.

THE RAILWAYS OF AFRICA

BY LIEUT.-COL. SIR PERCY GIROUARD, K.C.M.G., D.S.O.

THE year 1856 found the world equipped with some 50,000 miles of railway, not one mile of which was situated on African soil. By 1870 the world mileage had increased by nearly 80,000 miles, yet Africa remained in railway infancy, for of this 130,000 she could only credit herself with 500 miles of line, eighty per cent. of which was under the control of the Khedive of Egypt, the remainder forming the germ of the present vast railway system of South Africa.

In 1870, a year within the memory of many men, Africa was still the great *terra incognita*—the dark continent of the world—not yielding in mystery to the almost unexplored interior of the South American Continent. Though her entire coast-line had been more or less accurately known for close upon two and a half centuries, the interior remained the most unexplored and unmapped of the habitable regions of the globe.

In 1870 Livingstone was still absent on his five last years' work in the African forests; he had yet to complete his life's work by a task which was to bring to the world's knowledge the potentialities of vast regions. It was not until 1871 that the intrepid Stanley, aided by the enterprise of American journalism, was to institute his search for Livingstone and to earn thereby the titular right to be considered his successor in the final internal exploration of Central Africa. In the same year in the north Sir Samuel Baker was completing his self-imposed labour of years in the mapping of the upper Nile and its tributaries.

The general outlines of the interior were defined by these three men, but for yet another twenty years were pioneers to continue these heroic labours, and not until 1895, when one hundred years had elapsed since the founding of the African Association and the dispatch of Mungo Park, was the dark continent to be brought within the knowledge of the world. And even to-day great regions remain but little known, baffling the explorer by their arid character.

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Fourteen thousand gallons of water for the engine's trip.
Sudan Railway.

The veil of mystery which had hung over Africa was lifted in a short twenty-five years, in less than ten of which the nations of Europe carved out future empires for themselves over her broad surface.

The dark continent of 1870 possessed but little attraction to the nations of Europe. In the north the Sultan of Turkey exercised a weak suzerainty, except in the unattractive colony of Algeria, which was then suffering from the most severe depression in its history. Elsewhere were to be found dotted settlements, mere trading factories of British, French, Spanish, or Portuguese origin. In British South Africa alone was there any sign of definite possession—of practical exploitation.

A child had opened up the diamond fields of Kimberley—the sleep of centuries was to be disturbed and thrown off.

Two European nations who were to play an important part in African development were in the throes of deadly conflict—Germany and France.

The curse of Africa, the slave trade, had been abolished on the high seas, and Livingstone was throttling it on land against the violent opposition of the Arab, disturbed in his human hunting-grounds.

Of the 11,600,000 square miles of African territory 1,500,000 owed allegiance to Turkey; England claimed 500,000, including the Boer republics; France, 350,000; Portugal, 750,000; Spain, a few square miles, the last of its former vast colonial possessions.

By 1895 the partition of Africa had become an established fact. Almost every square mile of its surface having been scrambled for (there is no better word) by the great powers of Europe, the most remarkable circumstance of this gigantic acquisition of territory was the absence of international strife.

Africa emerged from the struggle of the chancelleries of Europe to find itself provided with new masters in many directions. France had become the possessor of 3,300,000 square miles of territory, 1,600,000 of which lay in the Great Sahara Desert; Great Britain of 2,200,000; Germany, a new comer, of nearly 1,000,000; Italy, also a new arrival, of 550,000, including a doubtfully assigned claim upon Abyssinia; Spain of 150,000; the three free states or republics—Liberian, Belgian, and Afrikander Dutch—of 1,150,000. The oldest colonisers, Turkey and Portugal, claimed 2,200,000 and 825,000. A total in all of 11,370,000, leaving the poor little fraction of 230,000 unallotted, of which 70,000 lay in the great lakes and most of the remainder in the balance of boundary commissions.

By 1905 Britain, in annexing the South

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African republics and establishing with Egypt a joint control of the Sudan, added 800,000 to her total, and with her practical control of the destinies of Egypt itself, is today the virtual ruler over some 3,300,000 square miles.

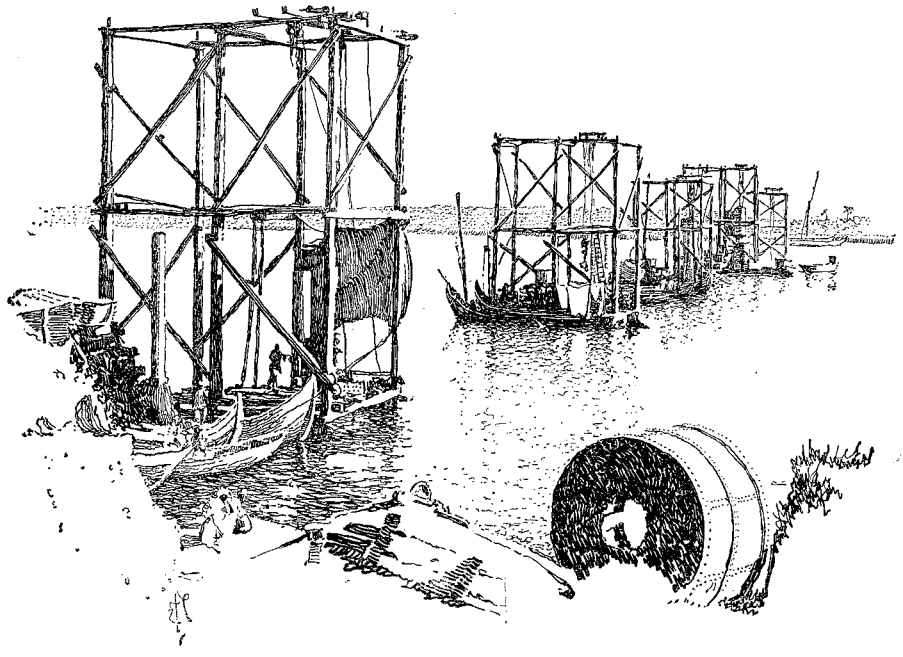
No partition of such a vast portion of the world's surface had ever taken place in so short a space of time, nor any one of even approaching magnitude, without severe and bloody human struggles. Britain had undoubtedly secured the lion's share, or perhaps the only share in which men of European descent could live and prosper materially and physically.

Africa possessed unique, though perhaps untoward features for successful development. Lying mainly, as it does, thirty degrees north and south of the equator, it was essentially the tropical continent. Its physical features resembled no other continent. With a surface double that of Europe it presented a mileage of coast-line inferior to that continent. No deep indentations of the surrounding oceans pierced its gloomy interior, as in the northern continents, and, unlike even its great neighbor to the west, no great navigable rivers opened a way to the modern explorer.

Hydrographically, nature had been in a measure unkind. In the Mediterranean, the rain-laden clouds which from time to time swept south over Europe, barely reached its northern shores, except in Morocco, and of all the land of Africa best known to the ancients, Egypt alone, thanks to the Nile, presented a high agricultural and economic value.

Moreover, the great ocean currents, affecting as they do so advantageously the climate and rainfall of regions, have not proved of much assistance to Africa. Their effect has only been to produce abnormal rainfall at the very points where the waters of many of the great African rivers discharge their waters into the sea. Nor do the currents which come into contact with the southern part of the continent benefit the country greatly; from the east they are broken by the great Drakensberg Range of mountains, lying between the Limpopo and the Cape; from the west their effective penetration over the arid plains of Namaqualand and German South West Africa is very limited.

If the horizontal indentation of the coast-line and the navigable rivers of Africa are unimportant, as compared with other continents, much greater deficiencies will be found in a comparison of vertical configura-



Building the piers of the Atbara bridge, Sudan Railway, 1898.

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tion. With the exception of the Atlas range of Morocco, the mountains of Abyssinia, and the range extending from the old Mountains of the Moon in Central Africa south to the Cape of Good Hope, Africa presents a surface of monotonous regularity. Rising from most of its coast-line in a few short step-like features, which ruin the value of its rivers as arteries of commerce, vast plateaus are reached 1,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea. Where, as is the case on the equator, rainfall is high, dense, and luxuriant, tropical vegetation results. Where the rainfall is moderate, as in South and East Africa and the upper regions of the Nile, the country becomes sub-tropical, marshy, and park-like, or productive of great open rolling downs, the veldt of the Boer. As the rainfall diminishes, the land, by successive stages, reverts to indifferent pasturage, gravelly plains covered with thornbush, until finally, when practically waterless, it reaches the desert stage in the sandy, arid plains and rocky hills of the great Sahara and Kalahari Deserts.

Rich in tropical productions, yet impotent throughout its length and breadth to produce cereals in any great quantity, the mistress of vast hidden and discovered mineral wealth—such was the heritage of the Negro, Hamite and Bantu branches of the human race, numbering in all about one hundred million souls, a heritage to be divided among the European powers in these twenty-five otherwise almost uneventful years of a heretofore unnoticed existence.

Africa was to be the last portion of the world to be taken in hand by the white races, occupied as they had been in the development of continents more suited climatically to their well-being—continents, moreover, which from their possession of natural waterways, permitted of easy penetration to their very heart, centuries before human agency had called into being mechanical forces as a means of transport. Is it to be wondered that the dark, forbidding, unhealthy hinterland of Africa remained unknown until our own days, when the great powers, forced by nature into outlets for enterprise, no longer to be found in other continents, found in Africa the centre of a new movement which led to the great partition?

The advent of the steam-engine was synonymous with the period of history at which the most attractive continent of the New World was seeking to open up its vast fertile plains. Though provided with a great system of natural waterways, the rivers of North America, except in the valley of the St. Lawrence, did not entirely lend themselves to the most economical development of the country. In the United States the Mississippi, with its tributaries traversing three-fourths of the inland plains, emptied into the Gulf of Mexico; New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, the centres of enterprise, were situated on the Atlantic seaboard. Nowhere in the world was the birth of the steam-engine more welcomed, nowhere more immediately developed on great lines.

North America, by its geographical position and physical features, had its main railway policy determined in the construction of trunk-line systems connecting East and West—systems practically free from any water competition.

South America presented another problem, more closely resembling that of the Australian continent. Here the sea would be the main line of communication between the various states, its railways feeders of the sea communications. Transcontinental lines in either of these continents were and are mainly matters of sentiment or policy, and not of commercial value.

Africa's railway policy will, more than that of any other continent, be essentially one of development toward her sea communications. For though from the purely engineering standpoint African transcontinental lines may be more practicable than in either South America or Australia, none will ever become through carriers of passengers or goods in competition with the sea. The policy of the nations which have absorbed Africa has been that of development toward the sea, a policy which has within thirty-five years opened its almost inaccessible interior to the entire world. In the north the French have pressed into the hinterland of Algeria and Tunis and are even credited with the great project of throwing a line across the Sahara to Timbucto. In the north-east, Great Britain and Egypt, by the construction of lines avoiding the Nile cataracts, have reconquered the Sudan and are now developing further outlets by the construction of lines from Suakin to the Sudan. The French have brought Abyssinia within touch of the outer world. In West Africa all the European nations have pressed on

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The railway battalion, Sudan Railway.

Two miles a day in the Nubian Desert, Sudan Railway.

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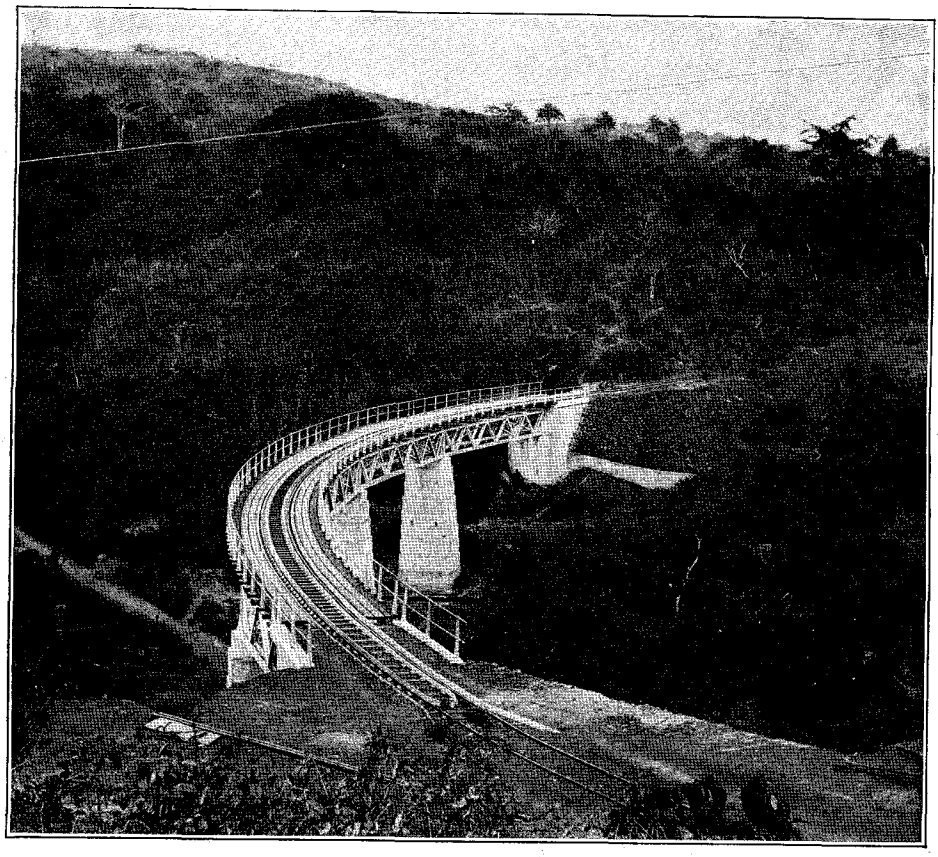

The Congo viaduct, Sierra Leone, West African Railway.

a policy of railway construction. In East Africa England again has thrown open the whole central plateau by the completion of the Uganda Railway. In the south-west and east, Belgium, Germany, and England have been and are expending much capital in their wise endeavors to establish new markets. Here in the Benguela line is the foundation of another great African system. In the extreme south from a small beginning in the early sixties has grown up the mighty railway system of South Africa, now aggregating some 7,000 miles of line—railways which have played a great part in peace and in war—railways now stretching gigantic fingers toward the centre of the continent.

The great statesman who was to retain for Britain all the climatically suitable portion of South Africa, if not South Africa itself, was the pioneer in this modern railway development. Associated with the name of Rhodes is the only existing trans-continental railway ideal of the African continent—the Cape to Cairo.

The intensely practical mind which conceived it could only have done so as an ideal. It may yet become the backbone uniting the various systems now forging their way from the coast of Africa toward the interior. As a through route it is valueless in competition with the sea; no commercial undertaking could face with equanimity the construction of one of its greatest missing sections—Khartum - Victoria Nyanza — through a country which any engineer would condemn as impassable, paralleling in any case 1,000 miles of free navigation on the Nile. That it may come to pass in years cannot be gainsaid, and it will then, as now, remain as a monument to the great developing genius of its originator. Africa's railway policy will, however, and must remain the same—that of development from the interior toward the coast.

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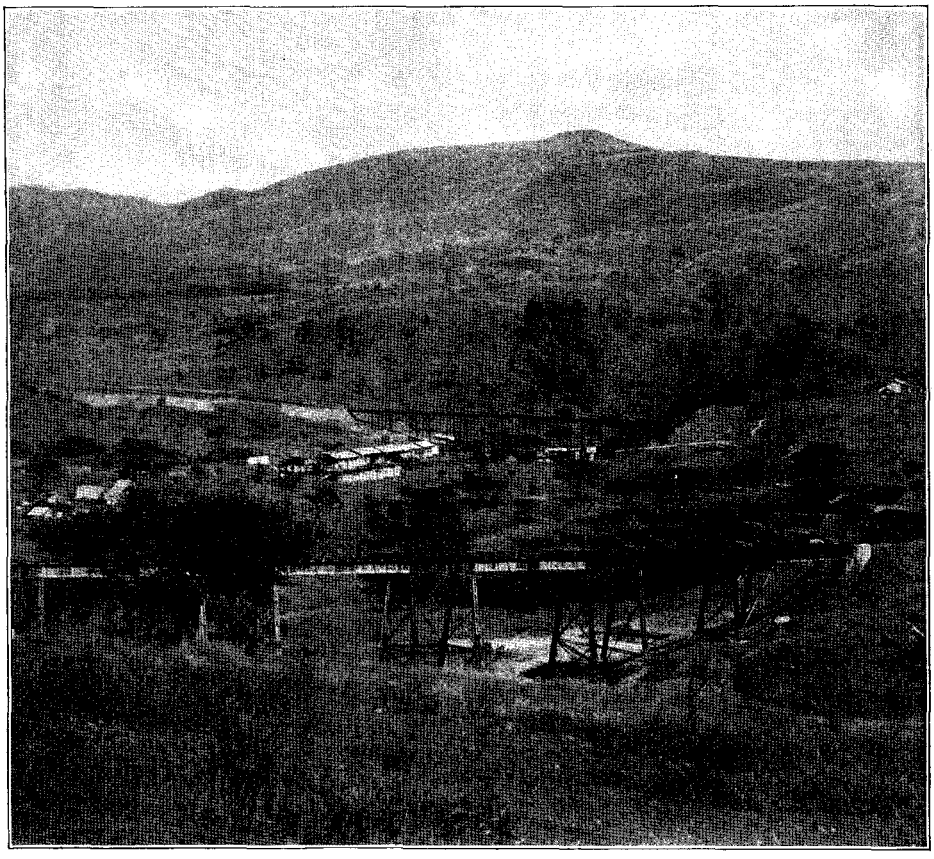

A viaduct on the Uganda Railway.

The railways of Egypt were the earliest to be constructed on the African continent. Initiated in 1856, they only aggregated 400 miles by 1870. Through all these years they, however, held a position of great importance in being a vital link in the connection of Europe with the East. In the earlier days, before the lines had been constructed from Cairo to Suez, a long and uncomfortable journey through the desert formed a part of the tedious itinerary of passengers to and from the East. The opening of the Suez Canal obviated the use of the Egyptian railways in Oriental travelling, and they relapsed into their true function of developers of the rich agricultural lands of Egypt.

By the earlier seventies, in order to secure a hold upon the Sudan provinces owing allegiance through the Khedive to the Sultan of Turkey, a beginning was made in the construction of the Sudan Railway. Starting from Wadi Halfa, it was traced by way of the Dongola province across the great Bayuda Desert to Khartum. Some fifty miles of earthwork and track-laying were completed, when the financial difficulties brought about by the general extravagance of Egyptian administration supervened and the works were closed down.

This occurrence was to have baleful effects upon the future of the Sudan and Egypt. The lack of touch which existed between the upper and lower Nile, and the great expenditure necessary to keep up the land communications, all tended to make practicable the overthrow of Egyptian government in its Sudan provinces.

In 1882 England had established its arms in Egypt; by 1885 the banner of revolt had been raised in all her Sudan provinces. The dispatch of a British expedition, the expenditure of millions, could not, owing to the difficulties of land transport, save the provinces or the great Christian soldier who

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administered them. The Sudan was delivered over to fire and sword and remained a closed book for twelve years, during which time only two Europeans appeared to tell the tale of its downfall. Had the Sudan Railway been a completed fact, how different might this page of history have been!

From 1885 to 1898 Egypt proper, under wise and economical administration, advanced amazingly in prosperity. Its railway system extended in every possible direction, and by 1898 comprised some 1,400 miles of main line, under state control, and over 750 miles of narrow-gauge feeders, worked by private enterprise.

This maintained prosperity of the country has in the last few years had the effect of still further developing railway extensions in all parts of the country.

In 1896 it was decided that the time had arrived for Egypt to reassert her control over her Sudan provinces, and in such a manner as to make it possible that her prestige would be maintained. To Sir Herbert Kitchener, Sirdar of the Egyptian army, was intrusted the task of ending the reign of terror under which the whole Sudan trembled. To attain this double result, the Sirdar determined that his advance should leave in its wake communications of a lasting character. Railways were to reconquer and retain the Sudan. In a rapid advance to Dongola he constructed behind him some 200 miles of railway parallel with the unnavigable Nile.

The success of his arms was signal; the Dongola province was regained.

Between the province of Dongola and his ultimate goal, Khartum, lay a choice of two routes—to throw his forces at Khartum by a march across the Bayuda Desert or to force his way up the Nile to Abu Hamed, where the river became navigable toward his goal. The former had been the main route adopted in the vain effort to relieve Khartum in 1885; both had the objection of reliance upon the camel transport. Sir Herbert Kitchener chose a third alternative. He conceived the possibility of throwing a band of railway metals directly from his base at Wadi Halfa across the unknown Nubian Desert to Abu Hamed, a distance estimated at 220 to 250 miles.

The conception was a great one, attended as it was by many adverse circumstances—the lack of knowledge of the country, its waterlessness, the torrid heat, the nature of the staff available.

Nor were critics lacking who predicted failure. Undeterred, the Sirdar launched his railway battalions into the unknown.

The success of his venture is a matter of history. Between May and October, 1897, 200 miles of line were constructed, and Abu Hamed was reached within a week of the date predicted many months before. The English and Egyptian forces had conquered the fastnesses which had so much hampered their predecessors. Khartum and the Sudan were regained.

These railways, which were of three-feet-six-inch-gauge, laid with fifty-pound rails and provided with excellent rolling stock, were constructed at a cost of £1,300 to £1,500 a mile.

From 1897 onward the Sudan railways were rapidly extended to Khartum, whence 1,000 miles of free Nile was available, and now in 1905 the long-talked-of project of a railway from Suakin to Berber will shortly have become an accomplished fact. Eleven hundred miles of railway constructed since 1896, and mainly from 1896 to 1898, is the main factor which will conduce to the continued peace and ultimate prosperity of the upper reaches of the Nile and to the freedom of the peoples depending upon it.

The railways of the Sudan allowed of access to the upper waters of the Nile for over a thousand miles, but a great barrier of watery growths and a succession of falls and rapids barred the use of this route as a means of reaching the great lakes from which the river took its source. Here a teeming and industrious population of negroids had, under the care of a faithful band of missionaries, largely embraced Christianity and adopted methods of civilization which promised well for their future. The lake plateau was, however, most inaccessible, entailing, as it did, a dangerous journey of weeks from the seaport of Mombasa. The Government of Great Britain determined to endow its possessions in East Africa with rail communication. The Uganda Railway was created.

The general configuration of the country was not opposed to economical railway construction except at one point. Rising steadily from the coast-line through dense jungle, infested by lion and their kind, the line reached in 300 miles the Kikuyu highlands,

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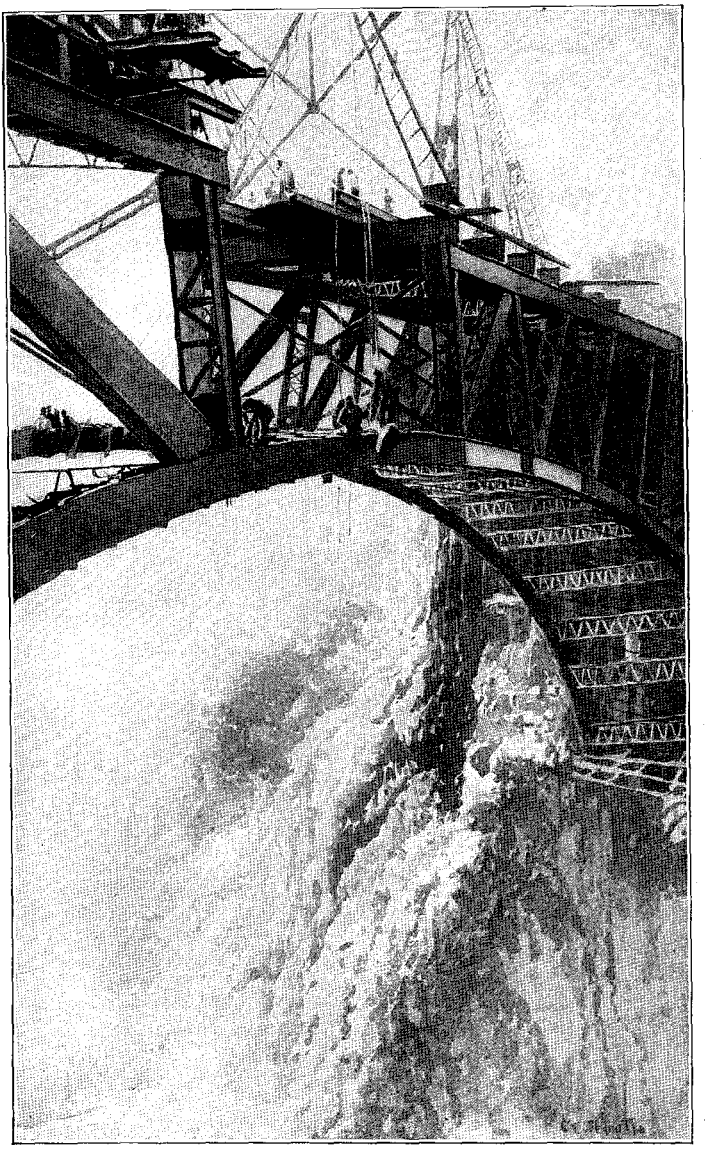

Joining-up the bottom boom, Victoria Falls Bridge, March, 1905.
Rhodesia Railway.

some 7,500 feet above the sea. Here a vast volcanic rift, some thirty miles wide, was encountered, traversing the entire country from north to south. The line dropping into it falls to a level of 6,000 feet, to rise immediately, in less than forty miles, to the final watershed, 8,300 feet, whence in less than 100 miles, with a great drop of 2,300 feet, the shores of Victoria Nyanza are reached, 580 miles from the sea.

The detailed surveys for the railway began in August, 1895, though preliminary surveys on various routes had been carried out from 1891 to 1893. The three parties organized suffered great hardships. For the first 200 miles the country was in jungle or covered with the pest of the surveyor in North, East, and South Africa—dense thorn-bush. The bush was infested with the tsetse-fly, rendering the assistance of animal transport impracticable. This part of the country was sparsely inhabited and water-supplies

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were scarce and bad. The defection of native porters and the ravages of malaria were the two most trying of the many hardships which had to be overcome. Notwithstanding the great difficulties, the surveys were rapidly pushed to a conclusion.

It had been hoped that the native population would have provided a certain proportion of the construction working parties, but in this the constructors were disappointed, and the importation of Indian labour had to be resorted to, over 20,000 being employed. The provision of supplies, water and stores for this army of workmen was one of great anxiety.

Track-laying was started in July, 1896, and the whole line was laid on its 580 miles by November, 1900. The pace of track-laying does not form a record, but the construction of the line does in many ways.

Subjected as it was to every climatic difficulty for its staff and transport—to an absolute lack of water over great stretches, to the raids of the *Teredo navalis* on its sea works and of the white ant on the land—faced with rainfalls of the most abnormal character (upward of twenty inches in twenty-four hours), necessitating the provision of unlimited bridging—its rapid construction reflects nothing but the highest credit upon the ingenuity and perseverance of its constructors and engineers.

The gauge chosen for the Uganda Railway was the metre, a decision which it is difficult to understand. When the Uganda Railway was initiated, the greatest British system in Africa was that of South Africa, where some 4,000 miles of 3 foot 6 inch gauge were in existence, and it was well known that Mr. Rhodes had the idea of extending northwards to Uganda if not to Khartum, all being 3 foot 6 inch projects. In Egypt the gauge was 4 feet 8½ inches, though the extension to the first cataract, then in progress, was unaccountably being carried out as a metre gauge line. At Wady Halfa remained the derelict Sudan Railway, constructed on 3 foot 6 inch gauge in the seventies. Everything pointed to an early extension into the Sudan of 3 foot 6 inch gauge. This was realized, for between 1896 and 1898 nearly 800 miles of 3 foot 6 inch gauge were completed in the Sudan, and the Egyptian Government extension to the first cataract was converted from metre to 3 foot 6 inch gauge. The choice, therefore, of the metre gauge for a British line was, and is, unintelligible. The gauge of Africa generally is now practically fixed as 3 feet 6 inches south, north, and west (where the Benguela Line is throwing out a long arm from Lobito Bay toward Rhodesia). It would be a wise act of statecraft for the various European powers interested in Africa to decide upon this universal gauge and avoid the situation produced in Australia by a multiplication of gauges.

One special feature in railway construction was adopted upon the Uganda Railway.

The descent into the Great Rift Valley necessitated extremely heavy works, estimated to take over a year to complete. In order to reach work of a lighter character beyond, it was decided to construct a rope lift to lower materials into the valley. The lift overcame a difference of 1,520 feet and had gradients of nearly fifty per cent. Specially constructed travellers worked up and down these inclines, the full going down hauling the empty ones up. The travellers or cars ferried the ordinary wagons in use. From the bottom of the incline some miles of temporary line brought the wagons on to the permanent alignment of the railway at a point beyond the heavy works mentioned, and thus permitted of a more early completion of the entire line.

The Uganda Railway is the great tropical line of Africa. Elsewhere within the tropics, upon the west as well as the east coast, it will be seen from the map that but little progress has been made except in the English and French colonies of West Africa. The French railways would appear to have now attained the lead, and by the construction of the line from Kayes to the Niger opened up a territory equal in extent to that tapped by the Uganda line. This line will, moreover, establish their supremacy over the whole of the upper reaches of the Niger.

Nowhere in Africa have railways been constructed under greater difficulties as to climate and staff, and for any true comparison one would have to turn to the lines of Central America.

Subjected to an annual rainfall varying from 100 to 175 inches, mainly falling in three months of the year, beset by every form of animal pest which makes the life of man unendurable, exposed to virulent disease liable to leave its mark for a lifetime, provided perforce with labour of an infe-

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Victoria Falls from west bank, looking towards Livingstone Island.

rior character, the constructors and engineers of the railways of West Africa and of the Congo, are only to be congratulated on the great success of their endeavors. Others may now come to carry on their task, but their labours will be largely confined to regions of a comparatively healthier character.

Critics have averred that the cost of West African railways has been abnormal, and that it was largely due to the method by which they were constructed, viz., departmentally and not by contract. An examination of the estimates for these railways amply demonstrates the unfair nature of the contention. To have carried the work out in any other manner than was adopted would have undoubtedly entailed far greater initial expenditure.

Though all these tropical lines, with the exception of the Uganda, make but a small showing on the map of Africa, they have

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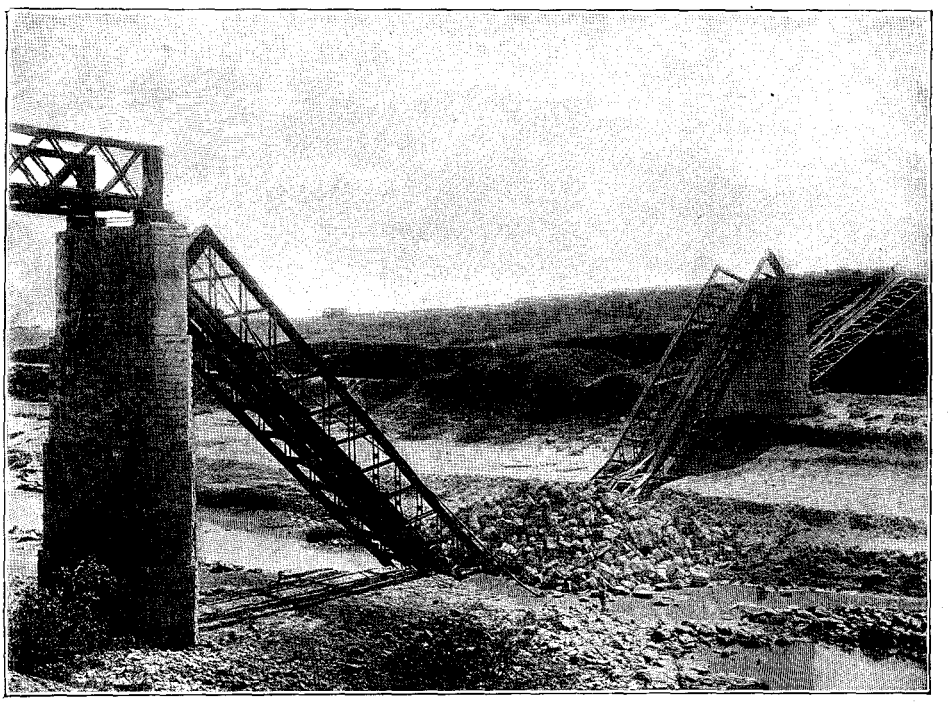

Zand River bridge, as destroyed by the Boers.
South African Railway.

opened up within twelve years Central Africa and the valleys of the Congo and the Niger. They have been the pioneers through almost impenetrable countries; their debouchures now stand on the edge of all the hinterland of Africa.

Their construction has not been attended by any great conflicts with the native races. Wrapped up in their future extension is the progress and emancipation of the African continent and its native peoples.

The European nations have begun their task well, and, provided always that humanitarian principle override national greed or personal gain, great fruits should accrue.

South Africa was the second country of Africa to initiate railway construction. A year after the opening of the first line in Egypt, an innovation which in that country of ancient ideals appeared to be almost a desecration, the first sod of the railway system of South Africa was turned.

To South Africa the development of its land communications was vital for success. Unlike Egypt, it possessed no navigable river; its only means of intercommunication prior to the advent of the railway was the slow-moving ox-wagon. Of all the African states, it alone was endowed with a climate which would permit of a healthy expansion of the white race.

The early seventies found the Cape rich and prosperous along its seaboard, yet little known in the interior, which was to form the basis of its ultimate prosperity.

A few miles of railway existed at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and Durban. From their termini the slow, almost pathetic, ox-wagon trailed its way through the rugged passes of the Drakensberg, the Zuurberg, and the Hex Mountains on to the high veldt, stretching far into the little known interior.

That rolling sea of upland downs, which was to witness, a quarter of a century later, a great struggle for the mastery of South Africa, was then the home of pastoral people who with their flocks and herds wandered in doubtful freedom over its broad treeless surface. Development might, nay, would have come more slowly if the attractions of pastoral life had been the sole incentive. South Africa, it must now be realized, is not an agricultural paradise, even if it can

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be called an agricultural country in any wide sense. Its prairie lands will never carry the crops of Canada, America, or Argentina. There are possibilities of irrigation, but the nature and value of the crops which would be raised on such lands, the grave difficulties of water storage to overcome, make any great schemes, such as those of Egypt, impracticable of realisation. There were many who in the full flush of enthusiasm thought differently, but bitter experience has brought wisdom and disillusion, and many optimistic agriculturists are not now so prone to look askance upon the methods of the older inhabitants of the land.

That South Africa will maintain a much larger population upon the land is doubtless true, that it will some day provide its own agricultural requirements is undoubted, but it will never become a granary of empire.

The great progress of development in South Africa in the last thirty years has been due to one cause alone—the opening up of the most highly mineralized part of the globe. The inexhaustible diamond field of Kimberley was the pioneer discovery, and the further important discoveries of the gem in the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal would indicate a long and useful life for this industry. Following almost immediately on the discovery of the diamond came the gold of Barberton and the great banket reef of the Witwatersrand. Coal in abundance, copper, tin, iron, have followed in their wake. In the far north, Rhodesia bears evidence of largely supplementing these almost permanent industries.

These discoveries are by no means final, and South Africa may look forward to an indefinite number of years of dependence upon the value of her mineral resources.

It is always a matter of regret when communities are dependent for prosperity upon the floating and often cosmopolitan populations of mining centres. South Africa has happily been spared much of this uncertain prosperity. Here diamond and gold mining are more in the nature of established industries than ephemeral mine patches. The gold industry is a stable manufacturing establishment, subject certainly to fluctuations in the value and life of its raw material, but an industry which can never be individualised, as was the case in the gold diggings of America and Australia.

The life of the present mines is not fleeting, though perhaps determinate. The mining centres dependent upon them are orderly, well-administered communities, of incalculable value to the population on the land.

The attractions of the towns are such that the country will rely mainly upon the efforts of the Dutch section of the population for agricultural requirements. The old inhabitants of the land have an ineradicable love of the countryside, an innate and prejudiced, though perhaps not unnatural, mistrust of the modern urban populations. Given, however, the hard facts of similarity of character, common origin of race and religion, there would appear to be little doubt of the eventual establishment of happy relations between the British and Dutch inhabitants of South Africa. These relations must be founded upon mutual trust and, as has been the case in Canada, tolerance of the ideals of the older inhabitants.

Notwithstanding racial strife between the white inhabitants themselves and between white and black, it has been difficult to arrest the progress of South Africa. In less than thirty years the practicable progress has required the building of some 5,000 miles of railway lines, and the next fifteen will certainly add an equal mileage.

Unlike some countries, the lines have on the whole been constructed for the general benefit of the whole community, and not for the few. The capital expenditure has been low and the equipment modern and well suited to the requirements of the country. State ownership is practically universal, a circumstance of unusual importance for the future binding together of common interests.

The railway system of the Cape Colony is the most important from a point of view of mileage, comprising some 2,800 miles. Started in 1856, but little progress was made until the seventies, a circumstance which must in a large measure be attributed to the form of government with which the colony was endowed. The discovery of diamonds and the gift of self-government, occurring almost concurrently in the early seventies, gave a great impetus to the forward railway policy. Three great lines were rapidly laid out toward the interior, one from each port, and within a few short years the Cape Colony was provided with railways in every important centre.

Natal had at the same time constructed a difficult line connecting its seaport of Dur-

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ban with its capital, and was pushing on toward the now historic town of Ladysmith and the great coal-fields in its northern counties, when an event occurred which was destined to cause a sudden change of the entire immediate policy of Great Britain with regard to South Africa. The great gold reefs of the Witwatersrand in the Transvaal were discovered.

The discovery was not a welcome one to the older inhabitants of that small so-called republic. They would have preferred their almost idyllic if somewhat retrogressive ideals and existence. Railway extension seemed to them to spell political extinction. Powerless, however, to stay the march of events, a somewhat reluctant acquiescence to railway extension was obtained. From all sides lines were thrown at the Gold-fields, and by 1896 the Cape, Natal, and Delagoa Bay possessed through lines to the Transvaal borders, whence a private and foreign corporation monopolized railway travel to the capital and to the gold-fields.

The history of the next few years is too fresh in the minds of all students of history to require any repetition. This period of antagonism and misconception, the time of gathering clouds which were to burst in 1899 and throw the entire country into a deadly conflict, were not marked by great railway enterprise in the older parts of the sub-continent.

To the north from 1889 to 1899 the power and genius of one great man, Cecil Rhodes, was retaining for the British Empire vast possessions. Though this name is associated with much of the material progress of South Africa in the last decades of the nineteenth century, more particularly will the colony which bears his name in great letters over its broad surface be a lasting testimony of his deep insight into the future of South Africa—the land which he chose as a final resting-place. Rhodesia of 1889 was a wilderness, Rhodesia of 1899 an empire—a metamorphosis which must mainly be attributed to the aid of railways.

These railways pushed with great rapidity through unknown country and in the face of many difficulties, both natural and climatical, have given to the future confederation of South Africa provinces of inestimable value.

Here lies a great country ready for the pioneers of empire. Vicissitudes of many natures have been overcome and are to be surmounted, but none which the forbears of the race have not faced in other colonial possessions; none which will prevent the ultimate establishment of a prosperous community. The railway must play a great part in the future, and it is a fortunate circumstance that the natural features of the country lend themselves generally to inexpensive and rapid railway progress.

Though these natural obstacles have not, and will not be very serious, one has presented almost unique features and has produced the greatest bridging project of Africa.

The Zambesi River, carrying a huge volume of water, two miles in width, as it reaches the western borders of Rhodesia precipitates itself into a cavernous gorge, and thus traverses the northern plains of the country.

This great drop in the river has produced "the most beautiful gem of the earth's scenery," the Victoria Falls. Almost twice as broad as Niagara, and two and a half times as high, an immense mass of water rolls over its edge to precipitate itself in magnificent splendour four hundred sheer feet into the narrow canyon below.

Undeterred, the Rhodesian engineers, have, without detracting from the natural beauty of the surroundings, thrown across the canyon a splendid 650-foot cantilever bridge and thus opened the way to Tanganyika, to Uganda, to Cairo.

This bridge, the greatest railway engineering triumph of Africa, deserves more than a passing notice. It consists of a central span weighing approximately 1,000 tons, 500 feet in length, and 30 feet wide. The steelwork is of rolled steel weighing 490 pounds to the cubic foot. The end posts of the bridge are over 100 feet long. The pull on the anchorage apparatus is about 400 tons.

The contract for the construction was obtained by an English firm of bridge builders—the contract time fifty-five weeks. The work or erection was carried on from both banks, the material being taken across the river by means of an aerial electric railway. The electrical conveyor of this cableway was capable of dealing with a ten-ton load at a lifting speed of 20 feet per minute and a traversing speed of 300 feet a minute.

An initial difficulty in the construction of the bridge was the securing of a firm foundation, and owing to the crumbling nature

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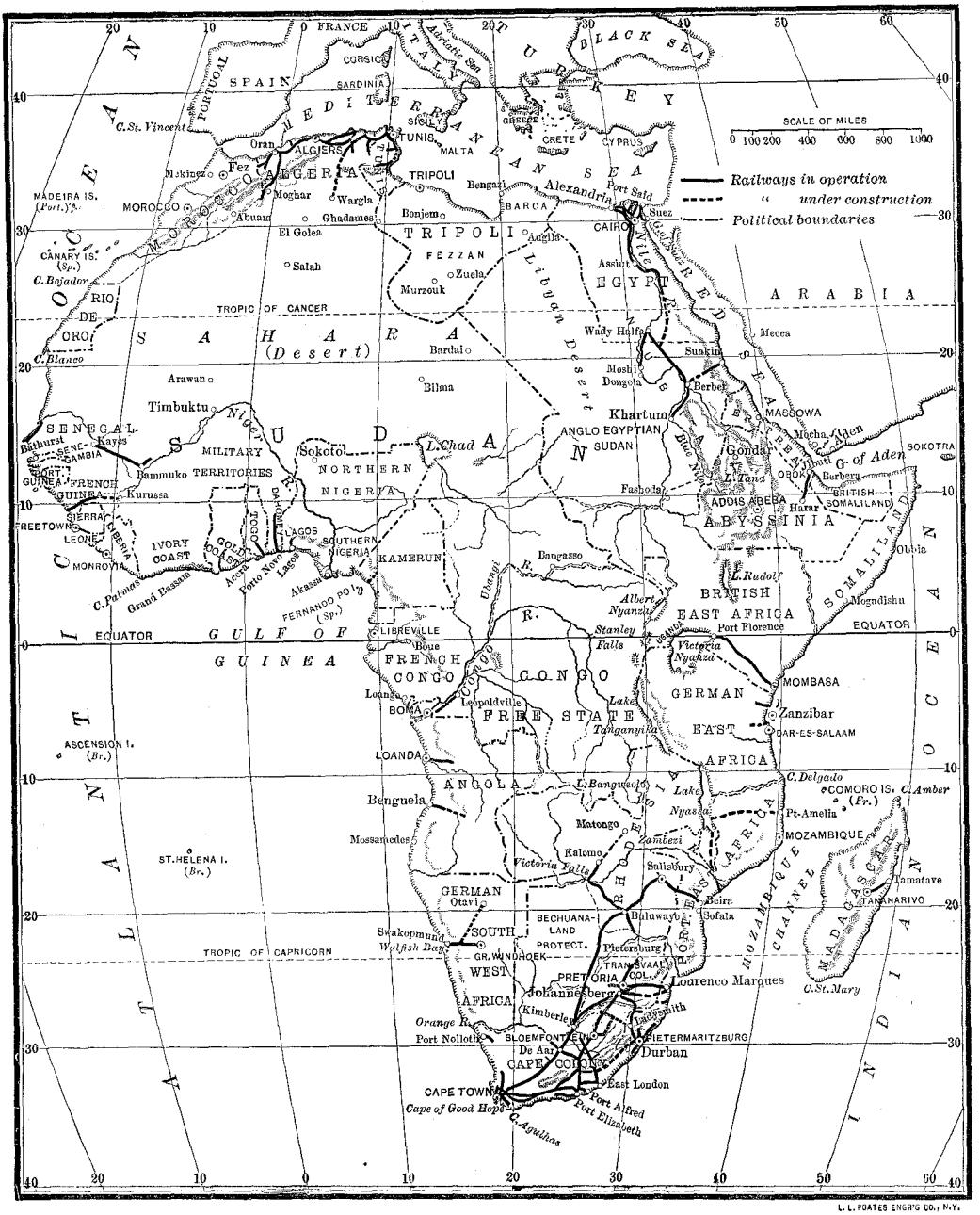

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Map of Africa, showing railways in operation and under construction.

of the bank a much greater quantity of concrete was necessary than estimated.

The construction was happily unattended by accidents of a serious nature, though a few slight accidents to bodywork and the replacing from England of one piece of steelwork were recorded. In spite of these delays the bridge was linked up at 7 A. M. on April 1, 1905, or exactly forty-eight hours earlier than had been estimated a year before. Truly a record in African, if not in any, bridge construction on so large a scale.

From 1899 to 1902 the entire railway sys-

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tem of South Africa was submitted to the greatest strain a railway can endure—the test of what proved to be a great war.

It does not lie within the province of this paper to dilate upon the political situation which brought on a war, like all others, to be regretted, as the means of honorably settling human disputes. The railways, however, did materially assist in shortening the duration of the struggle and will doubtless prove to be in the future an important factor in the harmonisation of ideals.

The devotion to duty and heroism displayed by the railway workers of South Africa during those days of strife will not be easily forgotten. Intrepid bridge builders and reconstructors of hundreds of damaged structures—engine-drivers and firemen who died on their footplates, armoured trains moved by fearless crews holding their lives of but little value in the general good. Yet notwithstanding disease, inevitable lack of organization, incessant attacks by the enemy, the railway man added then in South Africa a brilliant chapter to railway annals marked, through many failures, by success.

Though the war in South Africa turned back for a few years the hand of time marking the progress of the country, railway progress emerged from it with a new lease of life. The railways of two new colonies had been combined, and a monopoly in the Transvaal had been eradicated—a small enough change in itself, but looking forward to the future, a step of great import.

South Africa must and does look for her new future in a federation of interests.

Unlike Australia, and with even more certainty than Canada, these common interests do exist in a most pronounced form. Depending largely upon the revenues of their state railways, one of the main obstacles to this federation will be the amalgamation of railway interests.

To have federated the railways of two of the colonies is no retrograde step. The future will prove the wisdom of it. It may yet be that a common parliament will defend it as the basis of the union of the South African railways, and even, perhaps, as the corner-stone of South African federation.

The 5,000 miles of railway which were in existence in 1902 have already been augmented by important extensions. That an estimated mileage of 10,000 will be realised by 1915 is indubitable. It is to be trusted that this mileage will then form one system, serving a great and a united people.

The white races have had a mission in Africa. With some failures, even gross errors, must be associated great success in the cause of humanity and progress.

The lines followed by the nations have been varied and variable. The policy which would seem to have met with general success was that of making civilising influences dependent upon improved communications.

The sword quickly drawn established supremacy rapidly, too often, however, leaving in its wake many, if not all the ill-effects, of a call to arms. The slower and more economical ideal—civilization advancing hand in hand with the railway—has never left behind it other than a heritage of material and moral progress.

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THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE NIGHT

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER

"THEY don't hurt, really, Steve. They don't ache, nor seem inflamed. And I can see well enough, only there's the queerest owly feeling, as if they were all crinkled up and couldn't smooth out. Here, you red Indian, what are you poking that arc-light into my eye for?"

"Just a second. Don't wriggle so, Tom. There, son, it's over. Want the smelling-salts? Just give me one of you great husky six-footers every time to make more fuss over an optical exam. than a nine-year-old girl would make for a broken arm. Of course it's disagreeable. But wait till Morgan takes another turn. He'll frizzle you till you curl up around the edges."

"So sweet of you to prepare me," murmured Ludlow. He lunged out to fetch Stevens a brotherly cuff: his hand smote through empty air. The young oculist looked down hard into his amused, bewildered face. His boyish mouth tightened, his eyes grew stern.

"How long have they been bothering you like this, Tom?"

"Five or six months, I dare say. Been seeing things through a fog this long time. Oh, it comes and goes, of course. Last week they were rather bad. I was working nights on a memorial window—yellows and whites—and the sketch would be all one gliddery blur in ten minutes. This week I've been climbing ladders into caissons over at the New Benedict. That doesn't seem to fret them, only they row a good deal when I come back into broad daylight."

"They're hurting you abominably just now."

"N-no. It's just those queer lights. Feel as if I was watching a commutator, and the sparks struck clear through to the back of my neck." He spoke slowly, steadying his head against his hand. The room was cool, shaded, tranquil; but to his aching sight it whirled and blazed and gloomed like the swing of a revolving beacon far at sea.

"Bother eyes, anyway! Why can't you scientific chaps invent a handy substitute? Something done up in a neat box, in tin-foil——"

"Only wish we could." Stevens bent over the little glass table, his face averted. There was an odd flat note in his voice. "What do you mean by working nights on a memorial window? Isn't an architect's job swell enough, that you must go butting into the sacred precincts of ecclesiastic art——"

"It's for the Cartwrights," interrupted Ludlow. His handsome kindly face flushed sheepishly. "For their little Susy, you know. She and I were sort of chums, and her mother has set her heart on my trying. It'll be an awful fluke, but if they want it, poor souls ——"

"Oh, of course." Stevens turned away with a shrug. Tom Ludlow, all over. The Cartwrights of this world had clung to his patient coat-tails since time began. "It doesn't occur to them, I suppose, that your time is worth four times as much as any professional designer's in the country. They probably expect you to do it as a tribute of affection to the kid, too. Here, wait a minute. Let me cool 'em off."

"I'm late to my appointment now," grumbled Ludlow. Yet he yielded with a sigh of relief to the cold dripping bandage. "Cæsar, but that's good! I can fairly hear them sizzle. You haven't told me what ails them, Steve. Don't say I'm sentenced to glasses."

"Glasses? N-no. I hardly think so. You'd better see Morgan to-morrow."

"Nonsense. Morgan said he'd accept your diagnosis, and that you'd tell me his opinion, too. What do you think? You haven't told me a word yet."

"I'd rather you talked to Morgan again. However, I'd prescribe a long rest——"

"Long fiddlesticks. I'm two months behind on my contracts now. Comstock has to have his plans next week, and the Stantons want their place by July, and there's the

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Mazarin building, and that Philadelphia competition——"

"Well, see Morgan, I tell you. He's the one to decide."

"But what do you think yourself, kid? You don't suppose——"

"I don't think anything." Stevens's voice was all but surly. He stooped over Ludlow, sponging his feverish lids with touches light as down. "Go home and bathe your eyes till they're easier, and then take a good sleep. And just remember I'm not your Freshman chum any longer. I'm your physician. Look out, there!" For Ludlow had blundered heavily against the open door. "Here, I'll take you to the car."

Ludlow met his solicitude with ungrateful growls, and stumbled off the car at the next corner. Steve was getting to be a deplorable granny. And he had even now acquired the loathly Specialist trick of dodging conclusions. See Morgan, indeed! He had seen him the day before, only to be urged to abide by Stevens's diagnosis. Hang doctors, anyway! He would go back to work and forget the whole matter. Probably his eyes would come to terms of their own free will.

Unhappily, his sight did not respond to this absent treatment. Three days later he crept into a cab and hurried to Morgan's office, infuriated at his own weakness, but beaten to the wall by pain.

The great surgeon stood in the entrance, talking in undertones to an elderly man—another patient, evidently. Ludlow glanced at him as he passed in. The man was lean, sallow, coarse-featured; not a prepossessing face, at best. And his expression at the moment was most repellent. The small rough head sagged forward; the dry lips snarled back from yellow thrusting teeth; the heavy eyes glowered. The whole mean face was as frozen into one harsh ruthless grin.

"An odd-looking customer, that," he remarked, as the doctor entered. The old man glanced up, questioning. Ludlow's fingers stung with a quick freakish impulse to sketch the two faces, side by side. The patient, corrupt to the soul, with his smirched forehead, his bestial eyes, his cruel, cunning mouth; the physician, face of the torch-bearer, stainless, passionless, intent. "He makes me think of a Böcklin etching I ran across a while ago. Gruesome thing. A man drowning——"

"Who?" The doctor looked up, puzzled. "Oh, that patient. I see." His face melted into grave sudden pity. "I am very sorry for him. Blindness is a calamity, at best. Doubly a calamity for him."

"Blindness?"

Ludlow flushed with anger. Blindness! How could the doctor speak the word so tranquilly, with such supreme finality! Poor wretch! Poor drowning soul!

"He is old enough to be your father, Mr. Ludlow," the quiet voice went on. "But I doubt whether he has one happy, useful year to remember, now that his work is to be put aside. We have had to tell him—just what Doctor Stevens had to tell you the other day. Only his case is nearer termination. His sight cannot last six weeks."

"And mine?"

Ludlow's voice came from some miles away.

"With care, two months; three, I hope, Mr. Ludlow. It is a bitter regret to me that we can do nothing. Six months ago, a rest—a real rest of both mind and body—might have made a difference. Even now, quiet and care may hold them a little longer. But whatever the outcome, you have the consolation of knowing that you have made noble use of your sight while it was yet your own. Few men of your age can look back upon so much lasting work ably done."

Ludlow looked down at him, faintly amused. It was quite like listening to his own funeral sermon. How smoothly the doctor reeled it off! To be sure, he had had practice enough, he reflected, with a sick wrench of horror. He himself was the second that day. How many poor devils would hear their death-warrant that week—that month—that year——

"If the time ever comes that I can serve you, command me, Mr. Ludlow." The old man stood before him in the noble humility of understanding before a mighty grief. His translucent old face was carven out of sympathy. "I shall be honored to aid you. Although there is little—very little—— Good-by, then. Rest them as much as possible. Keep them as long—as you can."

"Guess I'll walk down-town," Ludlow explained thickly to the cabman. "Fine day. Here's your fare. Fine day."

He blundered through the cross-street, then plunged away down the white glaring

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avenue, his head high, his numb feet clumping on the flags. Terror rasped dry in his throat; he could hear himself chattering aloud, storming at his reeling wits, in silly agonized defiance. "He doesn't know—they don't any of them know. Hang on, I tell you. Brace up, you damn lunatic! Quit your shivering. Hang on."

"Hullo, Ludlow!" Jim Prentiss hurtled down the club steps and seized his arm. "Bully for you, old man. Just heard about your luck in the competition. Everything comes your way, doesn't it?"

"The competition?"

"Man alive, what ails you? The Philadelphia library, of course. When are you going to put it up?"

"Oh, to be sure." Ludlow dragged himself together with a gasping effort. "Awfully good of you. Thanks. September, I think. Yes. I'm going to oversee the construction. Only—yes, everything does seem to be coming my way. Good-by."

He went on, hurrying. His eyes had commenced to throb again, great hammering strokes of pain. A panic fright snatched at his heart. What if they should go before he could reach his home, and leave him helpless, groping——

The sight of his own doorway calmed him like a familiar voice. He entered the cool, dusky hall, trembling with hysterical relief, as if he awoke from suffocating dreams.

The blinds were up in his own apartment; keen May sunshine flooded the wide, bright rooms. They were charming rooms, so full of the paraphernalia of his eager, many-sided life that they had come to have a life, a personality of their own. Ludlow smiled as he recalled Sally Prentiss's breezy declaration that she always felt impelled to make her prettiest courtesy to this embodied atmosphere. Low crowded bookshelves tempted on every side; framed programmes and posters, rough sketches and fragments of design, elbowed each other on the oaken walls. A huge old-fashioned walnut secretary, piled with blue-prints, stood in one corner; a heap of fencing traps, masks, foils, a padded jacket, cluttered another. Old bronzes glowed on the mantelpiece; a motley hoard of treasure-trove—Japanese ivories, a cinque-cento missal, bits of Ceylon amber, a fat jade Buddha—littered brackets and desk. And dominating all, striking the key-note of the room's high youth, the bridal portrait of his mother by Quidor, that vagrant forgotten genius of the mid-century; shy, smiling, radiant, leaning as in lovely greeting from the great golden oval of the frame.

Ludlow reached for the heap of letters on the desk. There was a bill or two; a note from Rob Hammond, begging him to take his place as judge in the broadsword tournament; a brisk request for fifty dollars toward the new wing of Saint Luke's; a pitiful black-bordered scrawl, signed "Yours trustingly, Lillie Cartwright," vaguely declining his last sketch and enclosing five window designs, cut from magazines, each a trifle more hideous than its predecessor.

"And don't you think that we can have it finished and put in by August? Little angel Susy's birthday was the twenty-sixth, you know. It would mean so much."

June—July—oh, surely. And what did it matter what they chose? By that time——

Ludlow put the letters back and stood up. His moment's daze of respite was slipping: ghastly realization chilled him to the heart. He stared from one object to another; it was as if he took his piteous leave of all these dear familiar things. The portrait came last; he looked up, imploring, at the slim, sweet, girlish form, the round, shy, girlish face. But the years lay long between. There was no mother-message for him in those dreaming maiden eyes.

He went back up the avenue, hurrying feebly. This might be his last chance. He must see his friends, he must look, look, on all that had been part of life, before his night shut down.

An East-side May-party flaunted royally up Fifty-ninth Street as he crossed over. The little queen at the head clutched her flowered sceptre and minced high in fearful joy. A stiff gilt crown slid and toppled on her wet smooth yellow head; her starched white skirts clattered above her bony little knees.

Ludlow's mouth twitched. Ah, there was the design for the Cartwright window! A file of fair-haired children, robed in white, ascending a long green slope. He would sketch it out and show it to Cartwright to-morrow. He could do it to-night, easily. If not to-night——

"With care, two months. Three, I hope!—"

The words crashed down upon him like the clang of a mighty bell. He looked

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down at his hands. Brown and muscular as they were, they seemed now shrunken, bloodless, quivering. He reflected whimsically that the seat of courage lay by tradition in the hand. His own supply was evidently draining out at the finger-tips. Going rather fast, too.

He paused in front of a florist's shop. The deep windows shone roseate with massed branches—apple, cherry, dogwood; through the open door fled wild sylvan fragrances, the very breath of spring. Recollections stung him like a thousand needles; he bolted past, mad for escape.

"Mr. Ludlow!"

He halted, quivering. A young girl stood in the florist's doorway, her hands overflowing with rosy sprays. Her clear-cut serious young face was full of wondering question. He went back to her unsteadily. The sight of her calm young fairness was a turning knife.

"Margie and I both called you," she said, pulling the dumpling little sister forward. "Aunt Ellen meant to write you yesterday, but she forgot, so I promised to telephone you this morning. We're opening the house this week, and she wants you to come Saturday, and stay over. Which train shall I send James to meet?"

"Saturday? To stay over?"

"Yes. We want you till Tuesday, if you can arrange for it. Ned is coming home for Sunday. And we haven't seen you for ever so long." She looked up at him tranquilly, with the staid flower-like candor of a child. The late sunlight struck golden sparkles from her curling hair; her brown eyes were untroubled depths. "There's quite a lot of things I want to talk over with you, too. You'll come, surely?"

"I can't," said Ludlow at last. "I'm very sorry, Miss Gregory. I—I'm rather busy this week; things I have to see to right away. Some other time. Margie, haven't you a pansy for me?" He bent over the little sister, and took one pudgy palm in his own. "Pick me out the prettiest. Thank you!"

"I'm sorry, too," said the girl, as he put her awkwardly into her brougham. There was a frank disappointment in her clear voice. "But, of course, if you're busy—you know we'll be glad to see you whenever you have the time, though. Another Saturday, perhaps. Good-by."

He caught her backward glance as the carriage rolled away; a look crystalline as starlight, wondering, grave, almost maternal. And as he met her questioning eyes it was as if he knew for the first the blackness of his coming night: the anguish of his doom.

"Why, there goes the major! Seen him since he came back?"

Prentiss leaned toward Ludlow and spoke under his breath. They had dined together, and sat now on a wide, dusky terrace, banked in flickering green, overlooking the blaze of the avenue. "I had a word with him yesterday. Poor old soul, you never laid eyes on anything so forlorn. Here Harry has been dead over a year, and you'd think he would give up and face the inevitable by this time; but he's as frantic as he was the day the boy was buried. This leaves him all alone, you know. And losing Harry was losing the light of his eyes."

Ludlow glanced across the terrace. A ponderous old man was making his way between the tables. He dropped down heavily into a corner seat beneath a shaded light, and sat slouched forward, his legs thrust out, his big loose old body huddled into a bundling heap. Beneath even this soft radiance his face appalled. There were blue haggard rings beneath his dull eyes, ashen hollows grooved his heavy cheeks. His big clean-shaven mouth hung fallen and vacant; its insolent indomitable lines were as blotted to the emptiness of despair. Surely it was as Prentiss had said; here was a man who had lost the light of his eyes.

"He won't talk of anything else," Prentiss rambled on. "It's all Harry, Harry, Harry. We all want him to stop this senseless travelling, and go back to business, to see if that won't divert him. But he won't hear a word. It really looks as if the old fellow might go insane. Of course you're sorry for him, but it's abominably selfish. Deliver me from people who can't keep their troubles to themselves!"

Ludlow flinched a little. It was barely two days since his own sentence had been declared. He had passed through those hours as if he stumbled along the rim of a precipice; above him, not a hand-hold; beneath him, terrors fathomless. To-night, for the first, he dared breathe deeply; it was

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as if he set foot upon a wider ledge. But Prentiss's random thrust sent him staggering once more toward the brink.

"I'm going over to talk to him," he said, rising. "Harry and I went to school together, you know. Good-night."

The major looked up blankly at his greeting. "Ludlow?" His lax mouth narrowed, peevish. "I can't recall—I don't remember——"

"Philip Ludlow's son, sir. I'm Thomas. Harry and I ——"

"Oh, you knew Harry!" The listless face kindled with eager life. "Sit down, Mr. Ludlow. This is kind of you, sir, indeed. Quite what I should expect from my boy's friends. I have been away a long time, Mr. Ludlow, and my memory for faces is not the best. Then I am getting to be an old man, and—and forgetful." His hands played nervously with the cloth. "But I should not be able to forget the people who knew my boy. You went abroad to study, I think? Harry used to say you would turn out the finest architect in New York." His white head reared, his eyes shone. "That was praise worth having, Mr. Ludlow, worth having. My boy Harry——"

He broke off with a hard breath.

"You knew?"

"I was West at the time, but I—heard." Ludlow's voice fell. "He was thrown while driving?"

A young girl stood in the florist's doorway.—Page 572.

"It was that confounded sorrel team, Mr. Ludlow. I had warned Harry over and again; but he would drive them in the park that morning, say what I might. No one even knows how it happened. But they bolted and threw him out and dragged him—oh, my Lord!"

Ludlow looked down dumbly at the bowed white head.

"They tell me nothing could have saved him—that he was dead before they could lift him into the ambulance. But if I'd been there, I'd have *made* him live! He'd have come back for me. He couldn't have helped himself. But as it is——

"You'll have a son of your own, some day, Mr. Ludlow, and then you'll know what it all means. No, do not go. I dare say I have bored you." He stood up, fumbling with his coat. "I talk too much. But when I meet with Harry's friends, I—I'm getting to be an old man. And I forget."

"Where are you to be this summer?"

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asked Ludlow, as he steadied him down the long, bright stairs.

"I don't know." The words broke in fretful quavers. "They want me to go back into business again—'to take my mind off,' they say. Take my mind off! What in the world is there left to put it on? They tell me I ought to resign myself. They say the Lord did it all on purpose, that he needed Harry—I'd like to know what for!" He veered off into an angry cackle. "Harry would make a nice parlor saint, now, wouldn't he? Remember his billiard scores? Ever hear how he pounded Fitzroy all around the ring at that Friars' Club match? Ever see him play tackle on the eleven? Harry in a harp and crown! He wouldn't know which to play nor which to put on."

Ludlow laughed out.

"It's all very well to laugh!" The old voice broke in a moan. "I'd laugh, too, if I was young and strong and hadn't a grief in the world. But I'm an old man, and I'm half crazy, and the heart's broken out of me. My game's up. *And they won't let me alone!* I want to keep on going where my boy used to go. I want to see if there isn't a piece of him left, somewhere. I've been all over Europe, I've tramped every inch of the roads we tramped together, that summer he was twenty-one; and while it was no comfort, there were times I felt as if—as if it was keeping him near me, somehow. As if it was helping me to remember. But they won't hear of my doing it any more unless I'll take a nurse tagging along. A nurse, would you! They say I'll go mad if I go alone, that my mind is all wrong now. What difference does it make? If I could just get nearer my boy——"

"This is your apartment, sir." Ludlow drew him gently into the entrance, and put out his hand. The major took it, groping. He looked up at Ludlow drearily; his face seemed to age, to wither as he spoke.

"Good-night, Mr. Ludlow. You have been very kind. And—good-by."

Ludlow stood silent. The pity of it swept him like a resistless wave.

"When are you going on this journey, major?"

"When am I going?" His mood flickered to gusty anger. "Never. I think I see myself taking a hireling along to spy on me! If I had a friend, if I had another son——"

"Would you let me go with you?"

The major gaped back at him.

"I want a rest and a change." Ludlow spoke evenly as if he declared a long-considered plan. "I want to be away from town for a month or so. Anywhere, so it's—different. Supposing we try it together a while. What do you say?"

"Mr. Ludlow, I could not. Such a sacrifice——"

"There's no sacrifice about it, major. I shall go anyway. But if you hesitate to try it——"

"Hesitate!" The major clutched his arm. "*Hesitate!* Don't play with me, Mr. Ludlow. Do you mean this? When could you go?"

"When it suits your pleasure, major."

"To-morrow, then!"

Ludlow pondered. Why not? In a few hours, he could close up his affairs, he could put his house in order. No one save his physicians should know the real reason for this disappearance; the familiar plea of overwork would satisfy every query. He had meant to stay here in the midst of life as long as life remained for him. But he must stay as a bystander; there could be no more days of work for him. Why not cut it all short and go, since go he must?

"In a day or so, yes. I mean it, major. You plan it out. I'll start whenever you like. Only, if we are really going, the sooner the better, for me."

The night was cool and star-lit, full of soft murmuring airs and balmy silences. Summer had set foot past the crest of her hill; but only a vagrant cricket-cry, the rustling fall of ripened leaves, betrayed the waning year. The hush of fulfilment brooded forest and sky. The world seemed for this short darkened hour to rest, to hang like a pendulum stilled at some mystic centre before its downward swing began.

Something of this tense waiting calm breathed through Ludlow's mood as he lay in his cabin bunk and watched the dying fire. He had come a long way since that May night of his choice, he thought, counting listlessly. This was the third month of their wanderings, and it must be the last; for his time of grace was near its end. He suffered less pain than for many months; and his sight was strangely clear. Yet he knew only too well that this relief held menace, not assurance.

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Through these weeks they had dragged about from place to place that the son had loved: Mackinac, the Black Hills, the Yosemite, searching every haunt that the father's piteous yearning could recall, as if they went to beg some shreds of recollection from the trees and the streams that had known his joy. Always they went like beggars, Ludlow said to himself—the blind and the bereft.

He had never talked with the major of his own affairs; for the major, absorbed in his griefs, had taken everything for granted. To him, Ludlow was a Heaven-sent convenience, nothing more. He had poured out his sorrows without stint upon the younger man. In the beginning, Ludlow himself might have longed for a confidant; but the old man's heart-burdening outbursts had taught him that he alone is merciful who keeps his griefs his own.

But now the time was growing so short that he must speak. He must warn the major of what a day might bring. The thought of confessing harassed him to misery; he pictured the major's frightened, unbelieving face, his horror, his angry pity. He crept from his bunk and slipped noiselessly out of the cabin. Out in the open his thoughts might stab; they could not crush.

The camp perched high on a pine-cloaked slope. Behind it, crest upon crest, towered the mighty hills; sheer below lay the reft canyon, a gulf of silver fog beneath the stars. He rolled himself in his blanket and lay listening. The silence seemed to throb against his breast.

"Then I am getting to be an old man."—Page 573.

He had lain thus night after night alone, facing the silence and the Night to come. Here in this mighty solitude, the Solitude to be had walked with him and stooped and peered within his soul. And the knowing of his doom had compassed him like a garment. And he had waited, waited, facing it, bearing even this slow creeping torment, so much bitterer than a sudden blow; for in his ebb and flow of senseless hope and dread he felt himself tricked, cornered, flung about, the plaything of Horror. Sometimes he screamed out against his agony. Again he sat passive, dumbly enduring. Yet beneath even this eroding torture his life had deepened, till now, like the canyon river, it mirrored not only night, but stars.

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But how to tell the major?

The question dogged him mercilessly. As the days passed, the old man had come to depend upon him more and more. The journey had brought him little comfort; in each recurring disappointment he leaned more heavily upon the younger man. His fits of rage and depression were increasing. Ludlow taxed his wits to the uttermost to invent new duties, which might divert a stormy hour. But the last week had been all but intolerable. He shivered as he remembered the scene of the day before.

"Going mad, am I? Don't I know it? Starved-mad, that's what's the matter. Good Lord, look at you, your father and mother dead, not a soul left to eat his heart out for you! Why couldn't you die instead? Why wasn't he spared? Why couldn't you take his place?"

He stood up, tightening his blanket over his arms. The darkness seemed to melt, to lift in films of shadow; the stars flared white and keen. The awful mountain dawn rose slow around him, a gray light, stark and cold, desolate as the First Day.

"You up already, Tom? You'll catch your death out here!"

The major shuffled shivering from the doorway. He threw a heavy arm over Ludlow's shoulders. "I woke up and found you had skipped out, so I concluded you were projectin' round that lower camp again. Who in the world are those fellows, anyway? That red-headed one looks like the face of clay."

"Their guide told Peter that they had come over here from the Heatheridge Sanitarium; they found it too expensive there, and they're trying to rough it out alone. Mighty plucky, I call it. They were all pretty far gone. But they're getting better, he says. Even the red-headed one is perking up, and they brought him here on a litter."

"Wish they'd pitched their camp across the divide," snapped the major. "That fellow gives me the creeps. He's nothing but skin——"

"Be still! There he comes now."

A very tall young man, muffled tight to his sharp chin, was picking his way up the twisting path. He was red-headed, in very truth; against the dark firs his shock of curly mop fairly irradiated. He gained the hill-top, puffing, and saluted the two with a cheerful grin.

"Good-morning. Are you quite as stuck-up as you look?" he inquired sweetly. "Because, if you are, I'll talk blank verse. Have you salt to spare? And matches? Our guide faded away two sunsets since. So did my partner's watch. So did my silver-plated match-box, which held our reserve supply. If you're a mind to be neighborly, I'd like to borrow. If not, I'll hold you up. *Comprenez?*"

Ludlow hurried to bring the articles desired. The major viewed the invalid with a pettish eye, then turned to the sunrise. The red-headed young man beamed seraphically upon his grumpy back.

"You ought to come down and breakfast with us, sir," he urged in honeyed tones. "Not one of us ever cooked before, but we're learning. We have already acquired one basic truth: that corn-meal mush tastes better if you boil it before frying it. More spiritual, as it were. Less like chicken-feed. We have also caught the distinction between a beaten omelet and an omelet *e pluris naturi bus*, so to speak. In time, we'll all be little Savarins, unless we're cherubims. *Mil gracias, señor.* And six ginger-cookies, for luck? May Heaven reward you!"

"Nice management, that," growled the major. "They'll all die off in a week if they're not properly fed. And they'll deserve to. They ought to have brought a nurse apiece, in the condition they're in. It's tempting Providence!"

"But if they can't afford it——"

"Everybody can afford necessities, sir!"

Ludlow dropped the subject.

The day passed even more wretchedly than its predecessor. Ludlow, quite worn out, gave up the struggle at last and tramped away down the valley for an hour's sleep. It was twilight when he returned. Peter scowled over a ruined supper; the major had gone away also, and was not yet back.

"Believe I'll run down and see how those fellows are getting on," said Ludlow. He abstracted half the dried-apple pudding, Peter's *chef-d'œuvre*, and scrambled down the trail. Half-way down, he caught a loud, unfamiliar whistle. Around a sharp turn clambered the major, chirping like a bobolink. The note stopped short. The major stared at him, a bit shame-faced.

"Just ran down to the pool for a while,"

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This was the third month of their wanderings.—Page 574.

he said, swinging a glittering string of fish. "Don't see what you had to tag after me for. Oh, going down to that camp?" He colored a trifle. "Hurry back. I want my supper."

The whistle rose again, defiant.

"What on earth has braced him up so?" marvelled Ludlow. He went on to the camp and tossed in his tribute, escaping in an uproar of thanks and cheers. "As long as he's so serene, I—I guess I won't tell him to-night. To-morrow will do."

To-morrow proved a day of lowering cloud and searching wind. The major grumbled before the fire with pipe and book; Ludlow, forbidden either solace, hunted out his tackle, and spent a freezing afternoon down the gorge. As he dragged his heavy creel up the hill, a blithe red head popped from behind a fir and accosted him.

"Sa-ay, you did rather well. Wonder if they're as full-flavored as the old boy's?"

"Whose?"

"Your royal friend yonder." The young man waggled an irreverent thumb. "Frosty old chap. But can't he fry fish! Tell him

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we drank his health in cod-liver oil last night. He mellers up on acquaintance. Tut, tut, son, half will be plenty. You're both no end good to us, sir. Thank you. Good-night."

"I believe he's three-quarters daft," said the mystified Ludlow, repeating his message to the major. The major merely grunted.

"Here, you, Pete!" he commanded. "We don't need all those grouse. Take one down to the lower camp, and say it's for whoever grabs first. And tell 'em they'd better see about getting a cook, quick. There'll be rains in a day or so that may spoil their getting to town for a month."

Ludlow's jaw dropped; then he grinned. Perhaps the red-headed youth had not guessed far afield.

The gloomy weather held through the next day and the next. On the third afternoon Ludlow took the burro and went eight miles to the nearest town for supplies. He added a basket of fruit and a dozen tins of delicacies to his orders. Surely it was the duty of the camp below to consume something besides fish and cod-liver oil.

It was almost night and raining dismally when he reached the lower camp. Light streamed through every chink; high voices and laughter floated out to him. He gathered up basket and tins and stalked in without waiting to knock. There rose a yell of welcome: a profane and startled exclamation; then a still louder yell of fiendish and understanding joy. Ludlow put down his basket and shouted with the rest. For he had caught the major red-handed. There he stood, spoon uplifted, shrouded from chin to toe in a huge duck apron; and bubbling beneath his palsied hand that matchless Irish stew which had made his name a toast wherever a camp-fire burned.

"I was dead lonesome," he explained elaborately on the way home. "So I thought I'd kill time by giving them a lesson or so. They're good fellows; a shade common, perhaps, but nice boys enough. They've never been camping before; they're as helpless as babes. And when you consider what they're living on! Potatoes boiled to mush, burnt coffee, lead biscuit—upon my word, it makes me sick. I can't bear to think what the results might be."

"They'll all die off in a week, I dare say, if they're not properly fed," said Ludlow amiably. The major turned on him with a snort.

"Thomas, that's brutal. It's the least we can do, to help them out. We ought——"

"They ought to have brought a nurse apiece, in the condition they're in. It's tempting Providence."

Whereupon the major exploded.

"Thomas Ludlow, are you your father's son? You cold-blooded young whelp, I've a mind to throw you down the hill. I'll have you know, sir, that I'm going down to the lower camp to stay, and going to-night. As long as they need me——"

"Wish they'd pitched their camp across the divide. They——"

"Hold your tongue, sir. If I'm no good for anything else, at least I can cook for those poor youngsters till they're on their feet again. Yes, and nurse them, too. How any man with a heart in him can look on them and not want to help!" his voice broke in a gasp. "What if it was *my* boy!"

He snatched his bags from the rack and packed them in furious and belligerent haste. Ludlow held the lantern for him as he clamored wrathfully away downhill. The rain beat in his face as he turned back and into the cabin door.

"I think, Othello," he remarked sedately, "that you've lost your job. Your occupation is gone."

He threw off his wet coat. A forgotten package of mail rolled from an inner pocket. He untied it indifferently. It was all the major's, save one note from Stevens; faithful Stevens, whose letters had followed him week by week, despite his own thwarting silence.

He opened it unwillingly. It was the usual brusque, clumsy chronicle: a medical meeting, a dance at Lakewood, a new and absorbing case. But below the shy affectionate signature, a postscript.

"Mary Gregory was at the Pratt dance, too—Ned Gregory's kid sister, you know. She's awfully young, but she's getting to be one of the loveliest girls I ever saw. I had two dances with her, and the second one she began asking me about you. I tried to sidle off, but she held me to it, till finally I had to own up that you were sick. Then she said, 'Give me his address, please. I want to tell Ned, and I want to write to him myself.' I squirmed around and burbled out something about not being sure of it myself, so of course she dropped it, but she looked so hurt and puzzled I wished I had

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told her the truth. It's bound to be the same way with everybody, Tom. Hadn't I better tell them just how things stand? Won't it be as well in the end?"

Ludlow put the letter down and sprang to his feet. Anguish whelmed him to the lips. It had been a long fight. He had dared to dream that the bitterness of this his death was past. But now he knew that the fiercest struggle of soul and flesh was yet to come

Yet will and faith met even this supreme demand. Dawn found him master once again.

He judged the matter calmly. Why should he stay here longer? The major had found for himself the relief that he had striven so long to give. Absorbed in this happy task, he had no more need of care. For Ludlow himself there could be no more reprieves. The three months were nearly past; he had reached the limit of possibility. The choice was a free one. He could wait here alone, through his numbered days; he could go back and look once more on the life that he had already bidden farewell. A grim home-coming, that. And yet—and yet——

"Somebody waiting for me?"

Stevens came briskly into the darkened office, blinking at the change of light. He bent a puzzled stare upon the man before him. His face flamed eagerly. "Tom — *Tommy!* You blessed old scamp! Dear old man, you've come back! Why, you look a lot stronger than you did last spring. And you can see me still? Thank the Lord, you've had more time than we dared hope for!"

"I know," said Ludlow quietly. "I've had a lot more than was coming to me. A while back I was grateful for it; but now—Steve, I don't see how I can give it up. I'm a fool, of course. But—won't you try again?"

"Tom, ask me anything else in the world. It's beyond human aid. It's impossible."

"But isn't there something left to try? Some experiment? Anything! I don't want to be babyish. But if you only could——"

"Sa-ay, you did rather well."—Page 577.

"Tom, it's no use." The sweat beaded white on Stevens's mouth, his big hands trembled. "It'll be just the old misery over again. Nothing but rest ever helps a case like yours. And you came to us a year too late for even rest to do any good. The nerve is gone, I tell you. You've done for-

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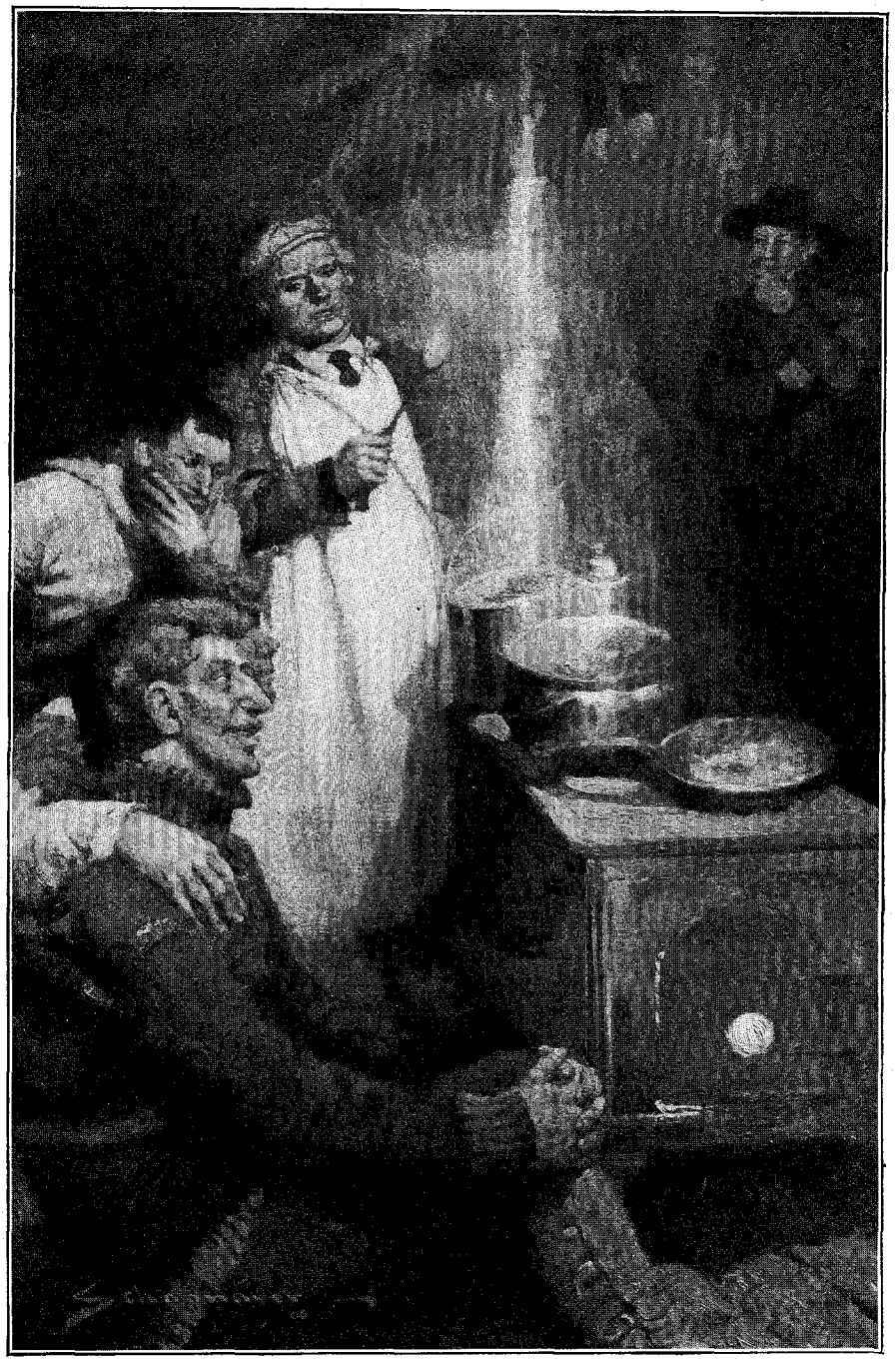

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

For he had caught the major red-handed.—Page 578.

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ty years' work in ten; you've worn them out. I'd give you one of my own eyes if I only could. You have Morgan's word on it. We—Tom, don't ask me. We *can't!*"

There was a long silence.

"Look at them, then, and tell me how many days more," said Ludlow at last. Once more his wild unreasoning hope had fallen to ashes. His heart was sick within him. The old intolerable pang stabbed deep.

"Is that all there is to do? Examine them thoroughly, man. They're past hurting. Steve, for Heaven's sake, what ails you? What do you mean?"

Stevens laid down his instruments. He took Ludlow by the arms and put him back in the chair.

"Nothing ails me." His voice clicked harsh; he leaned forward, shaking from head to foot. "I don't know where you've been, how it's happened. I just know—Tom, *it's come back!* God knows how!"

The two men waited in silence for a while. It was as if they gazed together upon a miracle. Their souls were hushed as if they stood awed witnesses of some divine mysterious decree, swinging far past their little knowledge into the mighty spaces beyond the stars.

At last Stevens spoke again. His boyish face was ashen beneath the tan.

"Nothing so incredible, I suppose. Only you did what not one man in a million could have done. You piked off and lived out of doors, and quit fussing over yourself, and looked out for somebody else instead. You built the bridge yourself that carried you over. But when I think of what you've had to stand—the hell it's been——" He stood up, gulping his sobs like a school-boy. The tears streamed absurdly down his working face. "I'm so thankful, I can't act like anything but a d-damn fool. Here, you're not going? Wait! I want to tell Morgan!"

"There's something else comes first." Ludlow pushed him gently back. The awe of his gift still laid its seal on lip and thought; but the shadow of those dumb waiting days had lifted, vanished. His face was a face transfigured. "No, Steve, I can't wait. To-morrow, perhaps. Good-by."

He went away down the familiar street. Joy walked with him; the message of his errand rang like music in his heart. For his way was the golden path of a hope fulfilled; the road to a dream come true.

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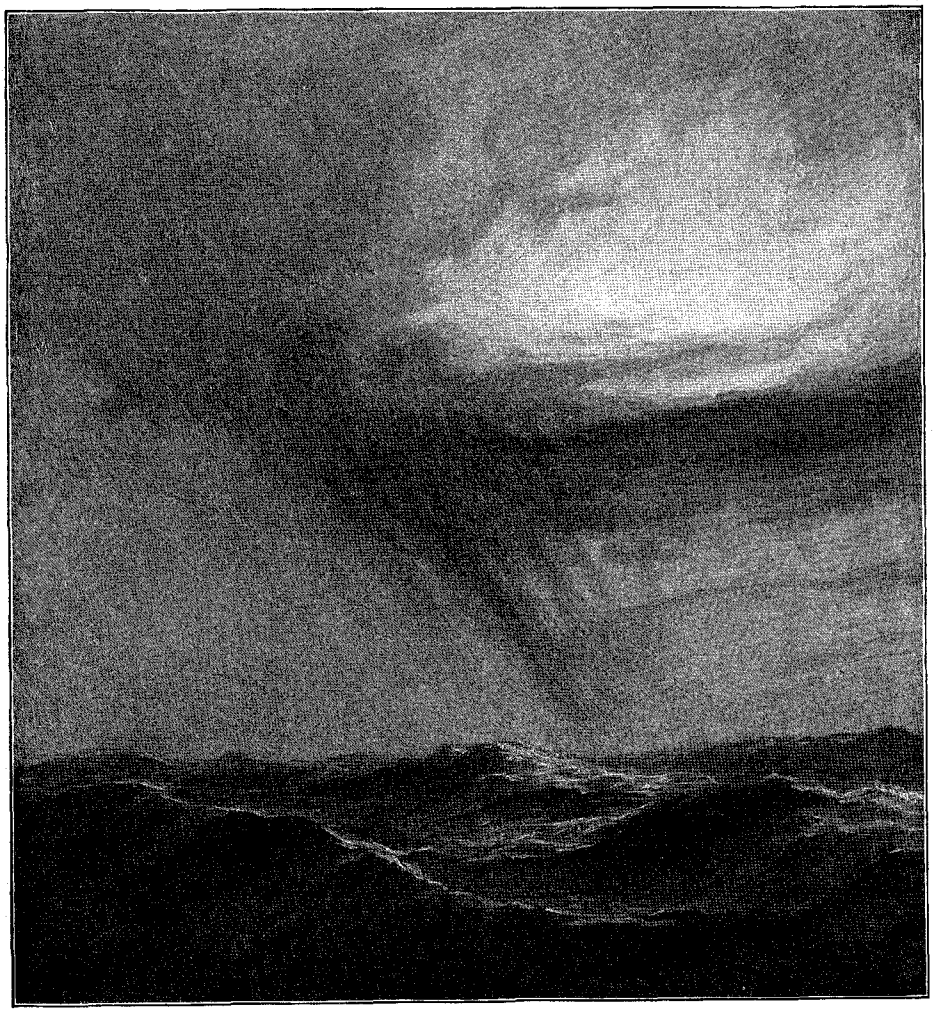

THE SEA

By Marguerite Merington

Illustrations by G. A. Shipley

Biremes have traversed you, enchanted galleys,
Steam-driven bulks. Of all sea-faring kind,
Countless that climb your hills and rugged valleys,
Impress, O sea, who ever leaves behind!

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NIGHT on your bosom sets her stars a-quiver;
Back to the morn the morning's smile you throw;
You draw the heart and secret of the river,
Yet your dread secret, O sea, who shall know?

EARTH'S daisy-printed coverchief enfolding,
Tenderly marks where hushed her children lie;
But the dear lives yon cool vast depths are holding
Who reads, O sea, beneath your mirrored sky?

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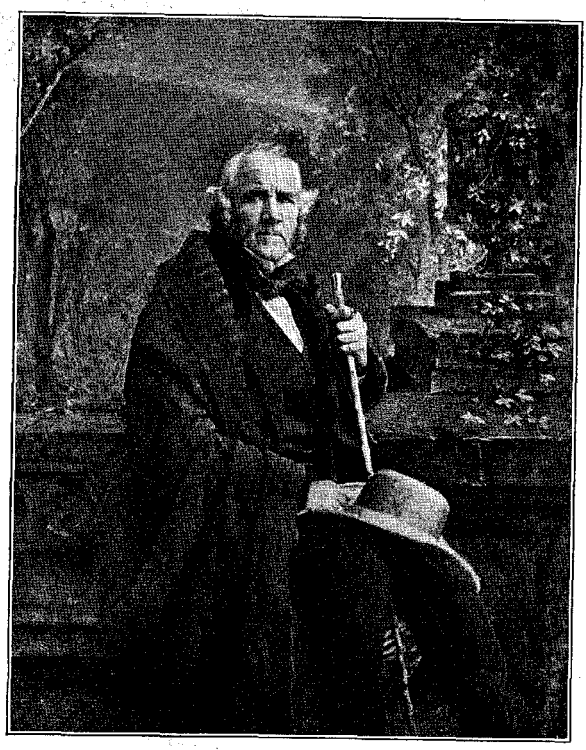

General Sam Houston.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON AND SECESSION

By Charles A. Culberson
United States Senator from Texas

THE State of Texas has recently placed a statue of General Sam Houston in the Capitol at Washington. This was as it should be, for he was not only a great Texan, but probably the most striking and commanding figure which has yet appeared in the public life of the far South-west. Born in Virginia; taken to Tennessee at an early age, whence, while yet in his teens, he went to war with Andrew Jackson against the Creek Indians; desperately wounded in the battle of the Horseshoe Bend; Adjutant-General of Tennessee and a Representative in Congress from that State; Governor of Tennessee in his youth; married, separated from his wife in two months, resigning immediately as Governor; self-exiled for years among the Cherokee Indians, emigrating to Texas in 1832; member of the convention of 1836, which declared Texas to be an independent Republic; general and commander-in-chief of the army which achieved independence at San Jacinto; twice President of the Republic, United States Senator, and Governor of the State! While there is much of surpassing interest in his remarkable career with which the present generation is unfamiliar, his relation to the secession of Texas in 1861 naturally excites the greatest public concern. The popular impression is that he was opposed to secession on principle as well as on considerations of expediency, and that he remained steadfast in this opposition until his death, in July, 1863. How far this is true it is interesting to inquire.

In 1857, while a member of the Senate of

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the United States, and although still a professed Democrat, Houston was a candidate for Governor of Texas against the Democratic nominee, Hardin R. Runnels, and was defeated. It is not important to point out the issues of this campaign except to say that Houston was supported in the main by the remnants of the Whig and Know-Nothing parties, and that he became estranged from former Democratic friends and followers. Even prior to this he had become politically distasteful to a considerable body of the Democracy of Texas, because of votes cast in the Senate, notably his vote against the Kansas-Nebraska bill, contrary to the dominant Southern sentiment, and in opposition to votes cast by Gen. Thomas J. Rusk, his colleague in the Senate. Houston was again a candidate for Governor in 1859 against Runnels, who was renominated by his party, and was successful by approximately the same majority (8,924 votes) by which he was defeated two years previously, both the total vote and his own vote having largely increased, while the vote of Runnels decreased. In this campaign the principal questions discussed were protection of the frontier of the State against Mexicans and Indians, reopening the African slave-trade and the dissolution of the Union. The Democratic Convention decisively rejected a resolution tending toward committing the party to the policy of reopening the slave-trade and Governor Runnels publicly declared that he did "not consider that there is any cause for a dissolution of the Union at this time." These questions, nevertheless, were persistently pressed by Houston and his adherents, and doubtless contributed materially to his election. Especially is this probable as the discussion and treatment by Runnels of the proposition to reopen the slave-trade was not entirely satisfactory to his party or in full accord with the emphatic action of the convention which renominated him. Professing to be a National Democrat, Houston announced that "the Constitution and the Union embrace the principles by which I will be governed if elected. They comprehend all the old Jackson National Democracy I ever professed or officially practised." With this as his general platform, he campaigned the State actively and thoroughly, promising protection to the frontier, protesting against the importation of African slaves, extolling the Federal Union, denouncing his opponents, and appealing with great effect to his old comrades in the revolutionary struggle of 1836.

Necessarily such an aggressive canvass as he conducted, and which resulted in the defeat of the party which had dominated the State since its admission into the Union in 1845, created great bitterness and forever alienated a host of former supporters, including many ultra-Democrats who had labored and fought with him for Texan independence. Criticism and disparagement and partisan animosity did not cease after the election or after he entered upon the duties of Governor. In consequence of suggestions respecting his inauguration in the hall of the House of Representatives, as was customary, he chose to deliver his inaugural address in front of the Capitol. Bickerings arose in the Legislature as to whether the inaugural ball to be given in his honor should be held in this hall, and if so, whether the carpet should be removed. Roger Q. Mills, then a young member of the Legislature, and subsequently conspicuous in National affairs, in moving to refer to the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds a resolution making an appropriation to furnish the Executive Mansion, declared: "He could see no reason why there should be for the great Mogul of the Know-Nothings such deference and respect. He was not following General Houston in his bedroom or kitchen or wigwam, nor anywhere else he may go. Why was it that other Governors of the State had not the Executive Mansion furnished for them as well as this Magnus Apollo of the gentleman from Harris?" David B. Culberson, serving his first term in the Legislature, offered an amendment that none of the money appropriated should be used to purchase furniture made north of Mason and Dixon's line, but on being charged with such purpose, he disclaimed an intention to embarrass the measure, insisting that he favored the resolution, and that his object was the upbuilding of State industries. When it was proposed to print 1,000 copies of his message of 1860 against secession, transmitting the South Carolina resolutions, for the use of the House, Richard B. Hubbard, afterward Governor and Minister to Japan, moved to reduce the number to 100, and the debate upon the question was not only extensive, covering

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the field of slavery, slavery in the Territories, and the compromise measures, but at times was extremely personal and virulent. In other respects, in the Legislature, no less than in the Secession Convention, both of which were Democratic, Houston was assailed, and the opposition press of the State teemed with the acrimonious passion of the times. Although the proceedings of the Secession Convention were not officially published and preserved, it is well known that they were characterized by attempts to embarrass and discredit Houston, and a determination to withdraw from the Union regardless of political consequences to him. So nearly unanimous was the sentiment for withdrawal from the Union that only seven delegates to the convention voted against the ordinance of secession. Not only was Houston severely arraigned but delegates opposed to secession were made to feel the political rancor with which the very air was charged. When James W. Throckmorton, afterward Governor, cast his vote in the convention in the negative he was loudly and bitterly hissed by the audience, upon which, rising again in his place, he made the traditional and memorable reply: "When the rabble hiss well may patriots tremble." The press which opposed Houston was far more personal and offensive. Besides the more common political sins which might have been expected in such a contest a purpose to betray the State and the South in furtherance of his ambition to attain the presidency, was widely imputed to him. Charges coming over from the revolution, charges of insincerity, immorality, and cowardice, were reopened and accentuated, and spread broadcast through the State.

The inaugural address of Governor Houston, delivered December 21, 1859, and his message to the Legislature, delivered January 14, 1860, which, with other public documents from him, will be more fully considered later, expressed in general terms his warm attachment to the Union and his detestation alike of abolitionists and disunionists. During the year 1860 the differences between Houston and his opponents widened and grew apace until the election of Lincoln, which in the South was construed as a step of aggression upon Southern rights, permitted the issue of immediate secession. Conferences, consultations, public meetings and conventions were being held in all the Southern States and importunate and violent demands were made upon Governor Houston to assemble the Legislature in extra session to consider the question of Federal relations. This he finally did, appointing January 21, 1861, as the date for assembling, and on that day it convened in Austin. In the meantime a convention of delegates directly and immediately from the people was called by a self-raised committee, of which William P. Rogers, killed at the head of his regiment in the assault on Fort Robinett in the battle of Corinth, was chairman, and it assembled in Austin on January 28, 1861. This convention Houston repeatedly denounced as unauthorized and revolutionary. As the Legislature was still in session the two bodies were assembled at the same time and in the same city during part of the period of their deliberations, and the convention, by an arrangement with the House, met in the hall of the House of Representatives at a certain hour daily when the House was not in session.

Near this period strenuous efforts were made, both in the South and in the North, to obtain the co-operation of Houston and the State of Texas. Alabama and other Southern States sent commissioners to Austin to confer with the Governor, and the Legislature of Tennessee forwarded resolutions which denounced threats of coercion made by the General Assembly of New York. On the part of the North the action taken for this purpose was extraordinary and sensational. As the writer was informed by one of those present, Governor Houston called in consultation at the Executive Mansion a number of gentlemen who, like himself, were opposed to secession—some to secession in any event and some to immediate secession before demand for redress of grievances proved unavailing. Among those present who are now recalled were James W. Throckmorton, George W. Paschal, B. H. Epperson, and David B. Culberson, all subsequently distinguished in the history of the State. Houston informed them that a gentleman was then in Austin who had delivered to him a special message from Mr. Lincoln to the effect that at the proper time he would land a large body of Federal troops on the Texas coast if he (Houston) would undertake to hold the State in the Union, and that he had called them together to take their counsel and advice upon the moment-

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ous question. Following the military rule, to which he was partial, he called first for the opinion of the youngest man present, who vigorously urged an acceptance of the proposition. Mr. Culberson, the next youngest, took the opposite view. He said in substance that in his opinion no force which could be made available could prevent the secession of the State; that secession and war being inevitable, Texas, by reason of its geographical position and great distance from the probable seat of war, would escape many of its horrors, but that if the course suggested were followed the State would necessarily become the theatre of active and wide-spread hostilities, and the land be overrun and devastated with fire and sword. This view finally obtained with a majority of the conference, and Houston, turning to them, said with great emphasis and spirit: "Gentlemen, I have asked your advice and will take it, but if I were twenty years younger I would accept Mr. Lincoln's proposition and endeavor to keep Texas in the Union."

Governor Houston, throughout the controversy, had no official communication with the Secession Convention. Correspondence took place with committees of that body, but the convention itself was not recognized officially by him unless this and the fact that he was present by invitation, being received with impressive ceremony and occupying the seat of honor next to the President, when the secession ordinance was voted on, were equivalent to recognition. He confined his official intercourse to the Legislature, which, however, took no important action on the subject of secession while he was Governor, except to supplement and ratify that of the convention. A legislative resolution was passed broadly recognizing the convention for general and unlimited purposes of government, but in approving it the Governor sought to limit the powers of the convention to the submission of the question of secession to the people. Two acts were passed by the Legislature providing for holding the election for the ratification or rejection of the ordinance of secession which had been ordered by the convention, one of which became a law without his approval, and the other of which was approved by the Governor with a protest against the short time allowed for notice. Houston was therefore committed to the election as ordered, if not to that ordered by the convention, certainly to that ordered by the Legislature, and they were one and the same. He had also obligated himself to abide the result of the election. In a message to the Legislature January 30, 1861, transmitting resolutions of the Legislature of Tennessee, he said, speaking of the submission of the question at issue to the people of Texas: "Whatever that sovereign will may be, when fairly expressed, it must be maintained. Texas as one man will defend it, and while the Executive would not counsel foolish bravado, he deems it a duty we owe to the people to declare that, even though their action shall bring upon us the consequences which now seem impending, we will all, be our views in the past and the present what they may, be united." On January 31, 1861, in a letter to a committee of the Secession Convention, referring to the cooperation of the Legislature with the convention in the submission of the ordinance of secession to a popular vote, he said: "When the voice of the people of Texas has been declared through the ballot-box no citizen will be more ready to yield obedience to its will or risk his all in its defence than myself."

The convention adopted the ordinance of secession February 1, 1861. It was ratified by the people February 23d by a vote of 39,415 against 13,841, Governor Houston issued his proclamation March 4th that a majority of the votes had been cast for it, and on March 5th an ordinance was passed providing for the union of Texas with the Southern Confederacy. In a communication to a committee of the convention March 6th, in reply to one from the committee, Houston, nevertheless, insisted that the existence of the convention had terminated with the election on the question of secession, adding: "The Executive will recommend to the Legislature, which is to assemble on the 18th instant, to take into consideration the important issues arising out of the severance of our connection with the United States, with such recommendations and suggestions as he may think proper in the discharge of this duty. It will then be within the province of the Legislature to take such action on the subject as it may think proper, and also to call a convention directly from the people who will fairly represent their wishes and opinions, and who

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will have authority to make such changes in the constitution of the State as her present and future relations to the world at large may require." This letter, when read to the convention, was received with stormy disapproval, as it seemed to foreshadow an appeal by Houston to the people, and the attempted organization of another convention. Acting as speedily as practicable, the convention provided by ordinance for the continuance of the existing State government, making it incumbent upon all the State officials to take an oath to support the constitution of the Southern Confederacy, and as Houston (as did E. W. Cave, his Secretary of State) declined to do so, he was formally deposed March 16, 1861, Edward Clark, the Lieutenant-Governor succeeding him. For his refusal to take this oath Houston gave his reasons in his final address, hereafter noted: "Fellow-citizens: In the name of your rights and liberties, which I believe have been trampled upon, I refuse to take this oath. In the name of my own conscience and my manhood, which this convention would degrade by dragging me before it to pander to the malice of my enemies, when by the Constitution the privilege is accorded me which belongs to the humblest officer, to take my oath of office before any competent authority, I refuse to take this oath." In this change of Governors an incident characteristic of Houston occurred. Clark and Houston were elected on the same ticket and had been intimate personal and political friends. When Clark entered the Executive Office and demanded its archives Houston, wheeling slowly in his chair to face him, asked with great deliberation and with that hauteur and scorn of which he was master: "What is your name, sir?" He made no further attempt, however, to maintain his official position, preferring, he said, not to bring civil strife and bloodshed upon the State, but on March 19th, in an address to the people, he denounced *in toto* the acts of the convention as null and void, and then his majestic personality passed forever from the public stage. This farewell address is sometimes argumentative, sometimes conciliatory, sometimes defiant, and there is in it also a certain pathos not unworthy of the occasion and the man: "Fellow-citizens, think not that I complain at the lot which Providence has now assigned me. It is, perhaps, but meet that my career should close thus. I have seen the patriots and statesmen of my youth, one by one, gathered to their fathers and the government which they had reared rent in twain; and none like them are left to unite it once again. I stand the last almost of the race who learned from their lips the lessons of human freedom." After his death and after the war, in 1866, the constitutional convention which repealed the ordinance of secession provided by an ordinance for the payment of the remainder of his salary as Governor for the full term to his widow! It was a strange decree of time that this constitutional convention should be controlled by Democrats and Confederate soldiers, and that its membership should include Oran M. Roberts, president of the Secession Convention, and the man who introduced the measure which finally led to the deposition of Houston from the Governorship.

That Houston at one time believed in the principle, in the right of secession seems clear. On March 3, 1858, Senator Seward, of New York, addressed the Senate of the United States on the admission of Kansas into the Union. In this exhaustive speech he discussed the slavery question generally, and especially as applicable to the Territories, and declared that the admission of Texas into the Union was the result of efforts to extend the slave power. Among other things he said further: "There is a meaning in all these facts which it becomes us to study well. The Nation has advanced another stage; it has reached the point where intervention by the Government for slavery and slave States will no longer be tolerated. Free labor has at last apprehended its rights, its interests, its power, and its destiny, and is organizing itself to assume the Government of the Republic. It will henceforth meet you boldly and resolutely here; it will meet you everywhere—in the Territories or out of them—wherever you may go to extend slavery. It has driven you back in California and in Kansas; it will invade you soon in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Missouri, and Texas." This speech with its repeated references to Texas and its avowed political antagonism to the State, greatly displeased Houston, then a member of the Senate, and on April 20, 1858, speaking on his resolution providing for a protectorate over Mexico,

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he thus replied to it and expressed his opinion as to the character of the Federal Union and the rights of the State:

"Whenever one section of this country presumes upon its strength for the oppression of the other, then will our Constitution be a mockery, and it would matter not how soon it was severed into a thousand atoms and scattered to the four winds. If the principles are disregarded upon which the annexation of Texas was consummated, there will be for her neither honor nor interest in the Union; if the mighty, in the face of written law, can place with impunity an iron yoke upon the neck of the weak, Texas will be at no loss how to act, or where to go, before the blow aimed at her vitals is inflicted. In a spirit of good faith she entered the Federal fold. By that spirit she will continue to be influenced until it is attempted to make her the victim of Federal wrong. As she will violate no Federal rights, so will she submit to no violation of her rights by Federal authority. The covenant which she entered into with the Government must be observed, or it will be annulled. Louisiana was a purchase, California, New Mexico and Utah a conquest; but Texas was a voluntary annexation. If the condition of her admission is not complied with on the one part, it is not binding on the other. If I know Texas, she will not submit to the threatened degradation foreshadowed in the recent speech of the Senator from New York. She would prefer restoration to that independence which she once enjoyed, to the ignominy ensuing from Sectional dictation. Sorrowing for the mistake which she had committed in sacrificing her independence at the altar of her patriotism, she would unfurl again the banner of the 'lone star' to the breeze, and re-enter upon a national career, where, if no glory awaited her, she would at least be free from a subjection by might to wrong and shame." (Congressional Globe, vol. xxxvi, part ii, 1st Sess., 35th Congress, page 1682.)

There is not in this speech, it is true, the logic and power of Calhoun, nor the felicity and strength of Davis, nor the fervor and marvellous eloquence of Yancey, but all the essential elements of their case for secession are there. There are, boldly and strongly put, the covenant of union, the prerogative of the State to judge of its infraction, and the right and duty under named conditions to resume its original independence. In the case which he presented, the separation would take place, not by naked revolution, but through violation of the instrument of union and by virtue of its terms and according to its spirit.

Neither in his inaugural address as Governor in December, 1859, nor in his regular message to the Legislature January 14, 1860, did Houston discuss the abstract right of secession or express an opinion upon it. In each of these he was content to denounce extremists North and South and appeal to the conservatism of the State for the preservation of the Constitution and the Union. His special message to the Legislature January 24, 1860, transmitting resolutions adopted by the Legislature of South Carolina, was a far different and far bolder document. There he discussed constitutional secession fully and exhaustively on principle, and took open and strong ground against it. Its length forbids extensive use of this message here, but the conclusion reached and something of its clearness and power may be seen from a single paragraph. Speaking of certain sovereign rights of Texas as a Republic, he said: "All these rights belonged to Texas as a Nation. She ceased to possess them as a State, nor did Texas in terms or by implication reserve the power or stipulate for the exercise of the right to secede from these obligations without the consent of the other parties to the agreement acting through their common agent the Federal Government. The Constitution of the United States does not thus provide for its own destruction. An inherent revolutionary right, to be exercised when the great purposes of the Union have failed, remains, but nothing else." This message, with accompanying resolutions, was properly referred in both Houses of the Legislature. Although no final action seems to have been taken on them by either body, majority and minority reports were submitted by the Senate Committee. If not inspired by him, the minority report perhaps expressed the views of Governor Houston at that time. It was there said "that this State does not admit the constitutional right of a State to secede from the Confederacy whenever an occasion should arise justifying her, in her opinion, in taking that step; but holds that secession is a revolutionary act which can only be justified by

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dangerous and oppressive infractions of the Constitution by the General Government or its failure to protect essential rights reserved to the States, respectively, and to the people." On the other hand, the minority report, after asserting that as yet nothing had been done by the General Government in its legislative, executive, or judicial departments which would justify this revolutionary course and warning "Northern brethren against the mad fanaticism of the abolitionists and Black Republicans who were waging war upon the institutions of the South," declared that in certain contingencies the "sons of Texas will again raise the revolutionary standard as in the struggle of 1835 and 1836."

During the heat of the secession controversy Houston, who was a man of splendid presence and a popular orator of the first order, spoke effectively at various times and in different portions of the State. With the exception of Louis T. Wigfall and Frank W. Bowden, the opposition, though containing many men of exceptional ability, had none who, at any period of his career in Texas, approached him on the hustings. Yet these two were not of his type and character, and except in power over great masses they had nothing in common with him as orators. There was in Houston, rather, when on the platform, something of the individuality and force of Benton, something of the audacity and majesty of Danton. He addressed large audiences at Austin, Waco, and other places, and it is unfortunate that none of his speeches were accurately and fully reported. At Waco there was a disposition on the part of some to deny him the privilege of speaking, but his own resolute purpose, supported by many of his old comrades, prevailed in the end. Although he spoke, despite vehement protest, the speech and the circumstances under which it was delivered aroused such resentment that his friends hastened his departure and were much relieved when he crossed the Brazos River. One speech during the campaign, at Gilmer, I believe, is said to have been masterful, and an incident there illustrates his watchfulness over his audiences and his *ad captandum* thrusts. A number of young ladies in the audience showed evident indications of disapprobation, upon which he said. "It is impossible not to note the marked signs of disapproval on the part of young ladies here. Manifestly they do not appreciate the serious import of the present crisis, but I tell them that before their sweethearts return from the impending war the valleys of the South will run with blood." This campaign, like all others in which he engaged, was marked by personalities in which he neither asked nor gave quarter. Many examples of this could be given, yet one will suffice to show his mastery of a biting and cruel invective. Among those who canvassed the State against him was a gentleman of distinction and character whom Houston regarded, doubtless unjustly, as being under special obligations to him, and consequently as peculiarly disloyal. While Houston was addressing a large audience he was interrupted and asked what he thought of this gentleman. Without hesitation and with the merciless speech for which he was famous, he retorted: "He has all the characteristics of a dog, except fidelity." Notwithstanding the interest these speeches justly excited, whether General Houston subsequently modified the views presented in the special message above referred to and returned to those of his Senate speech in 1858 should in justice to him be judged by his authentic utterances, and not by what tradition or the memory of men after forty years would ascribe to him. There is nothing of consequence upon this phase of the subject in the special message of January 30, 1861, transmitting the Tennessee resolutions or in his final address to the people March 19, 1861. So far as the writer is advised the only satisfactory source of information on the immediate question is his celebrated message to the Legislature which he had called in special session to consider the Federal relations of the State, delivered January 22, 1861. This is an important document in the history of this extraordinary man, because, unlike the special message of January 24, 1860, its full import is not entirely clear, yet it is too lengthy to be inserted in this paper, nor will space permit extended excerpts from it. At the outset of this message it appears plain that Houston conceived that the election of Lincoln had radically changed the situation, for he insisted, in the bitter and sectional language of the period, that "the election of the Black Republican candidate to the presidency has involved the issue of the permanency of the government, upon

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the basis laid down by its founders." After charging that encroachments upon the rights of the South had theretofore been made by Northern States rather than by Federal authority, and that the principles underlying these aggressions "have at last obtained a foothold on the government itself," he declared that "the Executive feels as deeply as any of your honorable body the necessity for such action on the part of the slave-holding States as will secure to the fullest extent every right they possess." He was, nevertheless, against "hasty and unconcerted action" and could not "reconcile to his mind the idea that our safety demands an immediate separation from the government ere we have stated our grievances or demanded redress." Both upon this ground and in deference to Southern States which had not then acted, as well as to border States whose situation might be imperilled, he recommended co-operation of the Southern States. With reference to Texas he believed the time had come for an expression of the people at the ballot-box on the question, for which he urged the Legislature to make provision either directly by law or through a convention. He did not denounce revolution or secession. On the contrary, he declared "a high resolve to maintain our constitutional rights, and failing to obtain them, to risk the perils of revolution even as our fathers risked it, should, in my opinion, actuate every citizen of Texas," and that "while deploring the election of Messrs. Lincoln and Hamlin the Executive yet has seen in it no cause for the *immediate* and *separate* secession of Texas." The significance of his reference to revolution is unmistakable, but what did he mean by the phrase "cause for the immediate and separate *secession* of Texas?" Had his views so changed that he believed the election of Lincoln might be cause for constitutional secession later, when after concerted action by the Southern States demand for redress of grievances came to naught? Yet, after all, he said finally, "The Executive has not yet lost the hope that our rights can be maintained in the Union, and that it may yet be perpetuated. Between constitutional remedies and anarchy and civil war he can see no middle ground."

General Houston, while deeply attached to the Union, was passionately devoted to the State. In his farewell address he said with deep feeling: "I have followed her banner before, when an exile from the land of my fathers. I went back into the Union with the people of Texas. I go out from the Union with them, and though I can see but gloom before me, I shall follow the Lone Star with the same devotion as of yore." The struggle for mastery with him must have been intense, yet when the State declared for separation, and war and the sound of battle came, he kept the faith of his repeated utterances, and stood with his own immediate people. Indeed, except for physical infirmities, his love for his State and people, and a martial spirit which only death extinguished, would have swept him into the field, possibly invested with high command. He appeared little in public after his removal from office, and still there is no doubt where were his sympathies in the great civil conflict. At the city of Houston in 1862 he visited a Confederate regiment in which his eldest son had enlisted. In addressing the regiment by invitation he observed that while in the beginning he differed with many of them his feelings and interests were bound up in the cause, and while by reason of old wounds he was too infirm to enter the campaign himself, he offered his only son old enough to fight. After the victory of the Confederates, in the battle of Galveston, he wrote in January, 1863, to Gen. John B. Magruder, who commanded the Southern troops in that action: "It gives me great pleasure to mingle my congratulations with the many thousands that you have received. You, sir, have introduced a new era in Texas by driving from our soil a ruthless enemy." But his counsel and his sympathies were to be lost to the people of Texas during the remainder of the fierce contest and through the black wreck of reconstruction, as he died at Huntsville, July 23, 1863. His ashes still repose in the modest cemetery there, in a grave unmarked by monument, in the State which his courage and genius helped to found.

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THE FOURTH JUROR

By M'Cready Sykes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR G. DOVE

"WON'T you have a cup of tea with us? We have all the things, and are going to make it right in our room."

The request was tempting enough. I had fallen in with Egerton and his wife the afternoon before, as the Overland was pulling us up the three-hundred-mile slope from Omaha to North Platte. Egerton's optimistic philosophy—a cheerful Western *Aberglaube* engrafted on a serious New England stock of fundamentals—was at once illuminating and suggestive. The dwellers in the Far West are, mostly, more newly transplanted than our Middle Westerners; they are not infrequently nearer in temperament to the Atlantic than are they of the Mississippi Valley. They ofttimes have thus at once a freshness and a lack of strangeness that make it very easy to get on with a chance acquaintance. In this instance, the only trouble was that in so many ways I found that Egerton knew so much more of what had been happening in the East than I knew myself.

But while Egerton was a New Englander that had been distinctly modified by transplanting, his wife was a charming little Puritan that had been modified not one jot. She splendidly enjoyed the West, and gloried in it; her spirits rose perceptibly as the big train, after lifting us over Sherman Pass by night, was now carrying us along the low-lying, sharply outlined buttes and vast reaches of short brown grass and gray sagebrush. Early that morning we inhaled in long deep breaths the clear, dry air of Wyoming; we had left Cheyenne the night before, and had all the rest of the day and half the night before we were to leave the Overland and take the little side-line into North Star.

Mrs. Egerton produced one of those compact contrivances that some thoughtful genius has invented for enabling the Anglo-Saxon to satisfy his deep-born ancestral craving for tea, however far from London or Boston or New York he may be. The Egertons' stateroom in the Pullman had been a hospitable haven for me most of the day; and the afternoon tea, with its beautiful aroma of Ceylon and even a bit of lemon, had about it a charming air of domesticity that made the desolate landscape fit in with as pleasing congruity as the blue crags and mountain peaks in a picture of Leonardo's. We talked of many things as the train drew us quickly and smoothly into the setting sun: of men and women everywhere, of cities, and pictures—and Henry James; and then somehow we fell to talking of woman suffrage, something that had so long been a part of the system of things in Wyoming and Idaho and their sister States that it seemed very natural to speak of it; though, in fact, one ordinarily hears very little mention of it in that part of our country where it has become a settled institution.

"Oh, yes indeed," said Mrs. Egerton, laughing, "I have to tell them a great deal about it in Milford whenever I am back East. You know I was president of our Suffrage League when I lived in Massachusetts, and I still have a good deal of correspondence to keep up. Mayn't I give you some more tea?"

"I was wondering," I said, "how the women took it themselves; how they got along with the details of it—primaries, serving on juries, and all that."

"Now I'm very glad you spoke about juries," she rejoined, "because I've thought a great deal about that very thing. When I was president of the Suffrage League at Milford I read a paper on the need of women on our juries. Of course it sounded very heretical there.

"I was always interested in the jury system," continued my charming hostess, "and I've read a great deal about it and made a special study of it; but since I served myself last spring on a jury at North Star I've followed it particularly. I have always realized that women are needed on juries because they have more independent judgment and individual standpoint; they have a finer sense of justice, and often really a more logical mind.

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"You see this case all grew out of the building they put up last year for the New American store. There's a concern in North Star known as the Union Construction Company that had a contract for the whole work, and everyone knows they made a lot of money out of it, because Mayor Wells is the chief stockholder; and he's always been lucky and everything he's touched has turned to gold. I know Judge Hardy said at the trial that that had nothing to do with it, and that it was of no consequence whether the company had made any money or not; but that's absurd on the face of it, because I read at one of the speeches at the American Bar Association that they've put law and equity all together in our State; and if it comes to equity it makes all the difference in the world whether the people who put up the building made money out of it or not.

"Because this suit, as I began to tell you, was all about some lumber for the new store. Tom Lethbridge has a lumber-yard, and a very good, capable young man Tom is. And I know of my own knowledge that he is a good business man and treats his customers fairly; because the MacPhersons, when they were building their house, had it all done by day's work, which is of course the most expensive way, but really cheaper in the end, and gives the best possible results, my husband says; and Mrs. MacPherson told me herself that Mr. MacPherson was more than satisfied with everything they had from Tom Lethbridge, and that he was always very prompt and reliable.

"Now my niece, Katharine Stockton, went to school with Tom Lethbridge's daughter Josie—a dear girl, with the loveliest complexion, and hair that curls naturally, and a real gift for writing—not that she's actually written very much yet; but she likes to do it, you know, and she reads *Littell's Living Age* rather than the *Ladies' Home Journal*. I've become very fond of her, and I know she's set her heart on going to college. She's one of those girls that really ought to go to college, and I knew perfectly well that it was going to be all her father could do to send her there.

"So, while I was sitting in the court-room waiting for my name to be called as a juror, and wondering what case it would be, the clerk called out, 'Lethbridge vs. Union Construction Company,' and I saw the lawyers coming up to the table, and Tom Lethbridge in the middle of them. They called George Franklin, the upholsterer, to be the foreman of the jury, and another man, and then Mrs. Doolittle, Dr. Doolittle's wife; and then the clerk put his hand in the wheel and drew out another paper, and called out 'Mary Egerton.' So there I was! As Mrs. Doolittle was number three and I was number four, of course we had to sit next one another. That was what caused the first trouble.

"Mrs. Doolittle wore a stunning gown of green pongee. I had never seen her in that gown before—she doesn't go out much, either. Now as luck would have it, I had worn a green gown myself; it was a kind of green foulard, and was really more of a travelling dress—something like this one I'm wearing now. Well, when we sat together there in the front row those two greens simply *swore* at each other, and I'm very sure it would have made both of us uncomfortable all through the trial. Mrs. Doolittle is an older woman than I am, so naturally I didn't like to ask her to move; but I wanted ever so much to be in the front row, because you know I was interested in watching the lawyers; and I knew that when it came to evidence that I couldn't understand, I could tell what to think of it by seeing how it affected the lawyers. You know you can tell so much from facial expression—not haphazard, of course, but scientifically. I had read last winter a lot that Darwin had written about the expression of emotions, and though I didn't remember it all, I remembered some of it, and I wanted to see how his theories actually worked out.

"But Mrs. Doolittle and I simply had to change our seats somehow, because I never could have sat there with those two greens next to each other. I didn't know whether it could be done legally, so we asked the judge if one of us might sit in the second row. The judge said that he supposed we might arrange our seats as we pleased.

"Mrs. Doolittle didn't want to move, because of course she had a very good seat as it was, and seemed entitled to it, especially as she had been called first. But it didn't seem right that I should move, seeing that I was particularly interested in facial expression, and even had a notebook and everything ready to take notes for a paper I was

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going to read afterward on 'Some Defects in Our Jury System'; and of course I had to have a good seat in order to see the defects.

"So it seemed we couldn't agree, and so I said, very quietly, that under the circumstances I should decline to serve. But the judge said that in the absence of a legal reason he could not excuse me.

"It was very embarrassing, and for my part I didn't see what we were ever going to do about it, when that nice Mr. Rathbone, who was Tom Lethbridge's lawyer, said:

"'Your Honor, perhaps a peremptory challenge might be the best solution of this unfortunate problem.'

"That rather startled me; but juror number five explained that all Mr. Rathbone meant by a peremptory challenge was simply that he would excuse one of the jurors without giving any reason for it, as it seems he had a right to do under the law; and a very sensible provision, too. I don't know whether Mr. Rathbone had observed that I was very much interested in the case, but he said very politely:

"'The third juror, having been called first, has perhaps the first right to consideration; so, if your Honor please, we will excuse Mrs. Doolittle.'

"Wasn't that nice and diplomatic of him? That couldn't have offended anyone; but Mrs. Doolittle rose and brushed past with a high and mighty air, and I just felt her skirt against my hand for a moment as she went by, and it really wasn't pure silk, and had a lot of cotton in it. When I met Mrs. Doolittle after church the next Sunday, she walked by me without speaking, and she afterward resigned from the executive committee of the Ladies' Helping Hand just because I was chairman.

"So they had to have a new number three, and he turned out to be a miner from the Basin, who had somehow never given up his legal residence in Florence County. He showed me a lot of samples during the trial, when things got dull, and I shouldn't wonder if he really has a good mine. He says it ran sixty dollars to the ton a long way in.

"Then the lawyers asked us all if we knew anything about the case, and whether we had any prejudice one way or the other. None of us had any real prejudice, although of course I thought that it was very important that Josie Lethbridge should go to college, and knew that the company could afford to pay. Mayor Wells has piles and piles of money, and he's the principal stockholder, or used to be. However, that wasn't what I should call a prejudice, and I was quite ready to do justice to the defendant and to decide in its favor if they could convince me beyond a reasonable doubt that they had a good defence, for I understand that that is what the law requires; but unless they convinced me of that, of course I was going to find for the plaintiff.

"Then they asked us a lot of foolish questions; and when Senator Beebee asked me if in making my decision I would be influenced only by the evidence, I answered back, very quickly:

"'Certainly NOT!'

"I knew that there were lots of things that might never get in evidence at all, but which might really be very important; and of course I knew how much Tom Lethbridge wanted to send Josie to college. However, the lawyers and everyone laughed, and the judge explained a lot about the juror's oath, and as it was quite plain what they all wanted me to say, rather than have any words about it I answered their questions the way they wanted, and both the lawyers said I was perfectly satisfactory.

"Well, that trial was as good as a play, though it was awfully technical sometimes, and there was a good deal I didn't understand. It seems that Mayor Wells' company—that was the defendant—had bought a lot of lumber for its building from Tom Lethbridge's yard. When it was time for them to pay for it, the company gave Tom's cashier a check to Tom's order. Would you believe it, that villain of a cashier was nothing less than a *thief*, and worse, for he forged Tom's name on the back of the check, and got the money and ran off with it—eighteen hundred dollars! The bank wasn't to blame at all, because they knew the cashier worked for Tom, so that it was natural for him to come with the check; and the paying teller of the bank would have testified that the forgery was an awfully clever one, but the judge wouldn't let that in. However, I know what the paying teller would have said if he had been allowed to answer, so I considered it just as if he had answered; because of course he wasn't to blame for not answering, as I suppose he would have been punished for con-

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tempt of court and perhaps had to go to jail if he had answered.

"So now Tom was bringing this suit to make the company pay over again, and you see there were a good many complications about it. Senator Beebee, the defendant's lawyer, said that it was the bank's fault and that the bank would have to pay over again if there had been a forgery, and that the company was willing to assign its claim against the bank to Tom and let Tom sue the bank.

"Judge Hardy seemed to think that that was reasonable, though I didn't think so at all, because, as I've explained, it wasn't the bank's fault; but the judge said that the real question was whether Tom's cashier had been authorized to receive the check, and that he was going to leave that one question to the jury. I was quite sure that the judge was wrong, because it was clear to my mind that that question had nothing to do with the case; so I began to think hard how I might manage to save Tom in some way when all of us jurors should go out afterward and talk it over among ourselves. Some of those jurymen were so pig-headed and obstinate that I was convinced they were going to take everything the judge said for gospel truth and not use their own independent judgment at all. I made up my mind that I would go and see my nephew Geoffrey Stockton, the brother of the Katharine Stockton that I told you about. Geoffrey had just come home from Harvard Law School, and had a lot of law books. I was sure the judge was wrong.

"At lunch-time I wasn't very hungry, so I just got a *chocolate éclair* and a *charlotte russe* and a cup of tea. Then I went right over to the New American store, and got talking with one of the salesmen there who knew all about the building. He told me something that was very important, but that hadn't come out in the trial at all; and that was that after they had made all their contracts the price of lumber had gone way up and was twenty-five per cent. higher than it had been when Tom sold it! Think of it, twenty-five per cent. higher—four hundred and fifty dollars—and they had really made all that, and poor Tom hadn't even had his eighteen hundred dollars yet!

"Then I looked up Tom's assessment at the tax office, and found that he was only assessed for his personal property on the basis of four hundred dollars. I had always supposed that Tom had a great deal more than that, but he had sworn to it, so that settled it.

"Then I went into Walling's grocery store, because I knew the Lethbridges traded there, and I got Mr. Walling talking about his store and what a nice class of customers he had and how all the nicest people in North Star dealt with him, and finally I turned the conversation round on Mrs. Lethbridge, and pretty soon I found out what I wanted to know. Would you believe it, Mrs. Lethbridge's bill hardly ever ran over forty-five dollars a month! So I knew they were living very economically, and putting all these things together, I was sure they never could send Josie to college unless that jury did the right thing.

"In the afternoon there was more wrangling between the lawyers, and Judge Hardy kept out lots of perfectly good evidence. But most of the time I could tell plainly enough what the witnesses would have said if they had let them say it, so I kept it in my mind just as if they said it, because I remembered something that Geoffrey had quoted once out of one of his law-books, that equity, which I suppose means the conscience of the jury, looks on that as done which ought to be done.

"Do you know, Judge Hardy made some awfully funny rulings? They were trying to prove that Tom's cashier had authority to go and get the check, which the judge said was the pivotal question in the case, though I had long ago made up my mind it wasn't; and they had George Pinney on the witness stand. Mr. Pinney is clerk of the Eagle Hotel at North Star. Senator Beebee was going right ahead with his questions, when up jumps Mr. Rathbone and calls out:

"'This witness can't prove that; he's utterly incompetent!'

"I never heard anything so insulting in my life, and I admired Mr. Pinney for keeping quite cool and not making any fuss. It was really libellous, because Mr. Pinney, as everyone in North Star knows, and as you've already learned, having been at North Star, is no more incompetent than you and I. Mentally, I suppose Senator Beebee meant. Mr. Pinney behaved beautifully, and Mr. Rathbone tried to soften it by making it appear that he only meant that

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he was not a competent witness to prove that fact, having no personal knowledge of it. Perhaps he didn't have any knowledge at first hand, but his hotel had certainly paid money to that cashier, and he was really particularly well fitted to tell us about the cashier's authority, for all the men in North Star drop in sometime at the hotel and sit around, and of course Mr. Pinney hears all the gossip and picks up a great deal that way. A man like that is really the best qualified of all; you see, he's like a doctor, or a seamstress, or a newspaper reporter.

"But the judge wouldn't admit his testimony, and Senator Beebee said, 'I note an exception.' Young lawyer Rathbone said that too every now and then. I noticed that he kept using that expression, and for a long time I couldn't imagine what he meant. I'd have given anything to know, but I hardly liked to ask. But I kept thinking about it, and noticing where it came in, until finally I realized what it meant. It means that the lawyer gives notice that what the witness is testifying to is an exception to the general rule, and that in all other cases, or in most of them, it was just the opposite of what happened in that instance. So I noticed all those cases very carefully, and took pains to remember about them in thinking over the case.

"Lawyer Rathbone was fascinating. He had a lovely green necktie that just matched my gown, though of course he was on the other side of the rail; and he never lost his temper when Judge Hardy ruled against him. There were a lot of witnesses to prove that the cashier had authority to receive that check, but Mr. Rathbone always objected to their saying so, and quite properly, and then said 'I note an exception.' So that made it all right, and I paid no attention to that part of the evidence, seeing they were all exceptional cases.

"When court adjourned for the afternoon the evidence was all in, but the lawyers were to sum up and the judge deliver his charge the next morning. Jack said he didn't want to hear a thing about the case; so there was nobody I could talk to all through dinner. But right after dinner I went around to my sister's, Edith Stockton, because I knew Geoffrey would be at home. I think that I told you that my nephew was just home from the Harvard Law School. He was so much fresher from school that of course he would know more about the law than Judge Hardy; and besides, Judge Hardy had had no chance to study the case out, but had to decide all the questions offhand, just as they came up; whereas Geoffrey and I could work it out at our leisure, because we had nothing else to do all the evening.

"I remembered that the judge had cautioned us not to talk about the case, so of course I didn't mention Tom Lethbridge's name to Geoffrey, nor the New American store. I told it to him just like a novel, and I left out a lot of immaterial details, and of course I didn't go into the question of whether Tom's cashier had authority to receive the check, because it was very plain that the judge was entirely mistaken in telling the jury that that was the pivotal question in the case. It was really of no importance at all, as you can see if you work it out logically, as I did. So in the case as I presented it to Geoffrey I just *assumed* that Tom's cashier had no authority to take the check—not that it made any difference; but the evidence showed that was so, because every time the company's lawyer proved that he had authority and used it in similar cases, Mr. Rathbone had noted that it was an exception.

"You know how narrow-minded lawyers are apt to become, through their working always, I suppose, in the same groove. Geoffrey is really a very liberal-minded man, and believes, almost, in equal suffrage, and thinks that St. Paul was not always inspired; but just from the narrowing influence of his legal studies, he started to make the same mistake that the judge had made, and said that it was important to know whether the cashier had authority to receive the check.

"'Now, Geoffrey,' I said 'don't let's waste time over that; we'll just *assume* for the sake of argument that he had no authority to receive it.'

"'In that case,' said Geoffrey, 'I should be inclined to think that the plaintiff would be entitled to recover.'

"I could have hugged Geoffrey, for of course that meant that now Josie Lethbridge would be able to go to college. I had figured out while Senator Beebee was opening the case for the defendant that the eighteen hundred dollars Tom was suing for would just about make things right.

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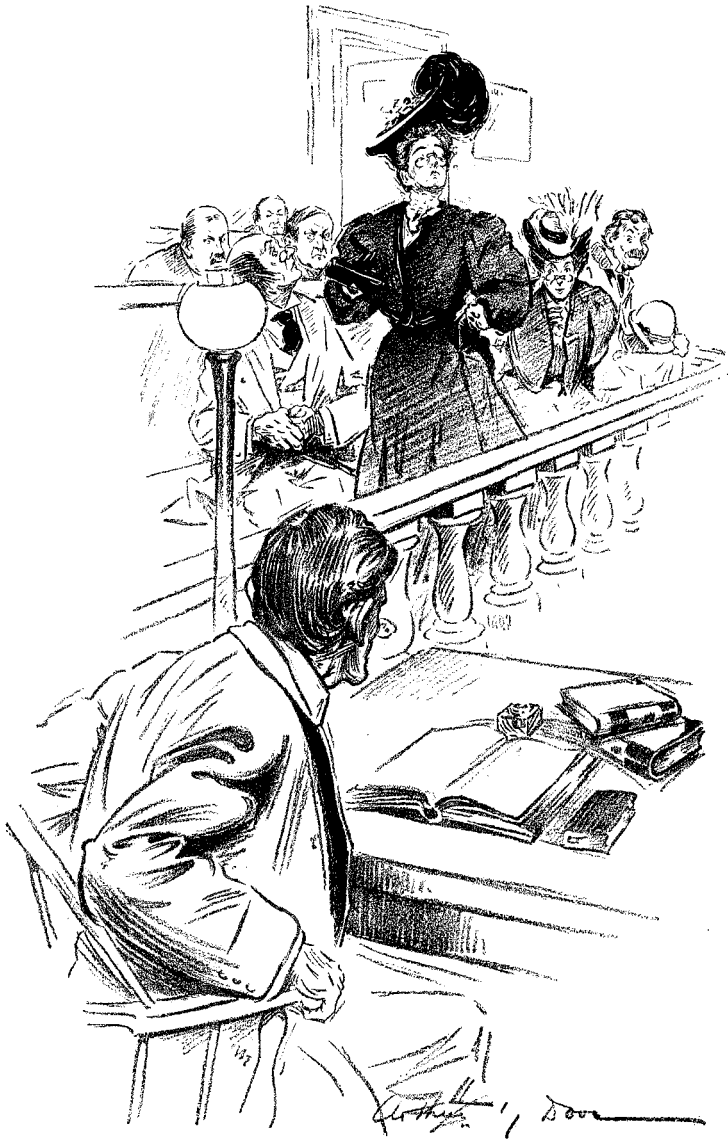

"Mrs. Doolittle rose and brushed past."—Page 594.

Josie would need more than that, especially if she went all the way to Wellesley, and I knew that was where she wanted to go; but of course Tom would have something for it besides what the jury was going to give him.

"Then Geoffrey showed me some 'Notes of Cases' and a book called 'Benjamin on Sales,' written by a very brilliant Southerner named Judah P. Benjamin, though he was a Confederate. I read all about him in the encyclopedia, because I like to understand a thing thoroughly, and I took 'Benjamin on Sales' home with me and sat up till twelve o'clock reading it. I was quite sure now, having studied into the subject myself, that the judge was wrong. 'Benjamin on Sales' is rather dry, and has a great many more foot-notes than it needs, but the type is good, and it was all a new subject to me, so it was very interesting. The only trouble is that the yellow leather of the binding is crumbling and dusty, and comes off on one's clothes.

"Early in the morning, on the way to

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court, I did a little detective work on my own account about that cashier, and from what I picked up I was quite sure that Tom would never have been so foolish as to give him authority to go and get a check like that—at least to get it any way but honestly, because logically that is the only kind of authority that counts.

"Well, the judge charged the jury, and said that there was only one question that he would leave to us, because everything else was either admitted or uncontradicted; and that was, whether Tom's cashier had authority to receive the check; and he told us that if from all the evidence we believed that the cashier had no authority to receive it, then we must find a verdict for the plaintiff for eighteen hundred dollars; otherwise, we should find a verdict for the defendant. Then he talked a lot about the burden of proof, and about confining ourselves to the evidence, and Mr. Rathbone took notice of some more exceptions, and then Sheriff Simers took us into the jury-room upstairs.

"We had a lot of chairs around a long table, and George Franklin, the foreman, said that we had better take a preliminary ballot to see whether we disagreed. So I wrote 'For the plaintiff' on a slip of paper, and we all put our ballots in George Franklin's hat, and when the ballots were opened, you wouldn't believe it, but the vote was eleven to one for the defendant!

"I wasn't going to let that nice little Josie Lethbridge lose the chance of going to college, but I hadn't anticipated I was going to have such hard work—and all in the cause of the higher education for women, too. Well, I took right hold of that miner who had sat next to me, and got him off in a corner. I made him show me his samples again, and tell me how the vein ran, and he got talking so enthusiastically about the mine that I told him he evidently had great executive ability and was more far-seeing than most men. That pleased him, and then I led the subject round to the trial, and rather took the side of the company. I said quite casually that the single vote for the plaintiff was evidently given by some

"I answered back, very quickly: 'Certainly NOT!'"—Page 594.

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one of very independent judgment, and I let him think that I thought it was his vote, and in ten minutes I knew that on the next ballot he would be with me, and would think that *he* had converted *me*.

"Mr. Babcock, the undertaker, had sat in the back row, and had been asleep through most of the trial, and I talked to him for a while about his children, and how pretty they were. He was very much pleased, because of course he leads a rather lugubrious life, considering his calling, and no one asks the Babcocks to things in North Star—they would be in a way like skeletons at a feast, you see. I told him that I was glad one man on the jury had had the courage of his convictions, and that I was inclined to agree with him. Somehow it pleased him that I thought he had cast that single ballot, and he said that he always thought Tom Lethbridge was a deserving man and that he hoped I would see my way clear to vote in his favor next time.

"Most of the men seemed rather narrow-minded about it, and said that it was clear enough from the evidence that the cashier did have authority to go and get the check, but you see there was a lot of evidence that had been excluded that would have proved just the opposite, and then there were all those exceptions of Mr. Rathbone's. I didn't pay much attention to Judge Hardy's rulings on the evidence, for the United States Constitution says that the right of trial by *jury* shall be preserved, and of course that means what it says, and not trial *by a judge*, which is something very different; and it says somewhere else in the Constitution that it—that is, the Constitution—shall be the

"I just got a *chocolate éclair* and a *charlotte russe*."—Page 595.

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Lawyer Rathbone.

supreme law of the land. You know we had a course on the United States Constitution in the Women's Current Events Club two years ago; and a lot of us read papers on it, and we all became quite familiar with constitutional law—really more so, I suppose, than most men.

"I didn't argue much with those jurymen, though I wanted to; but I told Mr. Manning what a fascinating paper his wife had read at the Current Events Club, and how fortunate it was that she had a husband so well posted on public affairs, who could give her suggestions. I told Fred Stivers, who was number nine, that I was going to discharge my cook for having stopped getting milk of him, and how I had noticed that the milk had not been so good lately; though as a matter of fact Stivers' milk is horrid, and I wouldn't have it in the house. It's awfully blue, and its my own belief he waters it.

"Everybody was wondering who had cast that single ballot for the plaintiff, and a lot of them spoke mysteriously, as if they had voted it, and were rather proud of it. So in about three-quarters of an hour we took another vote, and it was six to six—just even.

"There were three very obstinate men on that jury: Major Ransome, who had studied law, but was running the Triangle Ranch now; Luther Bostwick, who was very deaf, and hadn't heard much of the trial; and old Mr. Fairbairn, the president of the savings-bank. Mr. Fairbairn was not very strong, and when it came lunch time I could see that he missed it. But Sheriff Simers said we could have nothing but coffee and sandwiches.

"They sent us in some coffee, and it was awful, and the sandwiches were all dry. So everyone was getting very hungry and cross. I asked the sheriff if he couldn't get an oil-stove somewhere, and he said he was afraid it was against the rules, but he'd try. He brought in a nice little stove from the county auditor's office, and I sent him out for some good Java and Mocha coffee, and he brought us a coffee-pot and some condensed milk and a lot of those nice little white cheeses and some biscuits. So I made those men some real good coffee and nice soft cheese sandwiches, and then they were all in much better humor.

Foreman George Franklin.

"I talked with old Mr. Fairbairn, and took his side of the case, and got quite excited about it, until presently he began arguing himself. I told him I was willing to be convinced, and presently I had him arguing for Tom Lethbridge, just because he thought I was obstinate. He argued beautifully, and it was quite convincing to the rest of the jury, all but Major Ransome and Luther Bostwick.

"I could see that Major Ransome was nervous, and he kept fussing with his coat-pocket, and presently he said, 'Er—er—

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"I talked with old Mr. Fairbairn."—Page 600.

Mrs. Egerton, I wonder if you'd object to any of us smoking.'

"'Why, of course not,' I said. 'I was wondering why you didn't do it before.'

"So most of the men began to smoke, and it was all very pleasant and good-natured, and I praised up poor old Mrs. Fairbairn, and presently I saw that the jury was all right, all except the obstinate men, Luther Bostwick and Major Ransome. So I got the foreman to suggest that we compromise. I had done some more figuring in my head while I was making the coffee, and I was sure that Josie could get along at Wellesley on fifteen hundred dollars, with what her father could do outside of the money we were going to give him.

"Mr. Fairbairn said he didn't see how we could make any compromise, because there was no question about the amount of the bill; but the sixth juryman, who had hardly said a word before, came to the rescue and said that he had once read somewhere that the amount of damages was always in the sound discretion of the jury.

"So Major Ransome gave in, because he wanted to get back to the ranch that night, and the men wouldn't hear any objection from Luther Bostwick, and told him to keep quiet, and we all went back into the court.

"The lawyers were all there, and Tom Lethbridge, looking awfully nervous, and presently the judge came in. The foreman gave the verdict.

"'Your Honor, we find a verdict for the plaintiff for fifteen hundred dollars.'

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"Judge Hardy gave a little gasp; then he frowned, and Senator Beebee jumped up, and Mr. Rathbone smiled in a nice surprised kind of way, and he got up, and there was a lot of wrangling, and motions and things.

"I sat there, very proud and happy, and thinking how Josie was just the kind of girl to appreciate going to Wellesley.

"Then what do you suppose that rude, unchivalrous judge did? Why, it was the most impertinent thing I ever heard in my life. He said something, very sternly, about prejudice and fashion, or something of the sort, and then said:

"'The defendant's motion is granted, and the verdict is set aside as against the weight of evidence, and a new trial ordered before another jury.'

"Now I'm perfectly sure that was unconstitutional, and I'm going to say so in my paper this winter on 'Some Defects in Our Jury System.' And to think of that poor girl being kept away from college by a judge like that!

"But there, I've been awfully rude to talk so long without looking after my guest. Won't you let me give you another cup of tea?"

THE OTHER DOORS

By Mary Heaton Vorse

ILLUSTRATION BY A. B. WENZELL

A MAN once said to me, walking along the staid, well-ordered streets of New York: "Think what we should see, if the fronts of all the houses were off!"

Just set your imagination working for a moment. It's an expanding idea, isn't it? And rather shocking.

Well, that's Naples. The fronts are off the houses there. You have only to walk through the side-streets of the Old Town and you will see more of Italy, yes, and more of life, than you will in any other city in the world. Stupid people say Neapolitans have no home life and no homes. Why, you'll see more of the details of home life than any bachelor ever dreamed of, in his simplicity. When Felicia Kemp and I first took a walk through this quarter Felicia said:

"There's no place like home—thank God!"

"It's like a bird's-eye view of marriage," said I, looking around me.

"I suppose you meant that to be clever," said Felicia. "But it's so literal that it's no funnier than two times two."

"It's like seeing your future life all in a bunch, as people do when drowning," I explained, undismayed.

One woman was feeding her infant in what Felicia's Aunt Agnes calls "God's own sacred way." Another was spanking her son—you saw the seven ages of matrimony in one grand panoramic view. Felicia's eye followed mine; the effect was a little overwhelming when you looked at it from that point of view.

"It won't be what life will be if you marry me," she said firmly.

"Charmed, I'm sure," I murmured. "But this is so sudden." I wasn't as undisturbed as I seemed. Even under these chilling circumstances, my heart, at Felicia's words, went racing away at a pace that made me ashamed of it.

"It's good of you to have me," said Felicia gratefully. "I always have hated being spurned." She looked about again.

"Enough!" she decided. "To the waterfront, I."

So, as the distances in Naples are long, we jumped into the first cab that we found and rolled merrily away.

I don't know why it irritated me when we saw the exceedingly handsome person of Count Vicciardini standing at a street corner, staring after us.

Later in the day I met him at the Café Gambrinus.

"I did not know that you had a sister in Naples," he volunteered.

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"Neither did I," I responded. "Where is she? Take me to her!" A man should always be good to his sisters whether he knows them or not. But though his eye asked me, "*Who*, then, was the pretty young person with whom you were driving?" he said nothing more.

I am getting on in years, and there are so many things I haven't done yet—I want to marry Felicia Kemp for one—that I have no time to waste in explaining the barbaric customs of the Home of the Free to Neapolitans.

Afterward I said to Felicia, "Please remember not to go hopping into cabs with casual Italians." Upon which Felicia said pityingly: "My poor boy! Do you think I'm a last year's bird's-nest?" Of course that was the psychological moment for her Aunt Agnes to come in.

"I wish, Felicia, you wouldn't be so ridiculous. Of course Robert doesn't think you're a last year's bird's-nest. What is the use of being so silly?" asked this kind if somewhat literal lady.

"Bobby and I got engaged this afternoon," returned Felicia in a casual tone.

"Well, I am delight——" began Felicia's Aunt Agnes, and the expression of sincere pleasure on her honest face and, without treachery to Felicia I may say, relief, would have won my heart, if it hadn't been her's already. However, I couldn't let her go on, so I interrupted, always speaking with becoming modesty:

"Yes, Felicia proposed to me and I accepted her—it was my only course."

"Why, Felicia! How could——" began her Aunt Agnes, and with that the light faded from her eyes. "I believe you children are joking again! I never can tell when you are in earnest. You are always joking," she went on reproachfully.

"In the hour of death and in the day of judgment," Felicia murmured.

My heart had gone on one of its stupid and futile races with time; it gave me a certain fearful joy to talk about even a phantasmal engagement to Felicia.

Of course you will say that there's nothing so hopeless for a man as a situation in which a girl is so preposterously his friend that she can joke with him about their engagement when there isn't one. But you don't know Felicia; with her, as with the Lord, all things are possible.

II

"I'm going out," said Felicia, "to elevate an effete aristocracy with the simplicity of my republican manners."

"She means," explained Aunt Agnes, "that she's going out driving with Marchesa Quirini Lombardi."

Anyone but Felicia would at that point have given me a look of triumph. But Felicia merely remarked, "She had on everything but the kitchen stove, and yet she looked well dressed!" I had, as Felicia well understood, done all in my power to prevent a meeting between her and the marchesa. Oh, never mind my reasons, they're no one's affair but my own. The marchesa is a very pretty woman. I'm sorry to say that I gave myself away by exclaiming, "Why, I didn't know Felicia had met her!"

"She hadn't day before yesterday," said Aunt Agnes, and her voice had a plaintive note. "Allie Massini took her there to tea—and things, with Felicia, move so quickly, you know!"

I did know. There are times when I have felt as though I didn't know anything else.

Now a man's heart may go pit-a-pat when the One Woman looks at him. He may lie awake nights wishing he could do some great heroic act for her. But it's his duty just the same to use the gifts and faculties that God gave him, and when you're in a foreign country you ought to study its customs for all you're worth. Didn't you come abroad to improve your mind?

Well, the marchesa helped me a great deal about these foreign customs.

Oh, I know what you are thinking—there's no use in trying to explain things to some people. Even Felicia is dense in spots. But you can't spend your life at the boiling-point. Indeed the more in love a man is the more it's his duty to take his mind off, or it would get all lopsided—and what chance would a lopsided man have with Felicia? That's the way I look at it. That's the way that I should have tried to explain it to Felicia, if her smile, as she left us, had not been enigmatic.

"Something really ought to be done about it," I pointed out to Felicia's aunt. "No one has any business to be as pretty as Felicia. You ought to remonstrate with her. It's disturbing to traffic."

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Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.

"It was a great comfort to me, that heart."—Page 611.

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"I've noticed it, too—it's worst of all, here in Italy," sighed the dear lady.

"It's—it's ostentatious to be so lovely," I went on. "It breaks the peace. Only yesterday it came near causing a serious quarrel between us. You noticed something when you came in?" I inquired.

"I noticed that Felicia's hat was not on straight," replied this excellent woman. "And that Felicia seemed upset."

"It was quite needless of her; I told her so—it was her own fault. I told her that to look so beguiling was to be looking for trouble. That was why she was angry. Don't you call that unreasonable?"

"I don't understand Felicia always myself," said the poor lady doubtfully.

"And I told her that if she was quite in earnest about never wanting me to again she must wear a disfiguring veil or something."

"I often think myself she might dress differently," agreed Aunt Agnes.

"Well, what do you think she answered?" I grew quite indignant at Felicia's perversity. "She said she had often thought of wearing a fencing mask, but that if I would only wear a muzzle it would amount to the same thing."

"I'm sure," said Aunt Agnes, "I don't see what good that would do."

"I'm glad you feel that way," said I gratefully. "Next time it happens I'll tell her it's with your permission."

III

I WASN'T comfortable while Felicia was away. I couldn't help wondering about what the marchesa and Felicia were talking. I have never talked much about Felicia to the marchesa—and when Felicia asked me about the marchesa I said I thought she was stupid.

If you can't see now why I felt uncomfortable then you have no imagination.

If you have lived long in Naples, you can't have failed to know the Marchesa Quirini Lombardi. Even if you haven't met her you will, if you have eyes, have seen her. She is the one, you know, that everyone stares at. The one with the audacious and wonderful clothes. The one with the face of a Madonna with a past. Why, you must have seen her! She is the only woman in Naples—the only woman in Italy—who doesn't wear powder. Her complexion is like a magnolia by moonlight. She's the only woman left in the world with that sort of pale, transparent skin that looks as if light were shining through it.

If you didn't see her when you were in Naples, take the next train back there and stand upon the Via Caracciolo between four and five and wait until her carriage goes past, and you will realize that you had to see her before you could understand the beauty of those lovely women who, disguised as madonnas and saints, glow and smile from the walls of palaces and churches. God forgive me that I told Felicia that she was stupid—the marchesa never would. She had the wit of a Frenchwoman and the fire and sentiment of Juliet, and indeed she was *simpatica*. Oh, but how much! And this well-conducted heroine of romance lived as one would have a marchesa with a name like hers live. I felt it always as a personal kindness that she should live in a palace—what if the upper floors were let in apartments! Don't the noblest names of Italy rent the upper floors of their palaces in apartments? And when I passed through those high and dignified *salons*—the first two with their frescoed ceilings and the third whose coffered ceiling is more lovely than any fresco, and at last came to the little *salon* where the marchesa receives, and found her at her tea-table (and she treats the tea-table with the delicious awkward grace of a child with a new toy), and when the marchesa lifted her lovely eyes to mine—why, suffering for love of Felicia as I was, I saw I had made no mistake in coming to the marchesa for rest. The marchesa makes you laugh and makes you in love with yourself. Felicia gives you no time to love anything but Felicia. She fills your horizon, she puts out the flame of your self-love. Oh, go quickly, and drink a cup of the marchesa's wonderfully bad tea if you are burning with love of Felicia. It's the only thing I've ever found that would do any good.

IV

IT all happened as I knew it would. Felicia went to drive. Felicia went to tea. On the very day of the drive she met Count Vicciardini. For where the marchesa is there is the count also. Oh, well, you know Felicia's way! She had him tight tied to the mast in seven days more.

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The count, indeed, was one of my reasons for thinking the marchesa and Felicia better apart. But do me no injustice. I am not jealous of Count Vicciardini, nor was I ever, and besides, when you speak in that scornful tone about Italian counts it shows you never were up against one. Imagine all the heroes of romance rolled into one. Imagine a man handsome and distinguished as Athos, with the dash and fire of D'Artagnan, idealistic as Quixote, with the quick wit of a heroine of Gyp's—and what beautiful trousers that man did wear, what trousers! They fitted like those of an Italian officer! They had a go, a *je ne sais quoi*.

I see that you think that I am trying to drown my man in a deluge of praise, and let him go off presenting the ridiculous appearance of one who has been smeared with adulation. Let me clear myself of this imputation by saying that there was about him an irresponsible boyish gayety, an atmosphere of I-don't-know-what-may-happen-next, that was first cousin to Felicia's own. Then, too, we must confess, it is only the Latin races who make perfect lovers. (Shakespeare knew this; he saw the absurdity of trying to make a youthful Anglo-Saxon a romantic character.) And when within a week Contessa Vicciardini, the count's mother, called on Felicia's Aunt Agnes—and the contessa's calls on foreigners were so few that I knew this one had the significance of a diplomatic negotiation—then it was that I felt that something must be done. But my meditations were disturbed by the appearance of the count himself.

V

He came in, mysterious as any hero of an historical romance. His eyes flamed. I felt that here was ardor, here was *fuoco*. I, as I have already explained many times, am madly and desperately in love with Felicia. But my heart doesn't flame so fiercely that you see it burning in the dark. Love doesn't transfigure me, alas! as it did my friend. I felt myself hopelessly inferior, and the fact that my lower nature made me laugh only caused me to sink the deeper in my own esteem. For my higher nature told me that the count was as he should be; so the poets felt; in like manner the great lovers of earth were shaken as an aspen leaf in the storm by the great whirlwind of passion. I could imagine Francesca da Rimini's Paolo coming thus to a friend and murmuring, "Can I trust you?" as the count did now, and fixing the friend with his glowing eyes, as the count fixed me.

"I know I can," he continued; "I need your help."

"Charmed," I murmured. It's not to my credit that his intensity irritated me slightly, or that I wondered if all this was about the red queen or the black queen. He looked cautiously about him.

"A wonderful thing," he murmured, "has happened to me."

I am sure that the nightingale burst into song at that very moment and for the ten thousandth time in history, again seduced the rose. I felt shame for my northern coldness; felt shame that I could joke flippantly with Felicia, while my heart was logging sixty knots.

"It's a letter," he breathed. "From your adorable friend. I can't believe it! I can't understand it! I've been working over it with the vocabulary. My brain reels. I've come to you. Will you translate it?"

Don't laugh. Brains ought to reel when a man's in love. Take shame to yourself for a fish-blooded Anglo-Saxon if yours didn't.

"If it's not too long I'll translate it," said I with as bad grace as was possible.

I stretched out my hand for the letter.

"Not here," he confided to me. "Oh, not here. Walls have ears and a lady's confidence is sacred. My carriage is waiting outside."

"Oh, nonsense!" I snapped, for my temper was, you may imagine, far from good. I adore Felicia, but, oh, how I longed to give her a piece of my mind!

"*Per carità, per carità,*" said the count. "I cannot, not; I cannot. It would be profanation. Under the blue sky as we go swiftly along; let it be there, I beg."

"Oh, very well," said I snappishly, and I accompanied him.

Not until we had left the push of fashionable carriages behind us did the count bring out his precious letter. Humiliation crept over me that I should so bury my love for Felicia that the count didn't even recognize in me a rival, but actually came to me with his confidences. They, the count and his mother, had evidently looked me over, and dismissed me with the verdict, "Not dangerous."

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"Be honest with me, tell me all it means, read between the lines!" he implored.

He handed me an envelope which I recognized as the familiar pale-gray paper of Felicia, inscribed with Felicia's unforgetable hand.

"*My dear Count Vicciardini,*" began Felicia. My eye ran rapidly through the note. I almost gave a shout of joy. I begged Felicia's pardon.

"'*My dear Count Vicciardini,*'" I translated it.

"I couldn't believe it," murmured the count, "that so soon she should have called me 'dear.' *Caro, caro,*" he repeated. "No; *cara! o mia carissima!*"—he had forgotten me. He soared like a toy balloon into the blue, and I, like an impatient child, jerked down the balloon.

"My dear friend," I said, "'dear' with us is as *egregio*, or *illustrissimo* or *gentilissimo* with you—the conventional beginning of a letter."

"She called me '*my* dear,'" he triumphed; "'*her* dear'——" he was off into the azure again. Again I brought him to earth.

"'My,'" I explained, "puts you at arm's length. 'Dear Count Vicciardini' would have been far less formal."

He smiled at me, as a child who doesn't understand.

"She has called me '*Caro mio,*'" he repeated, with serene obstinacy. "That is enough; but read on; you will see."

"*Thank you very much for the book,*" said Felicia's letter.

"I know well your customs," said Count Vicciardini. "When one wishes to pay the serious court to a young girl books you send; if not serious it is only sweets. A convenient custom. I have sent and you see she has accepted a book. It was a handsome book," he added proudly. "I had first—fool that I was—sent her sweets. I was afraid she might resent it."

"'*You must come soon to see us and let me thank you myself,*'" I read. "'*I can make my manners far more prettily in speech than with my pen.*'"

I knew my Felicia there—she detests writing notes of any kind.

"You see she tells me to come to her," the count interrupted.

"'*Believe me,*

"'*Always sincerely yours,*

"'*Felicia Kemp.*'"

I finished. The count turned his eyes on me. I understood in that moment where the term "lustrous orbs" came from.

"That was what I couldn't believe——" his voice was hardly above a whisper. "She says she's mine, always mine, sincerely mine; she asks me to believe her."

This was more than I could bear. "See here," I said rudely, "if I had translated that in its spirit instead of literally it would have read, '*Devotissima*' or '*Salutandolo,*' or any other conventional ending you choose."

"She called me 'her dear' and said she was mine! Oh, noble heart! no Italian could have dared! Your American girls are free from coquetry."

"Oh, very." And my sarcasm was bitter.

"You've never perhaps had such good fortune?" he inquired naïvely.

"A girl proposed to me once," I gloomily told him, "and nothing came of it."

"I know she means it," he insisted; "she has told me she is mine, and I know she means it."

I was just reaching for another bucket of cold water to throw upon my over ardent friend, when an astounding, an incredible sight confronted me. It was a little pin lying upon the floor of the carriage, a scarab pin set in yellow gold. I knew that pin well, for the best reason in the world: I had bought it, and it was Felicia's.

And there it was, accusing, condemning, convincing, upon the floor of Count Vicciardini's carriage. The only excuse on earth jumped to my mind—Felicia had been driving with the count's mother. Then I remembered that the contessa had a cold, and had not been out of the house since she had called on Aunt Agnes.

Like a parrot's, the count's voice grated in my ears. "She must mean it when she says it."

You can imagine what I felt. You can see what a light the little lost pin shed upon the count's convictions. What I had taken for the fatuous insistence of a too ardent lover suddenly ceased to be fatuous. Felicia's mad escapade—for that there had been one I had positive proof—had given my friend the right to read all sorts of meanings into Felicia's polite little note. And listen to what happened next. The count's eyes followed mine to the floor. He saw the pin. I knew he saw it, knew he recognized it. I looked away. The count

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covered the pin with his foot. Clumsily he changed the subject. Clumsily he called my attention to something on the far horizon. It was almost as if he had been an April fool's joker, exclaiming, "Look at the parrot in the tree!" I might well have expected him to cry, "April fool!" The count dropped his handkerchief. He picked it up with, I had no reason to doubt, the pin as well. I arrived at my hotel, a heartbroken man.

VI

THE next afternoon I waited on Felicia. Gloom was upon me; in fact, I presented such a spectacle of despair that even Felicia's Aunt Agnes noticed it.

"I always said," she observed, as she looked me over, "that the queer Italian food you persist in eating would disagree with you—and now it has!"

"It's not indigestion," I retorted in a sullen tone. No man likes to have people mix up his heart and stomach that way.

"Don't tell *me*," returned Aunt Agnes. "I know *men*. There's nothing else that gives a man the pinched, ill-tempered look—I don't mean, Robert, that you are, you know,—except indigestion!"

I preserved a majestic silence. My soul at that moment might have sat to Michael Angelo for Despair. Death had no horrors for me; but first, I wanted to have it out with Felicia.

"Felicia's out," said her aunt, "and I was just sending a note for you. The countess is coming around this afternoon. She's just sent me word, and I want someone to translate for me."

And at that moment Contessa Vicciardini was announced. There is no book I know of on the eighteenth century that is so illuminating as to its manners and customs as a chat with Contessa Vicciardini. Talk with her, note her delicious artificialities, her adorable mannerisms, and see if, all at once, your moralities don't seem cumbersome and tiresome, your nineteenth-century civilization a bulky monstrosity.

After the first compliments had been clear out of the way, like the *hors-d'œuvres* before a dinner:

"It is far better that your delicious niece is not here," said the countess, folding her perfectly gloved hands upon her lap, "considering the delicate nature of our interview."

"She says," I translated, "that she's glad Felicia's not here, as it seems the talk is going to be delicate."

"I've seen times when the talk seemed indelicate to me, and there sat Felicia in the midst of it," commented Aunt Agnes.

"The signora feels quite as you do," I interpreted. Preoccupied as I was, I noticed vaguely that the gayety of the contessa was veiled with seriousness. Hers was a mien as of one who has a duty to do, a duty which must be performed under trying circumstances, and her valiant little air showed that she intended to up and at it, and get it over with, whatever it was, and when my imagination, flying heavenward, bade me tell the contessa that Felicia's aunt also thought it was better that Felicia was absent a look of relief passed over her pretty face.

"I'm so glad she does. I feared that, with the difference of race and language, it might be difficult; but we mammas are the same all the world over, eh, signora? We understand each other?"

"She says mothers are the same all the world over," I translated.

I saw in Aunt Agnes's doubtful eye that she thought that there were mothers and mothers. The contessa smiled radiantly at Aunt Agnes. Here at least was a language that the dear woman understood, and with all her heart she smiled in response.

"Ah, it is kind of you to make it easy for me!" cried the contessa. "It is always difficult, except when the relations are old, old friends; but with your lovely niece you must have had more experience than I——"

To Aunt Agnes, who was waiting for her cue, I said:

"She says it's kind of you to receive her so pleasantly."

"The pleasure is mine," replied Aunt Agnes, promptly. She knew her manners—no one better.

"It is you who are making all difficult things easy," was my liberal translation to the contessa.

"No," she opposed to me, "it is that we both love the interest of our dear children. Here is a time when one cannot do without one's dear little mamma. Though to be sure," she added with an arch coquettish glance, and her coquetry was of the days of powdered hair and patches, of adorable playing at Arcadia, a coquetry faded and

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faint, and inexpressibly *démodé*, "though, to be sure, the young people of to-day seem more independent than they were in such matters, in our day! I learn from my son, however," she finished, "that it was with your entire consent that your charming niece accepted the book."

Light had been dawning on me ever since the beginning of the contessa's speech. Before she had finished the light had altogether broken through the night of my denseness; I had almost a mental sunstroke. I repeat that I know, of course, that I ought to have seen, from the very first minute that the contessa had come to Aunt Agnes to propose to her for the hand of Felicia for Count Vicciardini!

Oh, fool, not to have seen that the preliminary constraint, the little subsequent brightness, the relief when Aunt Agnes seemed to understand, and the archness, all spelled "proposal of marriage," as clear as ever the alphabet could spell it.

And here I was, translating a proposal for the hand of my own Felicia, not only from Italian (coquettishly adorned with French phrases) into English, but from the spirit of the eighteenth century into the spirit of New England of to-day and that to a woman who, although the soul of goodness, was a little slow on the uptake! I pulled myself together to say to the expectant Aunt Agnes:

"She says that you both have the interest of young people at heart, and that young people are more independent to-day than they were when you were young."

"Times have changed," agreed Aunt Agnes.

I interpreted Aunt Agnes's entire assent, my brain working overtime to make up for its late torpidity.

"In ordinary occasions, as we have known each other such a short time, we should not of course expect to come at once to an understanding. But this, dear signora, is not an ordinary case, is it? Our twentieth-century little ones are so original that my old legs can scarcely keep up with them, at the pace at which they go!"

I opened and shut my mouth, but no word came, and already the little lady had left me far in her wake and was casting anchor in port, flags flying.

"I can understand, signora, that you will wish to know more of our family before we arrange anything definite. We old ladies will stand together and restrain the impetuosity of our young people. *Piano, piano*, must be their motto. A thousand salutations to the charming miss."

And with mutual compliments the ladies separated, and now I realized that the road to this interview must have been paved with the shattered traditions of years; that, in fact the wreckage must have been awful to consider, and that the urbanity, the absence of condescension, the perfect manner of the contessa were the crowning point of her life; and wondered what pressure had been brought to bear on the blithe old lady.

The answer stared me in the face. It was evident that the house of Vicciardini needed a dowered bride, and suddenly. Well, and what then? A man who has a title and a palace and pictures any museum would lick its chops over has contributed his part, I should think.

Now all this didn't take me a moment to consider, and I was all ready for Aunt Agnes, who quavered: "Mercy, how funny and complimentary foreigners are! I confess I can't make head or tail of what she was saying." This, I saw, was a polite way of telling me that she doubted my powers as an interpreter.

"I don't wonder you didn't," I responded bitterly. "She came to propose to you for Felicia's hand! Before you know where you are Felicia will be married to a Catholic count whose morals I've no doubt are frightful, if he's got any at all! And she'll *live* in Naples!"

Now let what happened next show you that all women are alike.

"Oh, to think, to think I can't talk to that woman in her own tongue! Think of her impertinence coming to me!" she flamed. "I should think times have changed! It's all your fault, Robert," she went on. "This never need have happened if men were as they were when I was young! Things have come to a pretty pass when their mothers have to do their courting for them! It's a shame *your* mother isn't here, and all this might have been avoided."

Well, if the spring lamb had suddenly turned to rend me I couldn't have been more surprised. The storm died away with one or two final thunder-claps. "This is what comes of travelling in papist countries!" was one. "I've no patience with

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any of you!" was another. And though "any of you" was quite comprehensive, I perceived that of all people in the world it was poor, wronged, deceived I with whom, for some obscure reason, she had the least patience.

I hadn't long to chew the cud of my wrongs before in came Felicia.

VII

I PERCEIVED two things at once. One was that Felicia was wearing her scarab pin! My heart gave a great thump. She had seen the count, then, at the marchesa's —if indeed she had been there at all, for this was the preposterous thought that leaped to my mind. But the sudden wave of anger and despair which swept over me was somewhat cooled by the second thing I observed.

Felicia was evidently angry. She moved with the air of an offended goddess. I have already explained how she had failed to understand the purity of my motives in regard to the marchesa, and under ordinary circumstances I should have been worried.

Now I hastened to give the first shot, by saying: "I hope you've had a pleasant afternoon. I've been translating for the count's mother. I suppose, of course, he told you she was coming."

"I haven't seen him for days," said Felicia. "And I've had a horrid time this afternoon." Reproach was in her voice, disappointment, sadness; but dominating them was a note of pride. Somehow, by some magic, she had managed to convey to me that something was all my fault. And in spite of all she had done, and all I had suffered, I felt all at once like a very small boy caught in mischief.

"The marchesa's husband," she remarked to Aunt Agnes, "is a little beast." I have not mentioned the lovely marchesa's husband. He has little to do with my story.

"I feel," said Felicia, "soiled. I've never," she complained, "been part of a scene before. The marchesa and I were waiting for the carriage. I was sitting near the window you can't see from the door, when in rushed the marchese. He threw down a man's glove, then squeaked:

"'Again—it's happened again! *You* know where I found this.'

"'Blame him, then; go to him,' your friend the marchesa cut him short, 'instead of making a scene before Miss Kemp.' He grew red as a lobster. And when we got into the carriage the marchesa said to me with her Leonardo-Luini smile:

"'Oh, these jealous husbands!' She was dressed like a silver mine in a fog," added Felicia, in a tone which told me that this added the little final touch of unpleasantness to the whole disgusting occurrence.

She also conveyed that while she was waiting to hear what I had to say for myself (that it was somehow all my fault was evident), she would not for the world touch me with the tongs. It's strange how being blamed makes one feel guilty. I'm sure that only the darkest criminals show up well at the bar.

"I don't see that you've any call to be angry with Robert," said Aunt Agnes. "I've always said that Neapolitans had no moral feelings, but that's no fault of his."

"The glove," said Felicia simply, "was Bobby's," and she left the room. The dreadful thought rushed over me that she was going to her room to cry. Then a wail rose from Aunt Agnes; and of all the reproaches I have had in my life, it touched me most.

"O Robert!" she cried. "I was ready and glad to trust Felicia to you!" And she too vanished, leaving me alone in the little *salon*.

VIII

Now the trees of wit and wisdom are wayward trees, often bearing their belated fruit at unseasonable times, and so stunned had I been by the conduct of my ill-conducted glove, which had evidently been found where no gentleman's glove should have been, that I had not said one word for myself. And among all the bitter thoughts that were mine not the least bitter was that just when Felicia needed bringing up with a firm hand, and through no fault of my own, all authority had been snatched from me. There was nothing for it but to seek out the marchesa, for the ends of all the tangled threads of the last two days seemed to be in her hand.

When I presented myself at her house next day, "I have something of yours to return to you," she smiled at me over the teacups.

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"A glove," I suggested in an indifferent tone.

"My husband is so—impetuous," she murmured.

"Your house," I said, "is the place where all lost things are found. If you find my heart, which I have carelessly mislaid, will you return it to me?" One says these things as a matter of course to women like the marchesa.

"Are you sure you have lost it here?" she asked.

"I thought I saw you playing with one the other day which looked like mine. And among all the hearts that you have—I hear yours is the largest collection in Europe—you would not miss it. One is lonely without one's heart, you know."

"I never play with my hearts," she replied. "I only look at them and wonder at them. Some make me very sad, and some of them cause me a great deal of trouble." Her voice was sweet as the sighing of a soft wind; there was never a woman who better understood the value of sadness.

"Do you never think of the many bereft women who have neither their own heart nor any one else's when you look at all yours?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, "I am sorry for all women, and if men were as careful of the hearts that are given to them as I am of mine—but to have a heart and throw it away! Yes, I am sorry for women."

"If anyone gave me a heart, I would treasure it all my days!" I protested.

"There are some men who try to exchange hearts with a woman and give only a false, spurious heart in exchange. I have even known a man who at one and the same time gave his heart to two women. What do you think of that?"

"That it would be very unfortunate for the man if the two women should meet," I replied. I felt vaguely uncomfortable, as if she were not talking to me but beyond me, and I raised my eyes to meet the eyes of Count Vicciardini. He was looking at the marchesa as he had at Felicia's letter.

"I had a heart," she went on, "only lately, which I could have sworn was true gold. I believed it was given me to keep forever, and that no other woman could ever take it from me, nor time. It was a great comfort to me, that heart." And again I had the impression that it was not to me she was talking.

"Ah, well," she said lightly—and brushed from her the thought of the false heart. Count Vicciardini had turned away. "We all play the game of life, and in the end we all lose. And along the way we constantly mislay small objects of value. You, you say, have lost your heart. Also you lost your glove—which permitted itself to be found where it should not have been. My husband has lost his temper, Miss Kemp her pin; but that was found——" She looked at me innocently, and I felt my heart stand still. So she knew—what?

But I would not give Felicia away, so I replied: "I think you are mistaken; I am very careful about my gloves and never allow them to stray where they should not."

Suddenly she laughed: "Ah, if you but knew the answer! Ah, it is so funny, so funny!"

I now know that she held us all in the hollow of her hands, that she laid the clue to the riddle in mine, but so gently that, stupid as I am, I never knew it. Like the gods, she let the game play itself as it would, content with any outcome. I know no other woman on earth who with such an opportunity could have resisted the obvious rôle of *dea ex machina*.

You may think it was through pride that the Marchesa Quirini Lombardi kept the key to the secret; but I believe that it would have cost her no pang to tell it all. No woman whose pride would have suffered at the disclosure could have played with disclosure as she did.

IX

So I went down the palace stairs no wiser than I came. I met Felicia and her Aunt Agnes coming up. Aunt Agnes's placid face had matured remarkably in the hours that had passed since she had left me with a reproach on her lips. The reproach still looked out through her eyes.

Felicia was so lovely, so fresh, that after the exotic charm of the marchesa she was like the sweet fresh wind of the mountain; or so it seemed to me, ungrateful instantly to the perfume of the room that I had left. But you see I loved Felicia and Felicia only.

In spite of her look of fatigue and maturity, there was a warrior light in Aunt Agnes's eyes. Not for nothing have her generations of Puritan ancestors been "up and doing."

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"Our trunks are packed," was her greeting to me. "We are coming to say goodby." "You see, the grass doesn't grow under my feet," was what her glance conveyed to me. There was a little discouraged droop to Felicia's mouth which told me that she didn't care whether the trunks were packed or not, and it touched me extremely. I wanted to go right up to her and before Aunt Agnes and all—but I only said:

"Felicia, come out with me. I can't wait—not another minute—to talk to you."

"I told you Bobby didn't do it!" she cried to her Aunt Agnes, and there was a pitiful quiver to her lips. And it rushed over me that her discouragement, her sadness, were because of me, thrice unworthy; that I, without being there, had still eloquently pleaded my own cause, and that in spite of all appearances against me, she had forgiven me—no, she had done more, she had entirely absolved me, she had decided that there was no need of forgiveness.

And at that moment I forgave Felicia whatever escapade her lost pin might have been witness of. Felicia should not be more generous than I, and I determined that, as far as I was concerned, there had been no escapade. Still I wondered how Felicia's pin had come to be on the carriage floor.

"I didn't," I cried, in answer to Felicia's generous exoneration. "It's all a mistake," I asserted. "I couldn't be here now talking to you if I had," was what I wanted to say, for that, I knew, was what she meant.

There were many ghosts to be laid between us, light to be let into many shadowy places, much to be explained. Instinctively, we turned up a narrow street, and the noises and smells and colors of Naples were as the Garden of Eden, and we were happy as the first sinless man and woman. And we explained everything and let in the light in the dark places by a blessed silence. I may have said once or twice, "Felicia," and again "Felicia," but I had no need to say more than that, and if you look back to the great moments of your life, you will find that you too only said "Felicia," and at the time it seemed to you the most eloquent thing, and the deepest and wisest and most loving.

Well, tragedy was not for Felicia and me, nor could we dwell long in the Garden of Eden, but it was not the serpent who broke in upon us; only, as usual, our friend Pantaloon, who came in with a double somersault, and a "Here we are again." He appeared at first cleverly disguised. All we saw was a smart carriage of the kind that may be both open or shut, and two smart horses, and a coachman and footman in livery. "That is Count Vicciardini's carriage," I said in the half-unconscious way wherewith one points out the obvious.

Then I looked at Felicia guiltily. I certainly didn't wish to call to her mind the count's unlucky carriage at that moment above all others.

But Felicia's brow was calm, without embarrassment.

"It's exactly like the marchesa's," she remarked. "And the linings are the same color."

And then Pantaloon unmasked himself. The equipage stopped before a stable. The smart coachman and footman jumped from the box, and a man came out and began fussing with the carriage.

"Why, he's taking off the doors!" exclaimed Felicia.

He was. He was removing the carriage doors.

Now, of course, at home we no more take off the carriage doors than we do the front door, so Felicia and I stopped to watch this proceeding.

It was evidently an every-day occurrence; the man took off the doors with all the skill of an experienced scene-shifter.

"Why do you do that?" I asked. The man grinned.

"I change the doors, signore," he said, and trotted away.

He came back with another door and fitted it deftly to the hinges. The door was in no wise different from the other, except in one little detail. The new door had the arms of the Lombardi Quirini instead of those of the Vicciardini!

Felicia and I gazed at each other.

"Why it *is* the marchesa's carriage!" cried Felicia.

"But it *was* the count's," I protested, wishing to justify the testimony my own eyes gave me.

The man grinned again.

"A very practical arrangement," he commented again.

"Carriages are costly in Italy," suggested Felicia, on whom light was beginning to break.

"*Altro che, signora!*" assented the man.

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My brain was whizzing like an alarm-clock. Oh, wronged Felicia! good and white Felicia! The only reason I did not fall before you and kiss your feet is that this is the twentieth century and I am Anglo-Saxon. Again I saw your pin lying innocent on the floor of the count's carriage which was also the marchesa's. I saw the count's embarrassment—I saw him drop his handkerchief. It was a wonderful practical joke which the Lombardi Quirini and the Vicciardini played on their acquaintance, and which had embraced, in its ampleness, the affairs of some little Americans. I heard in my imagination the voice of the angry husband crying to his wife as he threw down my glove. "*You* know where I found this!" and his agonized cry, "Do you want us to be the laughing-stock of all Naples?" And I heard the marchesa's laughter, and I knew it was at herself and the count and at us, the innocent victims, that she had laughed.

"Thank Heaven," said Felicia, "I didn't need this Noah's ark to convince me about you, Bobby, and your glove!"

I wished I could have echoed her; and I blessed all my fates that I had never, as I had so burned to do, confronted Felicia with that pin.

And so laughing like children we went home. As Aunt Agnes looked at us all the lines of her anxious face smoothed out; ten years took to themselves wings in that moment.

"I'm so glad you've been sensible at last," said she with that fine disregard of tact that was hers.

"But Felicia hasn't proposed to me again," I complained.

A CLUB-MAN'S REQUIEM

By Martha G. Dickinson Bianchi

WARREN has gone; and we who loved him best
Can't think of him as
"entered into rest."
But he has gone; has left the morning street,
The clubs no longer echo to his feet;
Nor shall we see him lift his yellow wine
To pledge the random host—the purple vine.
At doors of other men his horses wait,
His whining dogs scent false their master's fate;
His chafing yacht at harbor mooring lies;
"Owner ashore" her idle pennant flies.
Warren has gone—
Forsook the jovial ways
Of Winter nights—his well-loved plays,
The dreams and schemes and deeds of busy brain,
And pensive habitations built in Spain.
Gone, with his ruddy hopes! And we who knew him best
Can't think of him as "entered into rest."
So when the talk dies out or lights burn dim
We often ponder what is keeping him—
What destiny that all-subduing will,
That golden wit, that love of life, fulfil?
For we who silent smoke, who loved him best,
Can't fancy Warren "entered into rest."

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AT THE BATHS OF LUCCA

By Neith Boyce

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. C. PEIXOTTO

A DAY of nearly a thousand years had this Tuscan watering-place, now in the twilight of its fame—a twilight pleasanter to the contemplative visitor than its gambling and scandalous noon could have been. For its beauty lies not in the modern places of pleasure in the dusty valley, but in the surrounding hills, with their uncounted gray little towns and flowery gorges; and it is this beauty, rather than the gayety the place once had, or even the virtue of its waters, that has been the attraction, to poets and philosophers, of the baths of Lucca.

The three little villages, Ponte Seralio, Villa and Bagni Caldi, straggling up the hillsides along the valley of the emerald green Lima, their outlying villas embedded in "vines, myrtle-bushes, laurels, oleanders," as Heine describes them, and sentinelled by the "solemn green cypresses," have had many illustrious visitors. The charm of those chestnut-wooded slopes of the lower Apennines is celebrated in some pages of Montaigne's "Journal de Voyage"; in some of the best letters of Shelley and Mrs. Browning; and it inspires an amorous episode of Heine's "Reisebilder." Fewer philosophers and poets visit the place to-day; few gouty English, even. The sunset of its prosperity came when, after the cession of the duchy of Lucca to Tuscany, the archducal court made a summer residence at the Baths; built barracks, villas, and roads, and drew crowds. But now the grand-duke's villa on the hillside is a hotel with few guests; the barracks round the little piazza, whence a fine long flight of stone steps leads up to the terrace, have been turned into *pensioni*, filled with frugal Italians come for the baths; the casinos in the valley below, once gay with gaming and dancing, are deserted; and the landlords' noses grow redder with despair every year.

The water and the scarcely less celebrated air of Bagni di Lucca failed to cure the tertian fever of the young Marquess of Cerveno, heir presumptive of Pianura, but they performed for Michel de Montaigne more than all the most noted springs of France, as the curious pages of his Journal witness. We may regret that this philosopher was so absorbed in the study of his own symptoms, and that he put them down in such Pepysian detail. For he forgets, meanwhile, to tell us whether the baths cured also that poor Cremonese merchant whose head was so bad that he couldn't remember what he had had for dinner; and he gives only brief glimpses of the country and the people, as charming in that day as in this, evidently, and more prosperous. But we do learn that he gave a ball there to one hundred well-dressed women—certainly more than could be mustered in the resort to-day! These country people spoke the purest Tuscan and appeared like gentlefolk. And then—in 1581—some of the gray little towns which now hang like fossil-shells on the hill-tops were alive and gay. Benabbio, which Montaigne visited, was so well off that every woman in the town had a pair of white stockings. To-day they go barefoot and the only proofs of former opulence are the flaky gold picture, Scuola di Giotto, in the church, and sundry columns and door-casings of fine design, built into the rough peasant dwellings. Yet one should see Benabbio—by preference on a day of late July, when the sky burns into purple through the gray of the olives, when the grape-vines running everywhere have taken a golden tinge and glow against the old gray-black walls and the black cypress.

There is a good road all the way to Benabbio, but to Corsena, a few miles away, one must go by a foot-path which crosses, on bridges made of halved tree-trunks, from side to side of a rushing brown brook. Yet in Montaigne's time the baths of Corsena were more fashionable than those of Lucca, and its springs were most poetically named, Savoury, Amorous, Sweet-crowned, the Despairing One. To-day the little place on its hill, hidden away at the head of an unvisited valley, almost never sees a stranger,

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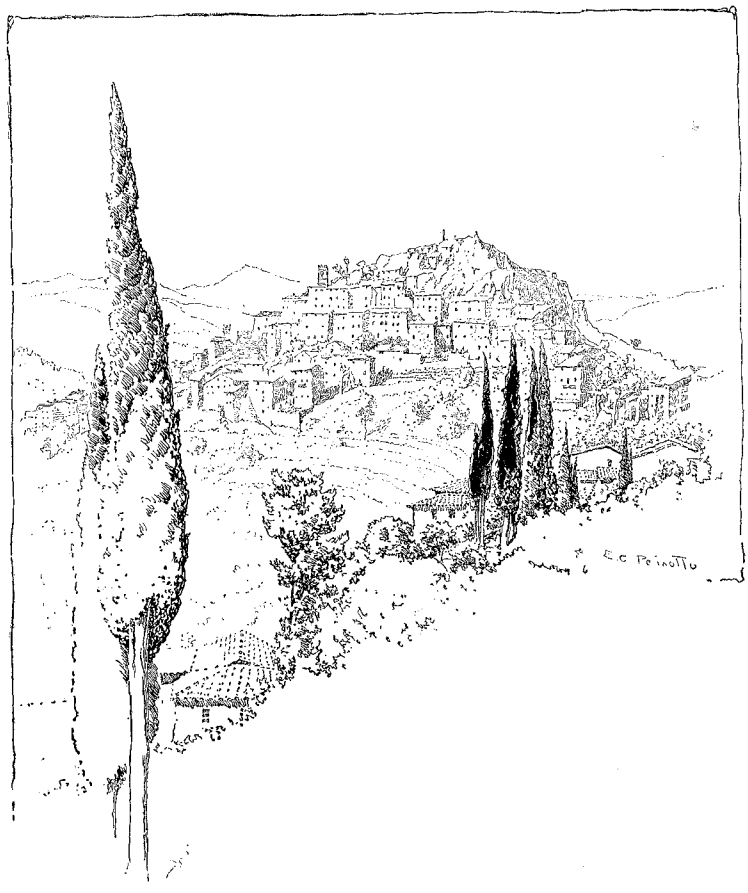

Gray little towns that hang like fossil-shells upon the hill-tops.

and is never seen even at a distance, except by those given to exploring. From its unusual form, however, it attracts the curious; the church lifted high on the crest of the hill, and the town encircling it lower down, the whole somehow suggesting a monastery or a fortress. The path to Corsena skirts the hill crowned by Lugliano, the picturesque jewel of the whole region; and then penetrates a long narrow valley, solitary and looking quite untouched, with its woods and little plats of turf and wild flowers among the rocks. Yet in reality the peasant thrift noted by Montaigne still uses every available bit of ground and water. Here one passes a gray old mill, there a vineyard or a nursery of young olives, or perhaps a hay-field ten yards square. Now, as in the sixteenth century, and who knows how much earlier, the hills, wherever possible, are cultivated and planted to the very top. "Each gradation of every hill," as the philosopher observed, "is surrounded on the outer edge by a circle of vines, within which you see another circle of green corn; and the slope above this is covered with fruit trees till you come to another circle of vines. And each little pocket of soil on the hill-side or along the brook grows its trifle of wheat." The reason for this economy is connected with the fact that the population consists almost entirely of women and babies. In spite of its smiling look of plenty, its luxuriance of olive, fig, and garlanding vine, the country is bitterly poor. The women and children can easily till the soil, thin on these rocky slopes; and the men accordingly are "gone to America." In Corsena there are but two this side of their dotage, and the astonishment of the inhabitants at the sight of strangers is oddly marked if one of these happens to be a man. Cries of "*Uomo!*" and stares of curiosity greet him. However, these women and children—whose multitude really presents a serious problem—seem ac-

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tive, cheerful, and even prosperous. In mid-July they are all busy gathering in, from nook and corner, the wheat. In even-laid golden bundles it is stacked all along the walls of the houses on both sides the main street, an irregular lane paved with cobbles, and covers the low gray wall that terraces the hill-side. A woman in an upper window is winnowing her tiny harvest, tossing it in a basket while the wind carries away the chaff. The babies in the street are carrying their bunches of stalks, and by the bordering wall an old woman is picking up the grains that have fallen in the dust.

Heine discovered a remarkable fact about this neighborhood of Lucca, when he was writing at the Baths the third book of his "Reisebilder." "There are no Philistine faces here!" And he adds: "If there are Philistines, they are at least Italian orange-Philistines, and not the plump, heavy, German potato-Philistines." And these Lucchese wear their cloaks and their individuality with a delightful flourish which may even extend to the handles of their knives on any provocation; whereas, he reminds you, if you offend one of a gathering of a dozen Germans, they will call with one voice for the police.

Of that year of 1828 Heine wrote to Freda Roberts, "It was the most splendid year of my life." Young, vigorous, and exuberant, eager for experience and joy, the "German Apollo" had gone down into Italy, partly after material for the *Morgenblatt*, full of his success and boyishly determined to make still more noise with his next "Travel Pictures." "This third series," he wrote to Moser, "shall be a man-of-war, far more fearfully equipped; the cannon shall be of greater calibre, and I have discovered quite a new powder for them. Neither shall it carry so much ballast as its predecessor."

It is the "ballast," however, as opposed to the enginery of destruction, that remains interesting to us, and especially when we have in mind the scene where Heine wrote. It is the portrait of Francesca, the dancer, with the red slipper and the blue, and of Matilda, the witty Irishwoman; the delicate bits of landscape and atmosphere painting; the broad picture of the ruined beauty, Letitia, and her two adorers, the philosopher and the poet; and the exquisite Heinesque images—like the comparison of that old poet to "a withered vine shivering on a wintry hill-side, while the juice of his grapes is warming hearts far away." And, above all, it is the delightful spirit of youth and freshness with which Heine threw himself into his four weeks' adventure. The very air of those hills, so soft, clear, bright, has got into his pages; and even his malodorous remarks about Count Platen are naughty rather than bitter. But this blowing up of Platen's poetical pretensions was certainly an absurd waste of time and gunpowder. Heinrich might have amused himself to more purpose with Matilda, the "rose sprinkled with pepper," or with the *ballerina* Francesca. Indeed, he came to think so himself, and his apology should be better known than the original offence. Platen, he admitted, "might have been a great poet, if he had only had a breath of poetry in him; he possessed everything needful—pride, irritability, poverty, debts, knowledge—everything with the exception of poetry. In a word, he had thoroughly learned the art of poetic cookery—he wanted nothing but meat and fire to be able to cook. Still, that does not justify the attack I made upon him."

Happily, in the intervals of war, Heinrich found time to fall in love. It is true that at his first meeting with Francesca (it was then he fell in love) he found also that he had a rival—the memory of "Cecco," the young *abate* who had loved Francesca when she was still a little girl, plaiting straw hats in the valley of the Arno. But Heinrich resembles Cecco a little, as Francesca instantly tells him, except that his hair is too dark and his eyes too small, and green rather than blue. Still there is a resemblance; and the dialogue which Francesca improvises on the spot (between the red slipper, representing Cecco, and the blue slipper, representing Francesca) does not quite shut out hope from Heinrich.

He is already captive. "The *ballerina's* figure was that of the Graces, yet almost frivolous in its lightness. Her countenance was entirely divine, such as we see in Grecian statues, the brow and nose forming an almost perfectly straight line, the skin clear and gold-yellow like amber. The black hair which framed its temples in a bright oval gave it a childlike turn, and it was lighted up by two black, abrupt eyes, as if with a magic light." Moreover, Francesca's

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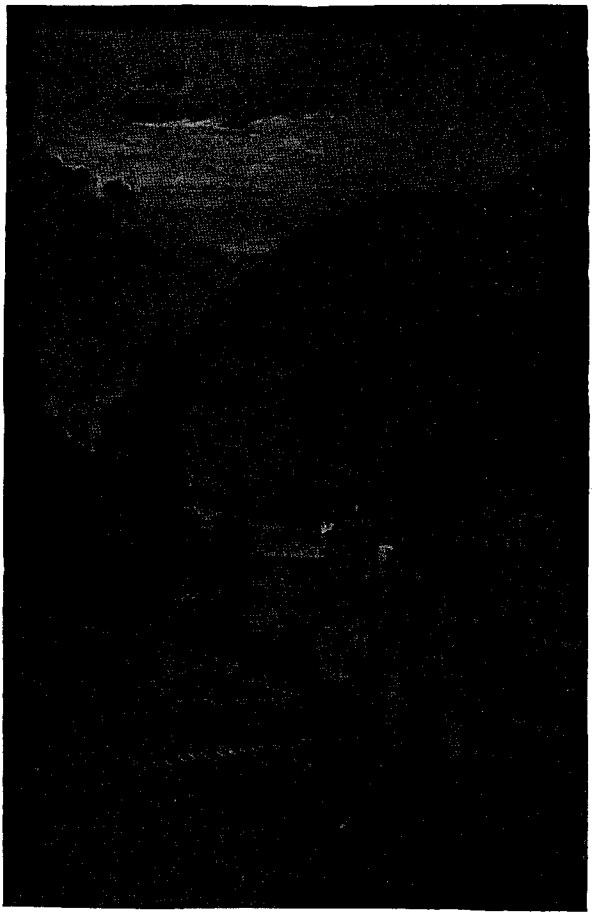
upper lip was short, not long like an Englishwoman's. "She often," says Heinrich, "leaped up dancing as she spoke, and it is possible that dancing was her most natural language. And my heart danced ever with her, executing the most difficult *pas*. . . . And if I, dear reader, cannot tell thee what love really is, I can at least describe with



Ponte Seralio.—Bagni di Lucca.

the utmost accuracy how a man behaves and how he feels when he is enamored among the Apennines. For he then behaves like a fool; he dances on rocks and hills, believing that the whole world dances with him."

In the spring of 1818, Shelley and his wife, Mary, with their two children, and Claire Clairmont with Allegra, her daughter and Byron's, travelled into Italy together. Allegra, then two years old, was to be conveyed to her father at Venice, and Shelley was the intermediary between the hysterical Miss Clairmont and Lord Byron, who firmly refused to see or communicate directly with her. Determined that his daughter should be "a Christian and a married woman, if possible," Byron was eager to get her away, not only from her mother, but from the whole artistic and unpractical Shelley household, where, he appeared to think, Allegra might "perish of starvation and green fruit, or be taught to believe that there is no Deity." Accordingly, Allegra was sent to Venice in April, and in the same month the Shelleys established themselves at the Baths of Lucca.

Here they stayed until the last of August, living an easy, out-of-door life, and enjoy-

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ing it thoroughly, as Shelley's letters show. Whether from domestic disturbances—for Claire was as usual troublesome, and the Shelley children were ill—or because of the sweet relaxing quality of the air, the poet found himself that summer almost incapable of original work. "I have finished," he wrote to Peacock, "by taking advantage of a few days of inspiration,—which the Camœnæ have been lately very backward in conceding—the little poem I began sending to the press in London." This end of "Rosalind and Helen," and the translation of Plato's "Symposium," which latter occupied ten days, were all he accomplished.

The old church, Benabbio.

In the mornings he read Greek and Latin poetry to Mary with a view to forming her taste; and he was constantly urging her to original composition. At Leghorn, he had just found a manuscript account of the Cenci, and he wanted his wife to make a play of it, having then great confidence in her dramatic ability and none in his own. A letter to Peacock in July is worth quoting in full for its vivid picture of the poet *al fresco*, in the delicious environment of Bagni.

"Our life here is as unvaried by external events as if we were at Marlow," he writes. "We have been over to the Casino, where I cannot say there is anything remarkable, the women being far removed from anything which the most liberal annotator would interpret into beauty or grace, and apparently possessing no intellectual excellence to compensate the deficiency. I assure you it is well that it is so, for the dances, especially the waltz, are so exquisitely beautiful that it would be a little dangerous to the newly unfrozen senses and imagination of us migrators from the neighborhood of the pole. As it is—except in the dark—there can be no peril. The atmosphere here, unlike that of the rest of Italy, is diversified with clouds, which grow in the middle of the day, and sometimes bring thunder and lightning and hail, and decrease toward the evening, leaving only those finely woven veils of vapor which we see in English skies, and flocks of fleecy and slowly moving clouds which all vanish before sunset; and the nights are forever serene, and we see a star in the east at sunset. I take great delight in watching the changes of the atmosphere. In the evening Mary and I often take a ride, for horses are cheap in this country. In the middle of the day I bathe in a pool or fountain formed in the middle of the forests by a torrent. It is surrounded on all sides by precipitous rocks, and the water-fall of the stream that forms it falls into it on one side with perpetual dashing. Close to it on the top of the rocks are alders, and above the great chestnut-trees, whose long and pointed leaves pierce the deep blue sky in strong relief. The water of this pool is as transparent as the air. It is exceedingly cold, also. My custom is to undress and sit on the rocks, reading Herodotus, until the perspiration has subsided, and then to leap from the rock into this fountain—a practice in the hot weather excessively refreshing. This torrent is composed, as it were, of a series of pools and water-falls, up which I sometimes amuse myself by climbing when I bathe, and receiving the spray all over my body, whilst I clamber up the moist crags with difficulty."

It is perhaps this same hill stream that appears in the scene of the declaration in "By the Fireside," for Browning is said to have taken for this scene a little gorge near

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the Baths of Lucca, where also he wrote "In a Balcony," and some other portions of "Men and Women."

> Look at the ruined chapel again,
> Half-way up in the Alpine gorge!
> Is that a tower, I point you plain,
> Or is it a mill, or an iron-forge,
> Breaks solitude in vain?
>
> A turn, and we stand at the heart of things;
> The woods are round us, heaped and dim:
> From slab to slab how it slips and springs,
> The thread of water single and slim,
> Through the ravage some torrent brings!

But this picture might be equally true of innumerable nooks in Italy's hills, while there are some phrases in Mrs. Browning's letters from Bagni that paint the one place clear in the memory.

Before quoting them, however, it is amusing to recall the observations of the English traveller, Richard Burton, who spent a few months of his wild youth at the Baths; and indeed it was here that the break-up of his family took place, the unmanageable sons going in one direction and the impetuous Irishman, their father, in another. Richard writing of 1840, says:

"In those days, the Lucchese baths were the only place in Italy that could boast of a tolerably cool summer climate, and a few of the comforts of life. Sorrento, Montenero, near Leghorn, and the hills about Rome, were frequented by very few; they came under the category of 'cheap and nasty.' Hence Bagni collected what was considered to be the distinguished society. It had its parson from Pisa, even in the days before the travelling Continental clergyman was known, and this one migrated every year to the hills, like the flight of swallows, and the beggars who desert the hot plains . . . The 'queen in ordinary' was a Mrs. Colonel Stisted, as she called herself, the 'sea-goddess with tin ringlets and venerable limbs' of the irrepressible Mrs. Trollope. In one season the Baths collected Lady Blessington, Count D'Orsay, Lady Walpole, and Mrs. E. B. Browning, the poetess, whose tight *sacque* of black silk gave us youngsters a series of caricatures."

A peasant girl of Corsena.

The Brownings went to Bagni just for a glimpse, but found it so charming that they stayed the season. "We had both of us," the poetess writes, "but he chiefly, the strongest prejudice against the Baths of Lucca; taking them for a sort of wasp's nest of scandal and gaming, and expecting to find everything trodden flat by the continental English." That is one view of the place as it was in the middle of the century. And here is an exact picture of what it is like to-day.

"We have taken a sort of eagle's nest in this place—the highest house of the highest of the three villages which are called Bagni di Lucca, and which lie at the heart of a hundred mountains sung to continually by a rushing mountain stream. The sound of the river and of the *cicale* is all the noise we hear. Austrian drums and carriage-wheels cannot vex us, God be thanked for it. The silence is full of joy and consolation. . . .

"The air of the place seems to penetrate the heart, and not the lungs alone; it draws you, raises you, excites you. Mountain air without its keenness—sheathed in Italian sunshine—think what that must be! And the beauty and the solitude—for with a few paces we get free of the habitations of men—

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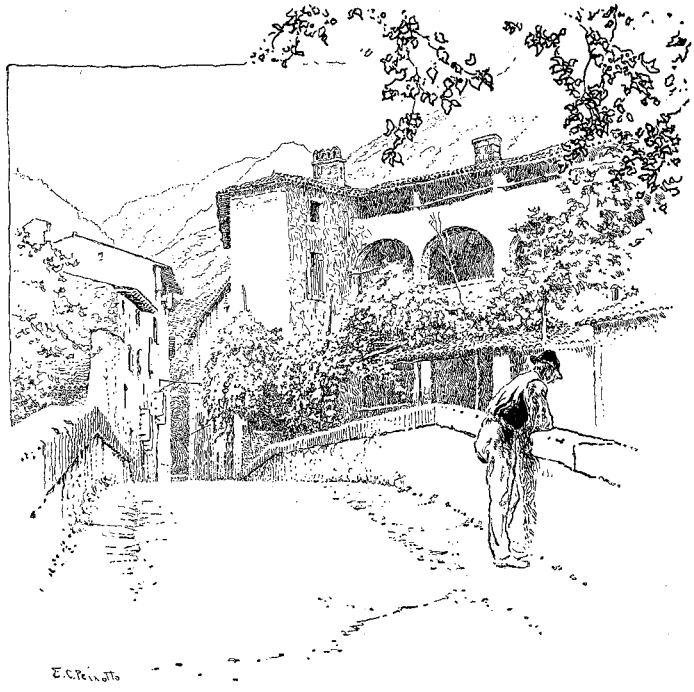
all is delightful to me. What is peculiarly beautiful and wonderful is the variety of the shapes of the mountains. They are a multitude—and yet there is no likeness. None, except where the golden mist comes and transfigures them into one glory. For the rest, the mountain there wrapped in the chestnut forest is not like that bare peak which tilts against the sky—nor like the serpent twine of another which seems to move and coil in the moving, coiling shadow."

These are the mountains which, Heine found, "true to their Apennine nature, are not magnificently misshapen in extravagant Gothic forms; but their nobly rounded, cheerful green shapes seem of themselves inspired with the civilization of art, according melodiously with the blue heaven."

And this quality of gentleness, of harmony, of the civilization of nature, is the real charm of this lovely spot. For, go where one will, even into the farthest recesses of the hills, one cannot get away from the civilization of art; there nature, however solitary, is never wild. The mountain tops seem to have been shaped to a purpose, the little gray-brown villages are set so exactly right between the deep green of the chestnut forest and the liquid sky. Their simple forms are interesting and grow ever finer and richer as one descends into the Lucchese plain, reaching a real beauty at Barga and picturesque Ghivezzano of the towers, and culminating in classic Lucca.

It was at Lucca that Heine, after a sixteen-mile walk from Bagni, met on a festival day his two friends—Francesca and the Irish lady, Matilda. One can see the very tombstones, with their figures carved by della Quercia, on which Matilda made jokes, till Heinrich told her that a pretty woman without religion was like a flower without perfume. And in this same church is the altar where Francesca knelt and prayed passionately. She would not speak to Heinrich afterward; and he knew from the look in her eyes that she had been thinking of Cecco.



A corner of Villa.

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MR. BENTLY'S AWAKENING

By Albert Bigelow Paine

IT was Bonnat who had selected the place. Not because he had ever been there—more likely because he had not. Bonnat had been to so many places. As an excuse, however, he offered the fact that one Scott Hardiman, whom he had known ten years before at college and who had since made money in constructive speculations, owned a summer home on the west slope of the Nantic range, and had, in a recent and chance meeting, recommended the scenery in that neighborhood.

Van Cleve, who was slender and wore glasses, had said:

"Now what does a man like that know about scenery?"

And Denning, who was sometimes known as "The Baby" because he was plump and smooth and looked like one, had added:

"They are probably blasting out building-stone across the valley, running a railroad grade along the river-bank, and putting up a round-house on his property."

Bonnat was undisturbed. He had something more than two hundred pounds of flesh, and unfailing amiability.

"If they are not doing so already I am quite certain they are about to begin," he assented, calmly. "Hardiman is a living advance guard of what men are pleased just now to call progress."

"We aren't obliged to stop with him, I suppose?" ventured Van Cleve.

"Well, there is no hotel near there, I believe, as yet. Hardiman is a sort of a pioneer, I fancy. I suppose, though, there are denizens of the forest who would shelter us for a consideration. Or we might camp out."

Nevertheless they had gone. They had not notified Hardiman, and when one evening a little before dusk they had landed with their bags and sketching traps on the platform of a little railway station some twelve miles distant from Mr. Hardiman's roof, and over the hills from it at that, they were wholly without further plans—this being a condition quite in accordance with the artistic temperament.

"Doesn't look like much of a place to camp *here*," suggested Van Cleve, dolefully.

The half a dozen village idlers gathered about curiously, but offered no suggestions. Of these a sparsely whiskered man and a somewhat heavy individual, with rather short trousers, seemed to take precedence.

"Any hotel here?" asked Bonnat, of the sparsely whiskered citizen.

"Nope, ain't none."

"Livery stable?"

"Nope."

"People don't come here much."

"Nope; jes' drummers, an' they don't stay over."

"Whose light wagon and team is that hitched over there?"

"Ole man Bently's. He's waitin' fer the mail."

"Where does he live?"

"Back in the hills west o' here. He comes in once a week to get letters from his folks in Newbrasky. He's got——"

"Anywhere near Scott Hardiman's place?"

"'Bout four miles from there, I reckon, by road. He——"

But a mild discussion arose at this point between the sparsely whiskered citizen and his heavy-set companion as to the distance named, during which colloquy it appeared that Mr. Bently owned a few acres of land and a cabin anywhere from three to six miles from the new Hardiman place and considerably higher up among the hills.

"I presume Hardiman lives in the valley," said Van Cleve.

The citizen nodded assent.

"Railroad building there?" This from Denning.

"'Spect to commence this summer."

"I'll go over and interview Mr. Bently," suggested Bonnat. "We are strangers—perhaps he will remember the scriptural example and be willing to profit by it."

The interest of the citizens was now di-

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vided. The sparsely whiskered man with a fair contingent accompanied Bonnat, while the heavy-set and short-trousered citizen with a somewhat larger constituency stayed on the platform with Van Cleve and Denning, studying their traps and costumes intently.

Presently Bonnat was seen returning through the dusk. A sturdy figure trudged beside him. They were followed by him of the sparse whiskers, who had recruited an increased following from the Post-office idlers.

"Bonny would make it if anybody could," Van Cleve commented, in a tone of relief.

Bonnat approached. His companion was a bearded and grizzled man of perhaps sixty-five, but apparently in full health and strength. His face, though tanned, was clear and ruddy, and, had the countenance been cheerful, would have invited familiarity. Not that it was morose and sullen, but clouded rather with a gloom that comes of long discouragement and surrender to existing conditions.

"This is Mr. Bently," said Bonnat. "My friends, Mr. Van Cleve and Mr. Denning of New York," he added, indicating his companions.

Mr. Bently nodded and gave his hand to each in turn, silently.

"Mr. Bently," continued Bonnat, cheerfully, "is about to start for the hills. He is willing to take us along, and as his children are no longer at home and he is alone with his good wife, he can, for a night at least, offer us shelter. He insists that there's nothing up there worth painting, but I tell him we'll take a look at the country now we're here, anyway. Is that proper?"

Van Cleve and Denning loaded their traps with enthusiasm. Bonnat went across to the village store for something to eat along the road. It was quite dark when they finally got started, though the sky was clear and the stars breaking out thickly. Most of the citizens, including the sparsely whiskered man and his heavy colleague, remained for the departure, and had become sufficiently familiar to offer comment and advice—also a cheerful farewell.

The friends were in good spirits. The spring air was sweet and a night ride through the hills was bound to be full of interest. As they drove out of the village a choir of frogs greeted them, silencing gradually as they drew near the roadside pond, and breaking as gradually into full chorus again when they had passed. Bonnat sat in front with their driver. Van Cleve and Denning occupied the rear seat. The silence of the forest and the somewhat depressing reserve of their host checked the tendency to conversation. Even Bonnat found it difficult beginning. Presently a dark, serrated line of foliage above them was silhouetted gracefully against the starlit sky. From behind it the rising moon glimmered through. Bonnat waved his hand toward it.

"Fine!" he said.

Denning and Van Cleve murmured assent.

Mr. Bently remained silent for some moments. Then he said, without enthusiasm:

"Hemlock an' scrub pine. They ain't worth anything."

"But they are very picturesque on that ridge against the sky."

The silence that followed was broken by the rattling of paper that Van Cleve was removing from the generous portion of country cheese provided by Bonnat. Then Mr. Bently added:

"That ridge is like all the rest o' the country up this way. Nothin' but rock an' scrub timber. When it comes daylight you'll see it's jes' like I tell you. An' it's still worse farther up where I live. There's nothing up there to paint or to do anythin' else with that ever I found. I never knew any artists to come there before."

"How long have you lived in this section?" Denning asked, twisting the top from a tin of sardines.

"Born an' raised here. Never been anywhere else. Too poor to go."

"What brought Scott Hardiman here?" asked Bonnat.

"He's rich an' it don't make so much difference. Besides, he's over in the valley beyond, an' then I guess he knew the railroad was comin,' or maybe brought it after he bought a lot o' the land along the river."

"But there must be some reason for a railroad besides that," suggested Van Cleve.

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"Oh, there's rock enough for buildin', I s'pose, where they can get at it. Maybe that's what they want. An' then, I s'pose, it had to pass through to get somewhere else."

"I think it's more than likely Hardiman intends to lay out summer resorts along it," said Denning.

"I don't see who'd come to 'em," protested Bently, drearily. "People are goin' instead o' comin'. Everybody that can get away, goes. There's places all around in these hills that folks have jes' went off an' left because they couldn't make a livin' on 'em. Mine ain't quite that bad yet, but it's bad enough. I had two boys an' a girl, an' they all went West as soon as they got old enough to work. They're on good farms now, an' doin' well. I'd go if I could get away."

"The scenery is improving," remarked Bonnat. "It's dark, of course, but it seems to me we are getting up into some very picturesque country."

"You'll see in the mornin'. There ain't a level piece o' land on my place big enough to plant a hill o' potatoes on. An' mine's better than some."

"Water on your farm?" asked Bonnat.

"Brooks, good for nothin' only to fish in. Trout, mostly. Some pretty good ones. Then there's a little lake back o' me. My land borders on one side of it. There's some pickerel there, but the lake ain't big enough for anythin' but fishin'."

"That doesn't sound so bad," commented Van Cleve, while Bonnat and Denning assented rather heartily.

A turn in the road here brought into view the full moon, lifting itself clear of the mountain slope. A wreath of silver mist lay below it, and a dashing brook sang and sparkled almost at the horses' feet.

"Stop here a minute," said Bonnat. "Let's take this in."

Mr. Bently drew rein obediently. For some moments all were silent. Then the three artists expressed their appreciation to each other in low voices. Perhaps their evident enthusiasm communicated something of its meaning to their host, for he said, at last:

"You can see more than this farther up. My house stands almost on top o' the mountain. The lake I spoke of shows from there, an' the brook where we get water runs through the yard."

"And still you say there's nothing up there to paint?" This from Bonnat.

"Well, there wouldn't be for me. You'll know in the mornin'. Every man to his own notion—*you* may like it."

II

To Mr. Bently's surprise they did. When, next morning at sunrise, they stood on the long low veranda of his roomy log cabin and looked down on the various shades of green that ranked one above the other along the mountain-side and through the mist tangle below—then to the east, where the sun was just rising over Mount Washington—to the west, where morning sparkled on the little dancing jewel of a lake—as they drank in the pure mountain-air and heard the plash of the clear brook almost at their feet they were for falling on each other's necks in enthusiasm.

"And you tried to make us believe there was nothing to see up here!" challenged Bonnat, as their host appeared to summon them to breakfast. "Why, man, it's grand! Glorious! Look at that sunrise! And that lake over there! And see those different greens marching up through the mist like armies through battle-smoke!"

Mr. Bently walked out to the edge of the veranda and took a look around in the various directions as if he were seeing it all for the first time. Perhaps in a sense he was. He had been accustomed to regarding the landscape merely as a knotty problem from which the result of a meagre livelihood was each year harder to obtain. The value of its outer form he had never considered. He may have realized something of this, for his words contained an apology.

"Maybe it's because I've seen it so much," he began, and then added, quickly, "but you can't plough a forty-rod furrow on that land anywhere. My boys out West write me they plough a field a mile long, as level as a floor, and not a stick or a stone on it. That's what I call a grand country. I got a letter from out there yesterday an' one o' the boys has a hundred acres o' corn all up—in one field! That must be a fine sight. I was jes' a-tellin'

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mother that if Scott Hardiman's railroad come through the valley an' made any sale for land up here we'd sell out an' go, pretty quick."

"And does Mrs. Bently want to go, too?" asked Denning.

"Well, she'd like to be near the children, of course, but she picked this place to build when we was married, though I don't know why, an' I guess she don't know, now, herself."

Mother, whom they had seen but briefly the night before, proved to be a spry little body, of cheerful speech, and whose cookery seemed exactly adapted to the requirements of mountain appetites.

"We've been admiring your selection of this spot for a home," said Bonnat, affably, as they seated themselves about the square neat table.

The little woman looked keenly at the artist to make sure that he spoke sincerely.

"We think it very beautiful," added Bonnat, by way of reassurance, while the others assented eagerly.

"Well, now," said Mrs. Bently, "I'm glad to hear that somebody else likes it up here, at last. I always did, but pa and the children was always so opposed, some way, that I got so I didn't speak of it often. I think the lake is real pretty."

"It certainly is," said Van Cleve, "and we'll show you some pictures of it before the summer is over — that is," he added, winningly, "if you are going to let us stay."

Mrs. Bently looked almost frightened and turned to her husband, who was eating in silence.

"I guess you'll get tired of it before that time," he commented, doubtfully; "but you can stay as long as you want to if mother thinks she can do the cookin'."

"If my cookin' suits I sh'll be glad to do it!" The reply was eager and wistful.

"Your cooking is as good as the scenery," declared Bonnat, at which even their gloomy host smiled.

It may have been the prospect of immediate profit to accrue from his guests, or it may have been that their enthusiasm was infectious—at all events, Mr. Bently seemed in better spirits after breakfast and mentioned places not far away that might interest them. Of course, he said, he didn't know what kind of views they wanted, but supposed he'd find out when he'd seen some of them painted. Then he'd know more where to take them. He could hitch up any time when they wanted to go any distance.

Bonnat, who was somewhat punctilious, arranged with him to take to Scott Hardiman, forthwith, a message conveying the news of their arrival. Van Cleve and Denning were unpacking. Bonnat joined them presently, and a few moments later Mr. Bently appeared with the light wagon. He bade them cordially to "load in," and put them with their traps down on the shore of the lake before starting for the valley.

It was a perfect spring day and the three friends were in great spirits.

"I always thought Scott Hardiman rather chumpy at school," said Bonnat, as Mr. Bently's wagon rattled out of hearing. "I believe now he really has a little music in his soul. To find a place like this and one that hasn't been already over-run with painters, requires real genius and appreciative selection. I'm afraid I was often a trial to Scott in the old days. I used to think it amusing and brilliant to chaff people. I'm sorry for it now."

Van Cleve was adjusting his sketching easel.

"I wouldn't worry too much over it, Bonny," he said, consolingly. "It is quite probable your friend Hardiman never saw this place. I don't want to appear ungrateful, but it's more than likely the scenery he spoke of lies nearer his right of way. He may even have gone so far as to consider that a few of your justly celebrated pictures of it would help to advertise the road. I cannot imagine a man like that with any yearning fondness for a spot so difficult of access as this."

"Our good man Bently seems an undeveloped type of the same sort," observed Denning. "The old lady is inclined to have a bit of sentiment, but the old man, I fear, leans to the intrinsic side of life only."

"It's the only side of life he's been made to feel," said Van Cleve.

"That, of course, Van; but do you suppose anybody with the slightest impulse toward the beautiful could grow up amid these surroundings and not know something of their wonder and magnificence?"

Bonnat, who had been arranging some tackle for pickerel, put in at this point.

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"I think," he said, reflectively, "that such a person might have no conscious appreciation. Bently, for instance, never saw any other country. He has had no chance for comparison. He has never had things pointed out to him. He seems an intelligent, kindly hearted man, but he has had rather hard luck, and the hills have not been overkind to him. He knows that the prairies of the West are fruitful. This he can understand. It is altogether likely that if he went to the prairies he would grow hungry for the hills again. Even then, perhaps, he would hardly know why. He looked at the things I pointed out this morning as beautiful in a sort of dazed, half-awake way, as if they were all new to him. I suppose they were, from our standpoint. Besides, most people require the stimulus of joy or hope to make them sensitive to form and color. The captive does not rave over the fine architecture of his prison, nor the lost traveller on the grandeur of the wilderness. These mountains have been something of both to Bently He probably feels that his life has been wasted here His soul is asleep. Our coming has disturbed it a little. Under proper conditions and with due encouragement it might awaken and become really appreciative —as appreciative as — well, as Scott Hardiman's, for instance."

"Bravo, Bonny!" said Van Cleve. "Here's to the waking of Mr. Bently!"

"Come over this way a moment," said Denning. "I want you to stand right where I am and see how that edge of light follows the shore-line."

"And I want both of you fellows to stay right here and not come bothering around that point," commanded Bonnat. "I'm going over there to get some pickerel."

It was well on toward noon when the rattle of wheels announced Mr. Bently's return. The friends were admiring Bonnat's fish when their host appeared, bearing a rather ostentatiously sealed envelope. He glanced at the pickerel on the grass.

"Well, I see you got some," he observed, cheerfully; "pretty nice ones, too."

He handed Bonnat the envelope and walked over to the sketches that stood near. He regarded them for some moments in silence.

"That's the point out there," he said, at last, looking at Van Cleve's water-color. "You've brought the island up some closer than it is. I s'pose that's to get it in the picture."

Van Cleve laughed.

"That's one reason, I'll admit," he said. "And then I needed a spot of green there, you see."

"I never thought the lake had all them colors in it," observed Mr. Bently, thoughtfully. "I s'pose you only put them in there to make it look pretty."

"Step back a little from the picture," said Denning, "and half close your eyes. Then look again."

The old man obeyed and regarded first the work and then the lake for some moments without speaking.

"How did you know them colors was in it when they don't show?" he said at last, almost peevishly. "Nobody can see 'em in the water, but when you stand here an' squint at the picture it represents the lake, exact. An' how do you get that water shine on it?"

"I shall be offended if you don't say something about my work," complained Denning.

Mr. Bently turned to Denning's easel.

"That's Indian Leap," he commented. "Seems to me you ain't got it high enough. It's higher than it looks from here."

"I'll get nearer and try again before long. You can take me to a good place."

"Yes, right beyond the trees there is the best place to see from. That's where the girl's father stood when her lover an' her jumped off together."

"It's remarkable," observed Bonnat, approaching, "how many Indian lovers have made tragic use of fine scenery like that. Hardy writes us that we are to spend the day with him to-morrow," he added. "We are to have early lunch with him, after which, to use his own words, he 'will show us something of the beauties of the localities.' I think he started to write 'possibilities' and scratched it out. He is sorry we did not let him know, etc., etc. I suppose you can take us down after breakfast and call for us in the afternoon, Mr. Bently?"

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"Early as you like, an' there's a place on the way you can, maybe, get a good view from. I noticed it as I drove along this morning."

Bonnat looked at Van Cleve meaningly, while Denning, looking out at the water, said, dreamily, as if soliloquizing:

"The soul begins to rub its eyes for the wakening."

III

"Now then—this is the view I spoke of seeing yesterday!"

Mr. Bently drew rein at the brow of a rather steep hill, and pointed off with his whip-handle. There was a shade of triumph in his voice. The artists looked and applauded. The scene was really pictorial in the extreme. At the roadside grew a large tree with over-reaching boughs that framed the stretch of wooded mountain-side and sky beyond. Dashing water shone here and there among the trees. The clouds, nestling about the hill-tops, and the glow of morning sunlight everywhere were inspiring. Presently, Bonnat said:

"I congratulate you, Mr. Bently, on the selection of this view. May I ask if you had never noticed it before yesterday?"

"Well, I don't know as I ever did. I've passed this way, of course, a good many times, too; but I s'pose I wa'n't thinkin' much about scenery. That's speculater land over there, an' most of the good timber was took off forty years ago. I never thought about it's bein' worth much, I guess; but when I come along here yesterday I was thinkin' about what you said in the mornin,' an' it come to me that maybe it might make a good picture, anyway."

"It's Bonnat's kind of a picture," said Van Cleve. "He will be coming out here every day, after this."

Mr. Bently, as did everyone, indicated a growing interest in Bonnat.

"I can bring him out in the wagon as well as not," he said; "every day, or as often as he wants to come. It's no trouble, an' I better be doin' that than tryin' to raise a crop on a patch o' clearin' where you can't raise anything but stumps an' stones."

"That'll just suit Bonnat," laughed Denning. "He was never known to walk so much as a block in his life if he could help it."

The good-natured Bonnat smiled, lazily, and his eyes lingered on the scene as they descended.

"I shall paint it," he said. "I shall paint it in the first glow of morning. A morning that is not quite of earth—a light that never shone on sea or land. I will make it Turneresque and mysterious. In the foreground I will make a human soul looking out on it all with wonder. I may get Mr. Bently to pose for the figure. I shall call my picture 'Where the Soul Wakes.'"

"Which will be a title as mysterious as the picture," commented Van Cleve.

Mr. Bently seemed lost in reflection.

"I don't know," he said at last, thoughtfully, "I do feel somehow as if I was kind of wakin' up."

Arriving in the valley, they were somewhat effusively received by Bonnat's old classmate, Scott Hardiman. He was a well groomed, prosperous-looking man, with an air which made the three friends glad they were not dependent on his hospitality. He had excellent refreshments served immediately, and sent something out for Mr. Bently, who had already driven homeward.

Mr. Hardiman's house and grounds were very new, and their newness was conspicuous. Not enough so, perhaps, for their owner, who indicated the latest improvements and mentioned others that were to follow. He had recently bought the land, he explained—a large tract of it, extending along the river for miles. His family would be up, by and by, for the summer. He was on the ground early to see that matters were moving along properly. Grading for the new railroad would begin soon. It would quadruple the value of river property when the first shovel of dirt was thrown. Later he pointed out his possessions as they drove along the river-road behind a handsome team of bays.

"My line over there runs back to the big dead oak, half way up the mountain," he said, indicating with his whip. "The hotel will be a little below that, and cottages on both sides. There'll be rustic stairs going all the way up, starting from a fancy little station below. Fine, eh?"

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"Excellent!" said Bonnat.

"I think I'll have to get you to paint it for me when we're all done, Bonnat. You could make a good thing of it, couldn't you? I'd like to have it for my office in town."

Bonnat was gazing down a rather noble sweep of river whose waters would soon vibrate to the thunder and scream of the locomotive.

"Why, yes," he assented, thoughtfully. "I was just reflecting that I might do it as a companion-piece to another picture I have in mind. I shall have it in good bright sunlight so as to bring out the hotel and cottages and the rustic stairs, with a number of correctly dressed people about. And then below I could put in a train just stopping at the fancy station, with a lot of swell-looking tourists getting off——"

"That's good! Fine!" broke in Hardiman.

"And a little to one side I could have a figure regarding it all—that could be you, Scott, of course—under a tree, perhaps, by a table with a good bottle and things, regarding it with the satisfaction of doing well—well-doing, I mean, and I would call it 'Where the Soul Sleeps.'"

Hardiman's smile had died and his face assumed a perplexed and suspicious look. Perhaps he remembered the Bonnat of college days.

"I don't see the connection," he said, rather coldly.

"I don't know that I do, either," Bonnat answered, undisturbed. "But my other picture will be called 'Where the Soul Wakes,' and this impresses me as being its perfect antithesis."

"Bonnat means that it will be a good place for tired souls to seek rest," ventured Van Cleve, pacifically.

"Yes, a quiet, restful place, you see," added Denning.

But Hardiman, unsatisfied, did not see, and grew combative.

"It won't be quiet and sleepy very long, if that's what you mean," he said, with decision. "There'll be business here. I'll make this the end of a division, and there'll be a round-house and shops, just below the bend yonder. You won't know the place in five years!"

There was a ring of triumph and challenge in his voice.

"I believe it," assented Bonnat, quietly, "and Scott Hardiman will be a million dollars to the good."

"Well, perhaps not quite that much," said Hardiman, with becoming modesty, "but I'll have something snug out of the investment and trouble, and why shouldn't I? I'm not here for fun or for glory, as you fellows are. I never could understand, Bonnat, how it was that with your ability and chances you turned out to be an artist. You had more money than I did at college, and was ahead of me in most of the classes. There's no reason why you shouldn't have been vice-president of a railroad by this time, and up here making a pile out of this land instead of daubing paint on a rag and taking chances on selling it."

Mr. Hardiman's tone was reminiscently vindictive, as one settling off an old score. The memory of college associations with Bonnat could not have been wholly pleasant. A dangerous light was beginning to show in Van Cleve's eyes and Denning smoked pretty hard. Bonnat only smiled pleasantly.

"Well, you see, Scott," he said, "a good many fellows with bright prospects in youth go wrong afterward."

"No," said Hardiman, patronizingly; "I didn't mean that, of course, and I've no doubt you've done well enough with your art—I heard you sold a picture once for a thousand dollars—but in business you might have made a hundred times that much in a few years, and then if you wanted to amuse yourself painting you'd be able to do it in some sort of comfort. And it really does seem that the ones who are not so brilliant at the start are the ones who hang on and persevere and get there in the end."

"You are right, Scott, and your own success proves it," Bonnat responded, heartily. "I have always spoken of you as an example of what sheer perseverance and industry would accomplish."

Mr. Hardiman accepted this as a compliment and was mollified, even to the point of making substantial acknowledgement.

"It isn't too late for you yet," he said, generously. "There are plenty of chances to make money. You used to put me down a little at school, I thought, but

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that's when we were boys, and it is all past. I've forgotten it long ago, and if you want to come down here and take a chance with me on this deal, I'll see that you're taken care of in good shape. Somebody's going to make money here besides me, and for old times' sake I'll let you in cheaper than anybody."

Bonnat leaned back in the cushions, and even Denning and Van Cleve could not discover any sarcasm in his reply.

"I'm afraid it *is* too late, old man," he said; "but I thank you all the same for your generosity. What little time and money come my way I will keep on wasting, I suppose, to the end. I don't seem to know about anything else."

"Oh, well, think it over," insisted Hardiman, cheerily. "You're going to be up here awhile. Remember my offer, and come down and we'll talk about it."

"I'll remember," said Bonnat, "and if I conclude to take a dip in speculative waters I don't know of anyone I'd rather have pick the place for me than you."

That night as the friends sat on Mr. Bently's veranda watching the moon rise over the hilltops, Van Cleve said:

"Behold divine Nature whose hand-maiden is Art."

And Denning said:

"Divine Nature and her hand-maiden don't get much sympathy in this part of the world. What with Mr. Bently, who insisted he had no scenery ——"

"And Mr. Hardiman, who insisted on having too much ——"

"I prefer Bently," said Bonnat.

IV

Bonnat's picture progressed.

Each morning Mr. Bently drove him over with his traps to the point selected, and usually remained for a time to watch with growing interest the development of form and color under Bonnat's ready brush. He felt considerable responsibility in the success of this work which had been begun, in a sense, at his suggestion, and of which the artist told him he was to become a part. He lingered about, sometimes gathering berries and curious plants which he offered to Bonnat, who ate the first and gave names to the second with equal complaisance. The horses browsed on the bushes by the roadside, and an atmosphere of quiet peace lay on the lands about.

Sometimes as the artist worked he talked, and the old mountaineer hung upon his words. The talk was of the picture, for the most part, and Bonnat spoke with a simple directness of the simple methods by which he found his way to the form and meanings of nature. He was encouraged in this by the replies and observations which Mr. Bently sometimes made.

Speaking to Van Cleve one day, Bonnat said:

"The old chap's soul is really waking, I believe; at least his sense of values is quickened. I was putting in foreground to-day, and leaving out a lot of things, when he came up and watched me. I expected him to ask me why I didn't put in all the rocks and stuff just as they are there."

"Didn't he?"

"No. He said, 'I s'pose the reason you don't put all the rocks in is because there'd be so much to see in front of the picture a person couldn't see anything else.'"

"Did the old man say that?"

"Yes; and he said something else. He said, 'Of course you don't think about that when you look at the scene itself, but I guess that's because the scene is so big and natural that you don't notice it.'"

"I think I'll take some instructions from Mr. Bently," said Denning, who had been listening. "I never have a very happy time with my foregrounds."

"If you can pull him away from Bonnat," laughed Van Cleve. "The old chap thinks the sun rises and sets with Bonny. It's the old lady that's our friend. She has told us all the good places about the lake of which she is the special tutelary. Do you know, I am glad we came here, if only on her account. I suspect that she has been rather overborne and ridiculed all her life for having picked this out as a place to live. She's got official recognition now for the first time, and she revels in it. She told us the other day that she would like to have a picture of the lake clear round—showing both sides at once."

"And I'm going to paint it for her," said Denning. "I know what it is to be down-trodden and starved for appreciation."

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"Well, of course, Denny, Bonny and I do impose upon you some, but you won't lack for appreciation if you do that. She gives you all the best things at the table now."

"Not so! She gave you both legs of one fried chicken yesterday, and Bonny and I had to get along with wings and breast, and one apiece of the other."

Van Cleve, the slender, regarded his two plump comrades with disdain.

"I notice you and Bonny are waxing thin, lately," he growled.

And so the pleasant summer advanced, and work advanced with it. To the three artists, the surroundings seemed ideal. The fishing as well as the scenery was good. There were no interruptions—no unpleasant social duties, no haunting phantom of heavy expense. Once, only, Mr. Hardiman had ridden up to pay his respects, and on that day—luckily, you might have thought from their manner—they were absent with their host, who had driven them over the mountain to see some picturesque scenery remembered from childhood. Mr. Hardiman had looked about with some interest and left a note for Bonnat, in which he stated that the chance for investment would still be open for a few days, but that work on the new road would begin at once, and if Bonnat had concluded to take a "dip," as he said, he would better let him know without delay. His doors were always open to Bonnat and his friends whenever they felt an inclination toward the comforts of modern civilization, and he begged to remain, etc.

Denning lounged back on the long veranda and sipped from a cool glass.

"Mr. Hardiman's modern comforts cant' beat this much," he said, with vast satisfaction.

"But Bonny ought to go," drowsed Van Cleve. "He's missing the chance of his life."

A few days later when Mr. Bently was going in that direction he took a brief acknowledgment to Mr. Hardiman.

"We thank you for your hospitality so kindly offered," wrote Bonnat, "as well as for the opportunity of financial improvement—the latter, I take it, being open to my friends as well as myself—but among us all there is neither time just now for the one, nor money enough for the other, to make it worth the slightest trouble on your part. All the same, we appreciate your willingness to help us into the pleasant path of profit, and remain, as ever," etc.

Mr. Hardiman did not think it necessary to reply, and as the friends were rather busy this fact escaped notice. Bonnat was working hard, for him, on his big picture. Van Cleve and Denning were doing a number of things not so large. Mr. Hardiman became as a memory.

Once a week Mr. Bently drove to the railway village for the mail; also for groceries, and such supplies as his guests received by express from the city. The late arrival of the train from below delayed his return at these times until far in the night. It was Mr. Bently's great joy, therefore, on the next morning after each such trip to open the inevitable box which, besides the necessaries of art, usually contained some of those kindly luxuries to which the bohemian artist is rarely indifferent. There were magazines, too, and papers, in which Mrs. Bently found exceeding great comfort.

But on one of these mornings when the box was brought forth and placed at the end of the long veranda, where the friends awaited breakfast, the old look of gloom seemed to have returned to Mr. Bently's face. He brought the hatchet as usual, but he hardly spoke in answer to their greeting, and he went through the work of prying off the box-lid with none of the usual banter as to the contents. Bonnat noticed this and looked at him closely.

"Any bad news, Mr. Bently?" he asked, at length.

Mr. Bently lifted out the articles carefully, brushing back into the box the excelsior that clung to them, and ranged them along the floor. Then he regarded sternly an inoffensive bottle of raw oil, which was altogether less deserving of reproach than the white-and-gold-label bottle beside it. Presently he said, as if announcing great disaster:

"Scott Hardiman's begun his railroad."

"Yes," said Bonnat, "I expected that. It's not likely to make any difference up here, though."

Mr. Bently looked harder at the oil-bottle.

"It's already made a difference up here," he said, solemnly.

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"How's that?" asked Van Cleve.

The friends were all attentive now.

"In the land. There's fellows in the village buyin'. They want it for the stone. They call it some kind o' marble."

"Oh," said Bonnat, "then perhaps you'll get a chance to sell and go West as you've been wanting to do. I'd hold on a little, though, and not sell too soon. You may get a lot more by waiting, and then *we'd* like another summer up here, too, before the rush."

Denning and Van Cleve assented to this eagerly.

"Don't worry thinking you won't get a chance," continued Bonnat. "Watch Scott Hardiman. When he stops buying, then sell. You'll have buyers after you from all directions."

But this assurance did not seem to relieve Mr. Bently. If anything, the gloom on his face deepened. He replaced the cover on the box and fitted the nails into place mechanically.

"I don't believe there's any stone *on* my place," he grumbled.

"Of course there is," declared Denning. "We've seen it down toward the lake, lots of it! Van Cleve said the first day we came that such stone would be worth a fortune if it could be quarried."

"But that's the trouble! It couldn't be quarried! They couldn't get that stone out!" The old man spoke almost eagerly.

"Why certainly they can," said Bonnat. "They'll run tram-roads up in these hills and put in steam drills, and the way they'll whistle and puff and take that stone out of there will be worth going miles *not* to see."

Mr. Bently's under lip dropped as he stared at the speaker, and his face seemed to grow pale.

"Just hold on a little," continued Bonnat, "and you'll get enough money out of this place to buy a farm out where your children are and pass your old age in peace and plenty."

Mr. Bently drove a nail into place with a bang.

"I ain't a-worryin' about my old age!" he said, almost fiercely. "An' I guess the children can come here when they want to see me." He had risen and was starting with the box down the veranda. "I won't be in any hurry about sellin'," he added, defiantly.

"No," assented Bonnat, "you've got the stone all right and can afford to wait."

"More stone than sense!"

The old man disappeared around the corner of the house and left his guests to gather up the articles.

"This tobacco is a new brand," commented Denning. "I hope it's better than the last they sent us."

"What did the old chap mean by having more stone than sense?" asked Van Cleve.

Bonnat, who was regarding critically the bottle of white and gold label, looked amused.

"I suspect that he isn't so anxious to sell now as he thought he was. Most people who have lived in one place all their lives and think themselves very tired of it are not eager to leave when the chance finally comes. Mr. Bently was probably abusing himself for some such hesitation."

"What a desolation this place will become when the vandals overrun it," said Van Cleve, dolefully. "In time, I suppose, they'll put a hotel on the lake, where the regulation summer girl will pursue the fiery and untamed summer man, and rave over scenery that the steam-drill and tram-road have tortured and mangled. The old lady would be in tears if she understood, and if you could have begun the waking of Mr. Bently's soul a half century earlier he might have hesitated even longer about letting his farm go."

There were several days following this incident that Mr. Bently seemed somewhat indifferent to the welfare of his guests. He left just after breakfast for the most part and did not return until after dusk. When he mentioned it he apologized briefly and assured them that he would be on hand again in a few days. It was true that this was of less importance now, as Bonnat had so far progressed with his work that he painted in an improvised studio at the end of the veranda, while Van Cleve and Denning, as heretofore, found subjects near at hand.

There were not many days left to them and they were making hay. Bonnat had done a number of smaller things besides the big canvas. The latter was pronounced a great success—the best thing

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he had done, Van Cleve said—a decision in which Denning concurred. Mr. Bently, whose gloom had somewhat disappeared once more, sometimes sat before the picture, regarding it through half-closed lids. He had seen it grow, and every part of it, but he rarely spoke concerning it. Though certainly idealized, the patriarchal figure in the foreground was himself, and even Mrs. Bently pronounced it a good likeness. She did not inquire as to the significance of the picture, and was more interested in the lake scenery of Van Cleve and Denning.

"Where does the old man go to, every day?" asked Denning, one morning.

"I suspect," said Van Cleve, "that he's selling his place. I heard him say something to the old lady as I came out just now about getting the papers signed. I suppose he was afraid to wait, as Bonny advised him to."

Bonnat, who overheard, made no comment, but there was a look of disappointment in his face.

That afternoon, Mr. Bently came home earlier and seemed in high spirits. Bonnat was alone at the end of the veranda. The old man came over and watched him as he worked. Presently he cleared his throat.

"I—h'm—we been buyin' some property," he hesitated.

Bonnat turned quickly.

"Buying some!"

"Yes, I—that is, we got the other side o' the lake now."

"You don't tell me! Why, I thought you wanted to sell!"

"Yes, well, but you see the old lady—that is, I thought it might go up in price an'—we had a little money ahead, an'——"

"Oh, I see! A sort of speculation. You'll be a regular Scott Hardiman next!"

The old man stopped short and his tanned face grew slowly crimson.

"Don't say that, Mr. Bonnat," he pleaded, his voice trembling and growing almost fierce. "Don't say that! I'm goin' to tell you the truth! Right here, before this picture that tells it in your way, I'm goin' to tell it in mine. I said the property might go up in price, an' I s'pose it will, an' that *is* the reason I bought it now, while I could afford it. But if it went up to a hundred times what I paid for it I wouldn't sell! I begun to say that the old lady likes it here, an' she does, but that ain't the only reason we're goin' to stay. We're goin' to stay because, I've found out, too, at last, that we've got the most beautiful place on God's green earth, an' I'll spend my last dollar to keep them rock-breakers an' steam-whistlers out of it! I own the land clean around that lake, now, an' the island in the middle; an' as long as either me or the old lady lives they'll never quarry the stone there—no, sir! Not if they offer a million dollars for it!"

Mr. Bently choked a little, and there was a suspicious gleam in his eyes.

"An' it's you, Mr. Bonnat, that has done it—you an' your friends—but you, mostly, for it was mostly you I talked with while you was painting that picture there, which is as true as the Gospel. My soul did wake up, right on that spot. It had been asleep sixty-seven years, Mr. Bonnat, an' you woke it up—a little the first day, an' then, after awhile, I got my eyes wide open, an' please God, I'll never shut 'em again till I shut 'em for the last time."

There were genuine tears on Mr. Bently's cheeks now, and perhaps the shine in Bonnat's eyes was their reflection.

"To think I've been livin' all these years blind!" the old man continued; "an' didn't look at the sunrise except to see if it was goin' to be a good day or not; and didn't watch the different colors on the mountains in the spring, an' the trees reflectin' in the lake, nor the moon comin' over the hills, an' the thunder-clouds gallopin' like wild horses across the valley. It was you that showed me all that, an' when I did see an' know about 'em, an' when I heard about men like Scott Hardiman buyin' up these hills an' tearin' 'em to pieces, the thought o' sellin' this place made me cold an' sick! I didn't own up, at first, even to myself an' mother! An' then when I did, we said we'd spend what we had to keep 'em out, an' we have! An' that's the diff'rance between me an' Scott Hardiman. I'm buyin' to keep an' preserve. He's buyin' to sell an' tear to pieces! But he won't tear this farm to pieces, nor this lake, nor this house! An' mother an' I wouldn't trade it for Scott Hardiman's fine house down below, nor

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all his land, nor his whole railroad an' money!"

Bonnat had risen and taken the old mountaineer's hand. Mrs. Bently had appeared in the door behind, her face smiling and happy. Denning and Van Cleve were coming up the path from the lake.

"An' when you get to the city," added Mr. Bently, calmly, "I want you to have a degarrytype taken o' that paintin' an' send it up to me. There'll be people there that won't know what the name means, but it tells more 'n a lib'ary o' books to me, an' mother knows now what it means, too. An' mother an' me never lived any, either of us, till this summer, an' we're goin' to plan an' fix things about the house some this winter so when you come again we'll be prepared."

Van Cleve and Denning came up and sat on the edge of the veranda while Bonnat explained briefly what had taken place.

"And you'd better bring out one of those bottles, Mrs. Bently," he concluded, "the one with the white and gold label, and five glasses. We'll drink to the long life of Mr. and Mrs. Bently, to our return next summer, and to the confusion of Sc——" he hesitated, remembering the chance of their coming, and then added, "the vandals!"

It was a rare morning in early September when Mr. and Mrs. Bently took the three artists to the railroad. The mountains were perhaps more beautiful than ever, and the friends parted with them regretfully. Mr. Bently indicated many bits of scenery that he had noticed in his journeyings back and forth during the summer. As they neared the village he turned and pointed backward with his whip.

"There's the ridge," he said, "o' hemlock an' scrub pine where you saw the moon risin' that first night. I've seen the moon rise over it more than once sense, an' when I got so I didn't think about the scrub timber, but only how lovely it looked, I knew I was wakin' up. There'll be a moon there to-night, an' I'll show it to mother, goin' home."

The sparsely whiskered man saw the train pull out, and watched Mr. and Mrs. Bently cross the street to the village store.

"Seem like I never saw old man Bently look as well as he does this fall," he remarked to the man of flesh and short trousers beside him.

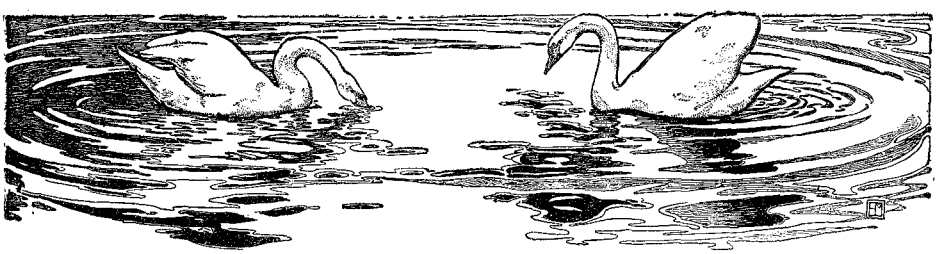
"No; seems like he's fattenin' up some."

"'Tain't that, but he's more chirrupy, an' frien'ly than he use to be; an' I don't recollec' seein' Mis' Bently in town before, fer years."

"I guess he 'spects to make a pile o' money out o' his farm now an' the lan' he bought aroun' the lake up there. They say he's been offered more 'n es much again es he paid fer it, a'ready."

The sparsely whiskered man sighed.

"He must a' got somethin' wuth while out o' them artists this summer," he said.



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THE POINT OF VIEW

IN treating the Froude-Carlyle incident in his "Life of Froude," in which with a certain aptness he likens Froude's "Carlyle" to Boswell's "Johnson," Mr. Herbert Paul enters one ingenious plea for the defence. This plea supplements a summary of the evidence to show that in laying bare the family life of the Carlyles Froude believed himself to be obeying Carlyle's express wish for a post-mortem expiation. Mr. Paul's further contention is that Carlyle must have known exactly the kind of biographer he was choosing in Froude, since Froude had in "Fraser's Magazine," "which Carlyle always saw," explicitly committed himself to the principle of disclosure. There Froude prefaced an article on Trevelyan's "Macaulay" with this unqualified statement of the principle: "Every man who has played a distinguished part in life, and has largely influenced either the fortunes or the opinions of his contemporaries, becomes the property of the public. We desire to know, and we have the right to know, the inner history of the person who has obtained our confidence."

Some Aspects of Reticence

Merely to state a doctrine so sweeping is of itself to challenge dissent. It at once suggests Carlyle's own qualification: "No man, it has been said, is a hero to his valet; but the fault is at least as likely to be the valet's as the hero's. . . . Suppose that some dining acquaintance of Sir Thomas Lucy's, and neighbor of John-a-Combe's, had snatched an hour or two from the preservation of his game and written us a Life of Shakespeare! What dissertations should we not have had —not on 'Hamlet' and 'The Tempest,' but on the wool-trade and deer-stealing, the libel and vagrant laws; and how the Poacher became a Player; and how Sir Thomas and Mr. John had Christian bowels and did not push him to extremities!" Yet it was Carlyle again who scorned typical "English biography, bless its mealy mouth," and defended Lockhart from the charge of attempting to "dis-hero" Scott, because as a biographer he tried to tell the truth about Sir Walter. The obvious distinction, one to which doubtless both Froude and Carlyle would have given general assent, is that overemphasis on the comparative trivialities of every-day life, on the impressions of those who cannot appreciate the hero-side at all, may be more misleading as to the real person than the smug, conventional portraiture which smooths all the lines out of the hero's face and paints out all his warts. It is also easy to understand how an historical painter, such as Froude, with a genius for the dramatic, was unconsciously fascinated by the dramatic possibilities in the disclosure of the infelicities of Carlyle's home, exaggerated to him by his literary instinct—the seer stung by remorse for the fate of a brilliant and attractive woman whose life he accused himself of sacrificing.

The theory that occasional disclosures, like those of Froude in the case of Carlyle, mark a decline of reticence in literature, fails to take into account their exceptional character, despite the increasing wealth of biography. The avidity with which the reading public seizes upon revelations of the inner life in private letters of personal details is not a case of mere love of gossip. It is testimony, rather, to intensity of interest in a genuine "human document," and is part of the psychology of the age. In another aspect, on the personal side of literature as it concerns the use a novelist is justified in making of immediate friends and acquaintances, the trend is toward a stricter reticence. In illustration, one need only go back to the famous quarrel between Edmund Yates and Thackeray—Thackeray who so strongly objected to any personal biography of himself. Yates, in answering Thackeray's charge that a certain offensive article was founded on the private talk of a club, made a counter-charge of the same offence. "In Foker" (of "Pendennis"), said Mr. Yates, "Mr. Thackeray has most offensively, though amusingly, reproduced every characteristic, in language, man-

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ner and gesture, of our fellow-member, Mr. Andrew Arcedeckne, and has gone so far as to give an exact wood-cut portrait of him, to Mr. Arcedeckne's intense 'annoyance.'" Again Yates instanced "Mistaw Edwad Lytton-Bulwig" in the "Yellowplush Correspondence," as a caricature of Bulwer, depicted as with a hooked nose, a pale face, a small waist, a pair of falling shoulders, a tight coat, and "a catarack of black satting tumbling out of his busum and falling into a gilt velvit weskit." But if Thackeray found "material" among his fellow-craftsmen, so also did his contemporaries. Thackeray himself is supposedly the original of St. Barbe in Disraeli's "Endymion," while Dickens stands charged with having caricatured his own father in Micawber. It takes but the turning back of a few leaves in the chronicles of literary gossip to find abundant illustration of a lack of reticence that would be counted most singular to-day. And it may be held that in this regard current literature reflects life as embodied in the best modern conventions. Perhaps the most serious charge brought by a recent writer against Pope's Flavia, as we know her to-day in her obsession by the rage to live, is her disregard in conversation "of that reasonable reticence maintained by the greater number of Englishwomen, a reticence which has hitherto preserved society as a whole from all arbitrary rules as to what may and may not be said."

DECIDEDLY, the New England ideal of plain living and high thinking has gone out of fashion. Indeed, it may be questioned whether there was not always a certain amount of humbug about it; whether the high thinking was not carried on by one member of the family, while the others did the plain living. For though one may eat simply and dress plainly and rest on a hard bed and sit in a meagrely furnished room, leisure is after all the highest luxury, and the man who lives, not idly, but unhurriedly, lives in luxury. But for one person to have leisure someone else must work, particularly in New England, with its savage winters and intemperate summers, where the mere act of living involved strenuous toil a generation ago, before the advent of labor-saving improvements. Here and there a farmer's wife may have read books and thought high thoughts the while she performed her exacting daily labors; but oftener she sighed over the mental pleasures which might have been hers if only she had had time for them; like the poor seamstress quoted by a recent writer, who thought that "if there wa'n't so many buttonholes in the world life would be more worth while."

The Impecunious Majority

But there are even in these days a good many families in the United States who find it possible to do a certain amount of moderately high thinking and still cultivate some of the graces of life. They may be obliged to live simply, and yet may not need to use up all their vitality in manual labor. True, they must walk when others ride, they must take thought to their apparel, that it be presentable at small cost, and when they entertain their friends they must do it simply. But they have time to read books and they have money to educate their children. Oftener than not they are persons whose family traditions incline them to fastidiousness in social matters. They and their forbears have been accustomed not only to well-bred, but to interesting people and have kept in touch with what was going on in the world; in short, they have a taste for the best society. Twenty-five years ago there was no reason why they shouldn't maintain their inherited or acquired right to it, but the tendency on the part of certain of their fellow-citizens to what has been characterized as "the habit of getting rich" has changed all that. It is not only that the accumulation of colossal fortunes restricts the financial chances of the moderately ambitious majority, but it deprives them of some innocent and legitimate comforts and pleasures to which they think themselves reasonably entitled, by increasing so tremendously the cost of living while the standard of luxury is raised in proportion. This, to be sure, is an old cry, but to the impecunious majority it does not cease to be a live issue.

Yet one cannot find fault with the people who have made money for wanting to spend it; one cannot be surprised if their ideas are crude and if they fail to appreciate a refined simplicity. Most of us spend all the money we can afford and we should not thank anyone who should presume to dictate to us as to what we ought to buy with it. The very rich do not in the least intend to make life hard for the rest of the world In fact, from their kind-hearted desire to give pleasure we get some singularly bad results, such as, for instance, the poor girl with rich tastes, who,

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although she need not always be a Lily Bart, yet is always in an unnatural and demoralizing position; and the young man who goes to the dogs in his effort to keep up the pace with his rich mates. But leaving these weaklings aside, persons in moderate circumstances suffer, both in material comfort and in social enjoyment. As to material comfort, I once heard a benevolent woman say that she was trying to devise some scheme by which persons with small incomes could be properly nursed when they were ill. The very rich and the very poor, she remarked, could have the best nursing and medical attendance, but the people who could pay, but who could not pay extravagantly, must go to the wall. As for that, there is something to be said for the nurses too. Theirs is an arduous business, and their training for it is acquired at the cost of infinite toil and weariness, and if they work uninterruptedly their working years will be few. It is right that their services should come high if the cost of living is to be high.

As to the social diversions of these friends of ours who are afflicted with much culture and little money, one may ask why they cannot collect about them their own little circle of friends with the same tastes as their own—tastes which are doubtless much more refined than those of Crœsus? Yes; but Crœsus has a way of swooping into his net the very persons with whom they would most like to foregather, all the interesting folk who have seen things and done things—travellers, heroes, statesmen, what not. And Crœsus has his rights too, and the heroes and statesmen have *their* rights, and if they prefer the fleshpots of Egypt to my friend's dinner of herbs, why, fleshpots are pleasant and my friend must eat his herbs with his own little circle with what grace he may. Only, owing to the fact that the interesting people prefer Crœsus's feasts, his own little circle is apt to get left outside of the main current of interest and become provincial. It isn't so bad if he lives in the country, where there is space to develop salient personal characteristics, but nothing is so hopelessly dreary as the provincialism of city dwellers who are not in the swim. A great city is not as bad as a small one, for there is room in it for many circles and life runs in a torrent; but take a city like Washington, which a quarter of a century ago was a pleasant place for persons of cultivated tastes and modest incomes. The evening receptions were on a simple scale and afternoon tea was simpler still, but at those receptions and over those tea-tables you met all the notabilities of the day, both the domestic article and the foreigner who, for his sins, was condemned to pass some years in what he considered a very second-rate capital indeed. Then came the *nouveaux riches* and changed everything, for they found in Washington a feasible opening into society, and they could not conceive of an entertainment where money was not lavished. Between the advance in luxury and the growth of our national importance the foreigner amuses himself better than he did, but the modest American finds life less pleasant. The simple tea-table lingers here and there among the really distinguished families of the old *régime*, but with the passing of the older generation the last vestige of simplicity will vanish and Crœsus will remain in full possession.

The Ultimate American

ARE we becoming Germanized? Most Americans doubtless would have little hesitation in giving promptly a negative answer, yet a very highly instructed German professor recently has based a rather unfavorable opinion of our educational institutions upon their tendency toward German methods. His idea, crudely quoted, is that our universities, like the German universities, fail to leave upon their students the recognizable stamp of culture. Culture, he fearlessly assumes, is not a quality permitting of definition, but Arnold's famous phrase defining it as "the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit," obviously would cover the ground for him, as the defect he finds in our schools and universities is an absence of the ideal which is fostered by the classics and by acquaintance with general literature of a high order. He finds, with how much justice I am not qualified to judge, an alarming tendency to make our serious works fall into line with the literature of catalogues. Our histories, he finds, tend more and more to a trifold division into one-third original documents, one-third bibliography, and one-third index. He no doubt would applaud George Meredith's reflective comment on the fact that the Germans, though the least mixed of the races, nevertheless have given us the dictionary for our literature and the sausage for our nutrition.

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As a remedy he would urge upon our educators a sojourn at one of the two great English universities. In England alone, he thinks, can we find the element of diffused culture that will hold together our innumerable items of information, the unrelated facts with which our minds are becoming crowded, and that will act as a solvent on the harsh substance of our "practical" education.

In connection with this theory it is interesting to read in a book on "Modern Germany," by a sufficiently analytic writer, of Germany's loss of native characteristics and general failure to Germanize other countries. This in particular refers to the Slavo-Teuton rivalry, and not to our convenient clearing-house of America. Personally, I have the effrontery to believe that America will never be Germanized or Anglicized or Gallicized, or even to any great extent Americanized. I believe, without any support from statistics or reference to the results of special research, that the close specialization in the university ideal which seems to my German friend so fraught with danger is merely the swing of the traditional pendulum away from the transcendental vagueness of our forefathers. The lack of "style" in our literature, which is one of the bases of his theory, seems to me natural, though certainly not inevitable at this stage of our development. Syllabub having been a favorite dish with our grandmothers, it follows as the night the day that concentrated foods should receive our preference. We need dry, pebbly particles of pure knowledge, undiluted and uninflated, to give tone to a system injudiciously fed upon desserts during its infancy. To speak seriously, we generalized before we specialized, and it should have been the other way around. We are now specializing prior to again generalizing, and the last state will be the unification of composite and conflicting branches of knowledge in what may be called a "sympathetic culture"—a culture, that is, which may include a special line of work without excluding a sympathetic relation to mental activities in different directions. It is only thus, of course, that a large suggestiveness can be brought into our writings, and it is this amplitude of suggestion that makes them literature. If a work on social economy does not suggest psychology, if astronomy does not suggest art, or music mathematics, we are in the a b c of our education. But we cannot suggest the great without knowing the little; we cannot adequately draw the human figure without knowing something of the articulation of its parts.

Beneath our cosmopolitan surface and beneath the aggressive "Americanism," which strikes our visiting brethren with unflattering astonishment, we have our proper share of the poetic impulse. Like Emerson, we live "not wholly in the busy world nor quite beyond it," though unlike Emerson we should like to have everyone think us altogether worldly. Inspired by our present love of exact learning, we are at pains to forget that region of our souls in which lies our deep respect for mystery and the unknowable. If occasionally we cast a furtive glance toward the profundities of life it is in the name of science. But now and then one of our landscape painters or one of our psychologists betrays our secret interest in the veils of illusive atmosphere drawn across the facts of nature and, correspondingly, across the more obvious traits of human character. The day will come when our personal vision will take account of what now it hardly dares to rest upon, and fortified by training, will interpret with a delicacy of instinct which seems to my possibly prejudiced judgment peculiarly American in the subtler meaning of a title much misused. Realism, Whistler complained to his friend Fantin-Latour, had been a great misfortune to him. It had appealed to his immediate vanity as a painter and had caused him to copy nature, which is easy, when he might have been studying art, which is difficult. But I think it was the study of nature with Courbet and Fantin that gave Whistler his immortal quality of combined recognition of the ponderable world and sensitiveness to the evanescent beauties of atmosphere. If we place his Bognor Nocturne or his Battersea Reach, or even his Falling Rocket, by the side of work which shows the American appreciation of impalpable beauty without a preliminary training in realistic renderings we realize why to our transatlantic friends we appear a trifle thin and shadowy, and why within ourselves we have an urgent sense of the necessity of specialization and a diet of facts.

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THE FIELD OF ART

MORE COLOR PRINTS

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY GEORGE SENSENEY

IN the January number of the Field of Art there was discussion of the color-printing process, revived in our time in close imitation of the work done in England and France a hundred and fifty years ago. That process is a matter of color, as color was understood by them of old time, more decidedly than what we have to speak of to-day; for the work which has kept our artists busy for the last six or seven years is matter of tint and of tone rather than of hue. Grays and browns, buffs and drabs, are more in our way at present than strong primary colors. Not wholly so, however; there is now and then, among these recent works, an etching printed in brilliant colors; and continually the printing in tints approaches more nearly to color.

One who might have been in Paris and its immediate neighborhood during the exhibition year, 1900, would have seen in the shop windows in the Rue Bonaparte and the Rue Saint-Jacques, large prints giving, in a very interesting fashion, the picturesque views so easily obtainable in the near neighborhood of Paris. There were the old Île des Cygnes, the heights of Montmartre, this and that peep of distance between trees in the Bois de Boulogne or the Bois de Vincennes, or the viaduct at Auteuil seen through haze. These themes, treated in grays and browns, with occasional illumination of more vivid color, were interesting enough. It would be the natural thought of one who had studied the prints of fifty or sixty years previous that these were lithographs printed in color according to some process more simple—less elaborately costly—than fine chromo-lithography. They were prints from metal plates which had been engraved in some one of the more simple ways, either by line etching or by soft-ground etching, at least in parts, or by the aquatint process. I do not remember that stipple was among these processes; although that was the usual eighteenth-century way of working. Those color prints were of evident utility to persons who would adorn their homes without great outlay. Now that they appear in New York we are reminded by the few dealers who have them for sale that they are good for schools as well. Indeed, it is evident enough that when a work in color twenty inches long, by a competent master, can be sold for twenty dollars or less, there is a new opportunity afforded to those who wish to see on their walls something of the gradation of refined coloring.

The prints that are brought to us now are worked by many differing processes. Aquatint is much in favor. Thus, in the very beautiful color prints by Mr. A. Lafitte there is a very free use of this process. There is one in sombre greens and browns where fishing-boats are seen drawn up on the steeply sloping beach, and show almost black against the water. There is another print in which almost the same point on the coast has been taken, all bathed in the hot light of a vivid sunset. These prints are sixteen inches long and twelve inches high, and that makes a rather large picture—larger than the figures seem to present it. To call them works of full color would be exaggeration, but they are an approximation to it; and there is nothing to prevent their being extremely attractive even to a lover of color in the highest artistic sense.

Mr. A. Brouet has undertaken the huge task of reproducing some of Corot's large landscapes. There is one such print, much larger than the Lafitte print named above, and almost in full color. At least it seems so when one thinks of the coolness, the grayness, of the original picture itself, with its strangely conceived foliage, its light as of the pale light of dawn; and then, coming from this memory, sees the actual print before him. There are one or two etchers whose work has also been printed in colors, who have reproduced Corot on a great scale, and they would be well worthy of mention were it not

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that Brouet seems to be by far the most subtile in his interpretation of the master. But Brouet is not a copyist alone; there exist admirable studies from nature by him, of which one of the most refined is a print 11½ × 15½ inches—the famous "Tour Saint-Jacques" in Paris, seen against a rainy evening sky.

Charles Houdard is another etcher whose work in color is of extraordinary charm. There is a view in an Italian garden by him, a highly wrought piece, for which a relatively large price is asked in the shops; but still more attractive is the windy landscape which perhaps the reader may identify as No. 65 of the series of his works. There is a grassy surface which stops at the seaside, and we learn that the flat ground is at least high enough to shut off from us a view of the actual sea-beach. Two figures are slowly finding their way along a rude trail toward a hamlet some three hundred yards away. Slender poplar-trees grow near the water, and apple-trees and the like surround the low buildings of the hamlet, and all these trees are swinging and rocking in the strong gale which blows landward. It is an effective print twenty-one inches long.

In certain specimens of Mr. Houdard's work there is much vividness of color. A little print, entitled "Le Jardin de ma Tante," has been printed in vivid yellow, in bright red, and in green. The superimposition of these brilliant colors has been managed with extraordinary skill and good fortune. If we can judge by external evidence, this work has been printed at least three times with different pigments. But then it was unquestionably the same plate which was used, not three or four different stones, as in a chromo-lithograph.

Mr. G. Marchetti, who is known as a skilled workman in aquatint, prints in subdued color with wonderful effect. Thus an upright print, about twelve by sixteen inches, gives a scene in a formal garden with a perron flanked by decorative vases and a set balustrade, between noble trees growing tall and slender. All this is printed in dark reddish-brown, passing into brighter red as the foliage grows thinner—passing into yellow on the left, where low sky is seen between the branches—passing into greenish gray on the right, where a thick wall of growth stops the view. It is a lovely composition and as well worth a place in your gallery as any but here and there one of our oil paintings.

An artist whose surname only seems to be known, at least in New York, Mr. Motta, gives us a landscape called "Snow," in which white and dark green, with their gradations, form the subject. Sombre green prevails in the hazy distance—the look into the forest. Other prints by Mr. Motta are even more effective, though perhaps less interesting. The work of Osterlind is well known in those few New York shops which offer color prints, and some of the compositions are wonderfully strong in their combinations of orange and orange brown, red and reddish brown with cool gray green. It is, then, an obvious device to tie these contrasting elements together by strong touches of white with its modulations, and accordingly three swans form this bond of union—in one at least of these very interesting designs.

I have also one single print by Manuel Robbe, twenty-one inches long; and this is a watery landscape, a view of a still stream in flood, where trees that do not hate moisture are growing close down upon the river-banks and tall rushes which revel in moisture are waist deep in the still water.

Now, to speak of work done in a very different spirit, consider a large head signed as follows in the lower margin, "Etched and printed by H. Helmich." The head and shoulders and fore-shortened arms are of a girl given at nearly life size. The torrent of her red hair is shaded in a brilliant purple, and this, even if it sounds fantastic, is the result of correct observation of nature. Of this anyone will be convinced who looks at the print, for indeed there is no purpleness visible at all until we look into the work with the eyes of one who seeks to know how it is done. This work is chiefly useful as showing how these new processes may be utilized for figure work on a great scale.

To return to landscape, which, after all, is the natural work for the artist-engraver in our time, there are prints signed by Eugène Delâtre: a sunset on the Sarthe and a simple study of an apple-tree with surrounding vegetation—of course a small, inexpensive print, but of great beauty. Still, the one which I value the most highly is a brilliant landscape thirteen inches long, and called "Le Village de Sognolles." This is very largely a work of aquatint, though with continual use of the etched line to produce a more solid shading on large trees and to in-

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dicate the edges of banks and the hollows of a ditch. Here again grayish green is the dominant color.

As to the undetermined nature of the printing processes employed in these color prints, I have been told by a beginner in this art that he put as many colors on at one printing as he could without letting their edges touch. What he was afraid of was, of course, the smearing of the colors where their edges mingled. But in that full color work of which we were talking in the January number it is an accepted charm, an added grace —that mingling of colors, where even the red of a cheek will invade the green of a landscape background and remove wholly that sharpness of outline by which we would distinguish a water-color wash from the result of this print. Indeed, you could not overrun your borders on water-colors in this way without making a slovenly job of it! You must use stipple and gently touch the paper with the brush as you add morsel after morsel of the color, if you would secure a softness of outline.

A young American, Mr. Vaughan Trowbridge, has produced some pieces of pure etching which he prints in strong color; in fact, he has held two exhibitions of his work in New York, and the strength and brilliancy of its effect carry it over most competitors were it not for a certain inadequacy of drawing seen in whatever is susceptible of refinement in the way of form. Yet that is almost too much to say, for there is at least one landscape which is well drawn, as a landscape can be well drawn; with the perspective of a shore breaking into still water and a long, low siding of a creek in the near foreground, all very admirably expressed. This picture, in those prints which are the strongest in color, the sun setting in clouds behind a long, gray hill, with fiery light on every side of it, between bars of sombre and heavy cloud, and with this hot color reflected in the still water, is a real achievement in simple landscape.

Mr. George Senseney, who also resides in the United States, is producing prints in tint of extremely varied character, One of these is reproduced in the frontispiece to this number, and the reproduction is very faithful, almost deceptive. It is, however, a reproduction, made by a chemical and mechanical process, and it has this peculiarity which differentiates all such prints from the originals, that it is smooth and glossy. The original has much relief. Our business now is not with the remarkable photographic processes which have developed of late years: that subject must wait. We have only to keep in mind, at this time, the fact that one proof from Mr. Senseney's plate has been copied, very accurately, by a process which allows of many thousand impressions, all very closely alike. That is one thing; but the question before us now is that original, the proof which has been chosen to be copied here—one of perhaps forty proofs to be taken by hand from the hand-wrought copper.

This was printed from the first state of a plate which has not been numbered, as yet, in series; and it was the third print so taken. The process employed is aquatint for the whole surface, with the etched line, used to enforce the values, in the trees and the herbage. Now, as to aquatint, the process, it is akin to mezzotint, which was described rather fully in the January number of the Field of Art; and yet it is in a way the reverse of mezzotint. The processes are alike in that the surface of the copper is roughened as a preparatory step. They are different and even opposed in this, that in the mezzotint the roughnesses are sharp little points which project from the original surface, the copper being forced into this prickly relief by a sharp tool pressed against it; while the roughening of aquatint is entirely a matter of little depressions eaten by acid.

In an ordinary line etching the whole surface of the plate is covered by a "ground," made of something which resists an acid which will attack copper (or iron, or glass, or whatever may be the surface to be engraved) and eats into it. To expose the copper to the acid, lines are cut through the ground by the etching needle. In aquatint, a powder of resinous substance is deposited thickly all over the surface of the plate; and the plate, when heated, compels that powder to adhere to it. The plate can be made so hot that the resin is half melted, and may be dragged about with the brush; or it can be retained in its granular state. This resin forms the "ground" for aquatint; and when the plate is plunged into the acid bath this liquid finds its way to the copper through the uneven, the granulated and broken surface of the resin. So that a copper plate may be eaten all over with a uniform texture of a fine and very pretty roughness, not very

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prominent if you look at the copper itself. That faintly seen granulation is, however, in the form of depressions below the surface; and those impressions will hold and retain ink of any color. The dampened paper pressed against this surface drags out the ink, exactly as it would drag out the ink from line engraving, or line etching, or stipple, or mezzotint. Now, if the artist wishes to have a very light sky near the horizon, with a sheet of water lighter still (because reflecting the moon's rays) and the sky above the moon much darker, he makes these changes by "stopping out" with the resin after a very few seconds where the bright water is—a minute later where the sky is the brightest—leaving the acid more time to work where the surface is to be darker. But where a pure white surface (that is, as white as the paper will give) is wanted, that part of the plate is covered thick with the resinous ground and kept so. Thus in the plate we are considering, the disk of the moon has been kept from the acid altogether.

So much for the sky and the water. The trees and the herbage below are etched in line, but if we look close at these passages of vegetation we shall see that the surface everywhere has been treated in aquatint, first. Between the masses of heavy, dark leafage, the sky shows; or, below, smooth bits of grass or bare soil are expressed by flat tint, corresponding with sky and water. All that is pure aquatint. But tree trunks and branches, masses of foliage and delicate little sprays showing against the sky, are all put in with the etching needle.

The production of proofs on paper from such a plate may be done by a single painting of the plate and a single printing for each copy desired. In the case before us there were three printings, and neither Mr, Senseney nor the other artists named in this article have claimed it as a peculiarity of their work to make one painting and one printing suffice. There is only the one copperplate, however, and proof No. 010 may have been taken at one impression, whereas No. 011 may have had three or four paintings and printings before it gave satisfaction to its exacting creator. The reader will remember that no two of these proofs will be ever exactly alike.

Of about the same size, but oblong (instead of upright), is another picture of still water and crowding herbage, overtopped by trees. Of this I have before me two copies—two proofs from the same plate—the one in bright hues of purple and pale yellow, a sunset; the other in sombre purplish gray, an after-sunset study of the dusk. There is one of similar subject, and a little larger; and of this it appears that it was a study for effect thought to be better given in the picture last named. The copy before me is in brown and yellow. There is a larger study in brown and yellow, but of more fiery hue; and this is an upright landscape a good deal larger, 9 × 12¼ inches, a really splendid print. And there is another oblong, 6 × 8 inches, and called "The Old Inn," which gives an effect already suggested by the print given (see frontispiece), I mean the effect of bright sky behind solid and scarcely lighted trees and houses, which therefore come out in silhouette. Such a print allows of splendid effects of deep color, and such are given in "The Old Inn."

There must be mentioned the effort that is being made to restore to art the familiar process of printing lithographs in color. Signed by Max Merker, of Weimar, as original works, there have come several most interesting pieces which, for play and variety of hue, are hardly surpassed by the most delicate work upon metal. One of these lithographs by Mr. Merker is an upright, twenty inches wide and two feet high—a work for framing; and this is full of a certain bold harmony which is delightful to see in an inexpensive print. It is a view in a little German village with half-timbered houses, their timbers showing dark gray against the white plaster, and a dominant cliff which shuts in the view except where a gently worked sky in pale blue with white clouds completes the composition. Below all is reflection and play of light, as the still water of a millstream passes from the middle distance to the front.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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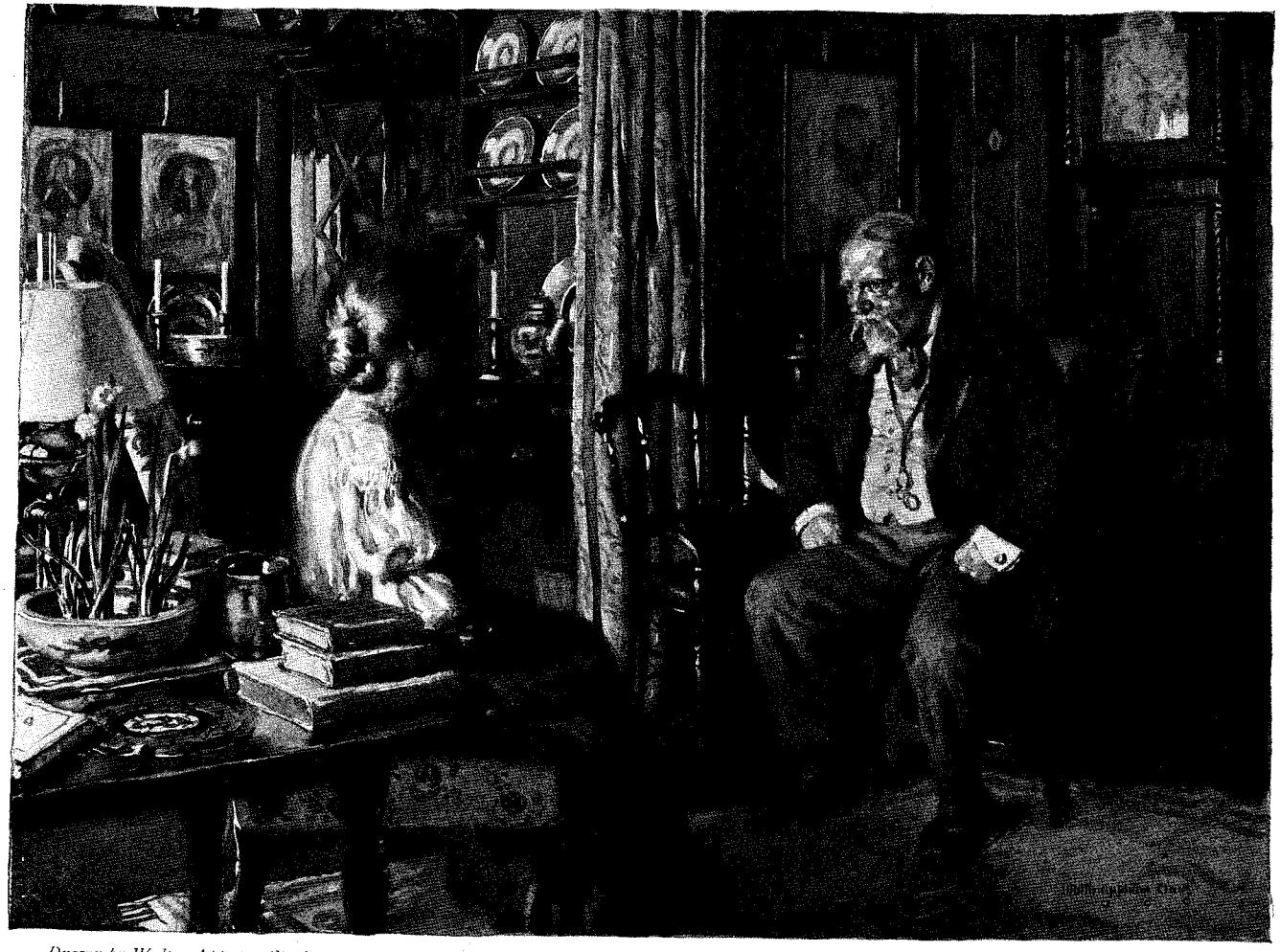

Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark.

"BUT THIS IS A VERY SINGULAR STORY," BEGAN MRS. PETER.

—"The E M I B Lowestoft," page 739.

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